

VENTURES IN DIPLOMACY

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By WILLIAM PHILLIPS

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Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	xi
1. THE FIRST VENTURE	1
2. CHINA UNDER THE EMPRESS DOWAGER 1905-07	7
3. WASHINGTON UNDER T. R. 1907-09	16
4. LONDON BEFORE THE FIRST WORLD WAR 1909-12	20
5. WASHINGTON UNDER WOODROW WILSON 1914-17	25
6. STATE DEPARTMENT DURING FIRST WORLD WAR 1917-19	31
7. AMONG THE DUTCH 1920-22	48
8. UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE, 1922-1924	55
9. RETURN TO THE LOW COUNTRIES 1924-27	61
10. AS FIRST MINISTER TO CANADA 1927-29	64
11. INTERLUDE 1930-32	71
12. RETURN TO FOREIGN SERVICE 1933-36	74
13. FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY 1936-38	92
14. APPROACHING CONFLICT 1938	110
15. THE FATEFUL YEAR 1939	123
16. THE CONFLICT BEGINS 1939	131
17. MUSSOLINI'S DEMANDS 1940	145
18. ITALY ENTERS THE WAR JUNE 1940	158
19. THE EMBASSY'S NEW ROLE 1940-41	168
20. NEARING THE END 1941	188
21. IN THE OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES 1942	206
22. THE INDIAN VENTURE 1943	218
23. AS POLITICAL ADVISER WITH SHAEF 1944	256
24. AN OBSERVER IN PALESTINE 1946	274
25. MY LAST TWO VENTURES	299
INDEX	303

Illustrations

	<i>Facing page</i>
THE PRINCE OF WALES AND W. P. IN NEW YORK, 1919 .	117
THE KING OF ITALY AT THE AMERICAN ACADEMY, ROME .	117
MUSSOLINI	132
THE BEAR AND THE EAGLE 'TALK TURKEY'	132
FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT	245
GENERAL EISENHOWER	260

uctionIntroductionIntroductionIntroduction

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The First Venture

I FIRST saw the light of day in Beverly, Massachusetts on May 30, 1878. But my earliest recollections are associated with Moraine Farm, then in the course of construction, on the shores of Wenham Lake a few miles inland. My mother often spoke of her love for the sea and her disappointment that her future summer home was not to be on the coast near Manchester where a fine wooded property was then for sale. However, we five children had no such regrets, for the farm offered everything that active youngsters could desire.

My father died when I was seven years old, and I have only dim recollections of him. In winter we lived at 299 Berkeley Street in the Back Bay section of Boston. The house which my father built soon after I was born, stood on the corner of Marlborough Street opposite the First Church, and had a certain dignity without achieving architectural good taste. The wide and high flight of steps leading to the front door gave it a hospitable appearance, but it was hard to account for the hideous griffins supporting balconies on either side. It has long since disappeared.

I was first sent to the Shaw School at 6 Marlborough Street. For two years I attended Milton Academy and then illness kept me at home for a year. In order to maintain my standing in my present grade, I was sent to Noble and Greenough's School in Boston, from which I entered Harvard in 1896. During my senior year, I worried like many others about the future. I did not feel drawn to a business career. Something warned me that it would be better to get away from the familiar social environment, away from a life of too much ease, and away from friends and family, who were urging upon me the pallid career of family trustee. I wanted a freer outlook, and I felt the influence of Theodore Roosevelt, who in 1900 was preaching the gospel of the "strenuous life". If college courses had taught me comparatively little, college life had made me aware that in the world beyond Boston there were new and vivid interests. Why not explore them

and find out whether I was adapted to a more adventurous life than Boston offered? Although I was financially independent, in contrast to most of my friends who were planning to concentrate their efforts on the dollar, I was aware that it held certain temptations to waste one's life in empty explorations. World problems had begun to fascinate me and I was curious to investigate them, but it was T. R.'s call to youth which lured me to Washington at that moment.

John Hay was then Secretary of State and I decided to seek his advice with regard to a future appointment in one of our Embassies or Legations. And so in June, 1900, I went to Washington armed with letters of introduction to Mr. Hay. He received me most kindly and gave me the fatherly advice that law was a good background for diplomatic work. Why not enter the Harvard Law School, and await an opening abroad? I was disappointed, but readily accepted his judgment and for two and a half years, I toiled at the law without enthusiasm or interest and certainly won no laurels from my examiners.

At the end of my second year, I happened to receive an invitation to visit Biltmore, the great North Carolina showplace of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt which had recently been completed. Inspired by the historic Château de Blois, it was said to be the finest private residence in the country, and indeed the imposing establishment far exceeded anything in my imagination.

I was delighted to find that among the guests were the Ambassador to Great Britain, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, and Mrs. Choate. Mr. Choate was the centre and life of the party, captivating everyone with his wit and intelligence. I was fascinated by his repartee, his marvellous sense of humour and his beaming and friendly smile. Those few days at Biltmore were to change my entire life, and give me the opportunity for foreign service which I so deeply craved. The following February (1903), I received a letter from Mr. Choate, written from Assouan, Egypt, which brought to an end my legal efforts at Harvard.

Would you like to come to London as my private secretary (unpaid) on or about the first of April? It can hardly be called an opening to the diplomatic service but it might possibly lead to that; you can hardly help acquiring a pretty good knowledge of the duties of the Secretaries of the Embassy as well as the Ambassador and the nature and scope of the work of the Embassy in its relation to our government and to that of Great Britain. You would find the most interesting part of the year to be from April to August which constitutes the season.—If you think you would like it, I should be very glad to have you come and try it.

Realizing that this experience would be a test of my enthusiasm towards a career in diplomacy, I was filled with anticipation, but there was a good deal of disapproval among my friends. Boston in those days was very self-contained and it was considered not quite "the thing" for a young man of my age to live abroad for a matter of years. A European or even a world tour was understandable, but to cut oneself off from Boston in this fashion was doubtful business.

In April I was established in bachelor quarters at No. 12 St. James's Place, a narrow little street which ends abruptly in a half-concealed foot passage giving access to Green Park. No. 12 received a direct hit during the London blitz in 1940, and today nothing remains of the little house which was my first London home.

The Embassy offices occupied dreary rooms at 123 Victoria Street. The duties of a private secretary at that time were largely social. But today with the greatly increased Foreign Service personnel, I do not believe that there is a place in our missions abroad for private secretaries outside the Service. It is more usual for the chief of mission to appoint one of the junior members of the Embassy staff for those tasks which formerly fell to private secretaries. In London I did not have the responsibility of handling the Ambassador's notes to the Foreign Office or the Embassy's correspondence with the State Department, but I did have a daily lesson in watching the lawyer-like qualities of my chief in preparing them. It was my duty to keep his numerous engagements and to accompany him on many of them as he seemed to like to have his private secretary with him whenever the occasion permitted. My name and rank as private secretary had been sent to the Foreign Office so that I was recognized in London as a member of the Embassy staff, although in Washington I was still unknown.

Many writers have made the attempt to describe my first chief, and have never, in my opinion, fully succeeded. He combined penetrating wit and humour with a supreme command of words; he was always at ease and self-possessed no matter what the occasion, out-giving in his friendships and sympathies, devoted to his wife and children and withal a truly wise and great American. To begin my career under such a chief was the greatest of privileges, particularly when during my last year in London I lived with Mr. and Mrs. Choate in their second residence, No. 4 Carlton Gardens.

In conformance with the routine of diplomatic secretaries of that day, my social life occupied most of my spare time. London was

generous to young and unattached diplomats and I soon found myself on the lists of many hostesses. It was not uncommon to attend three balls of an evening and to return home by sunlight, but how I managed to be up in time for office hours I cannot now imagine, although a run around Green Park before breakfast, dressed in flannels and sweater, helped considerably. Occasionally I undertook an early morning gallop in Rotten Row, although I never really enjoyed this limited form of exercise from which the horse got most of the benefit.

It was the rule that new members of the Embassies must be presented at Court, and in due course I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Choate to Buckingham Palace and went through the prescribed form of bowing to Their Majesties while my name was being called. The ladies of the diplomatic corps headed the procession and were followed by the heads of missions with their respective staffs. As the junior member of our Embassy I followed behind the Third Secretary. We wore evening dress coat, white tie and black waistcoat, short knee-breeches, black silk stockings, buckled shoes and carried an opera hat (squashed) in the left hand. Standing before their thrones, King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra acknowledged with friendly smiles the bows of the chiefs of mission and members of the diplomatic corps. After we had all passed, Their Majesties seated themselves and the presentations in the so-called general circle began. In spite of the dignity and brilliancy of the occasion it was a long and wearisome evening, for after the ladies of the diplomatic corps had been seated we small fry had to stand for two hours or more in a space allotted to us until the last lady of the general circle had made her curtsey and Their Majesties had left the throne-room.

But for me the most impressive scene at Court was a dance—evidently an annual affair—held at Windsor Castle to which the neighbouring gentry were invited. Lacking the pomp and circumstance of the Court functions held in Buckingham Palace, the particular charm of this occasion lay in its informality, if such a word is appropriate to any function given in the stately halls of this vast castle. We wandered through many rooms before coming to the ballroom, which was already crowded with smart and fashionable guests awaiting the arrival of the King and Queen. There are no handsomer people in the world than British youth of both sexes when dressed for the occasion.

Suddenly the national anthem announced the entry of Their Majesties and all chatter ceased. The floor was cleared and the King and Queen with their partners took up their positions for the quadrille

which was the formal opening of the ball. General dancing followed, during which Their Majesties remained at one end of the room talking with their guests but did not again venture on to the floor.

As I kept no diary in those days, I have no record of political events, but the proceedings of the Canadian Boundary Tribunal made a deep impression. The determination of the boundary between Alaska and Canada had become imperative owing to the discovery of gold in the Klondike and the rush of gold seekers to that region. Canada claimed certain inlets and harbours which the United States regarded as having belonged to us since the purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge was one of the three American delegates who came to London for the meeting and as he was "my Senator" I saw something of him and Mrs. Lodge. Although the Embassy took no part in the discussions, Mr. Choate was naturally deeply concerned that there should be a fair and equitable settlement. Even before his departure from the United States Lodge was determined that the United States' claim should be accepted and had threatened, so I heard, that the United States would occupy the disputed territory by force if it was not obtained by agreement. The Americans won their case owing to the single vote of the British presiding member, Lord Alverstone, Chief Justice of England, with hard feelings in some British quarters.

As I look back on this Tribunal, I can think of no more unfortunate choice to represent the United States than Senator Lodge. It was well known that he had always been critical of the British. There was nothing judicial about him. He was in fact an agent determined to exact a pound of flesh, and as his relations with President Theodore Roosevelt were known to be intimate, the British may well have supposed that his views represented those of the President—and perhaps they did. I believe that in these days we have progressed in our methods of handling boundary disputes. Except for the unfortunate high tariff controversies which I sincerely hope will never be repeated, our relations with Canada have been mutually beneficial, and we have come to realize how fortunate we are in our nearest neighbours.

A leading political figure in the Opposition at that time was the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the father of two distinguished sons (Neville, Prime Minister of England, and Austen, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs), both of whom I knew pleasantly. In later life he had married a Miss Endicott of Salem, Massachusetts, whose family

were neighbours of ours in the country, and I had brought letters of introduction to her. Mr. Chamberlain was a picturesque figure with a startling orchid always in his buttonhole, for he was a great authority and cultivator of orchids. He was then campaigning throughout the country on behalf of empire tariff preference, and I was invited to spend the night in his home city of Birmingham to listen to him deliver his renowned "Two Loaf Speech".

One day during the winter of 1905, I met William Woodville Rockhill, then the American Minister to China, who was passing through London on his way to Washington. I had been following with great interest the Ambassador's exchanges with the Foreign Office concerning Chinese matters which touched on Hay's policy in regard to the "Open Door". I expressed my interest in them to Mr. Rockhill, who before his departure asked whether I would consider an appointment to the Legation in Peking. I replied with enthusiasm, but never expected favourable results as I had no pull politically and no friends in the State Department. In those days there was no foreign service in the present accepted sense. The President appointed at his pleasure, with the consent of the Senate, not only Ambassadors and Ministers but also Secretaries of Embassy and Legation. With a change of party all chiefs of mission resigned, and nearly always Secretaries were replaced by political appointments from the party in power. There was no stability whatsoever in our missions abroad and naturally no incentive to a young man to adopt diplomacy as a career. I was a Republican and had made the acquaintance of Senator Lodge but I had no claim whatsoever upon a Republican administration. Several months passed before the offer came and it was an appointment as Second Secretary in Peking, which delighted me.

China under the Empress Dowager

IT was June, 1905. I had now embarked on a definite career with a government salary of \$1800. The train pulled out of Tientsin for the capital, packed to overflowing with Chinese.

The first glimpse of historic Peking is in itself an experience. The train passed through the outer fortifications and drew up at a little station underneath the colossal Tartar embattlements which seemed to extend interminably in either direction. There on the platform to meet the new Second Secretary were the Minister and Mrs. Rockhill and John G. Coolidge, the First Secretary, whom, although he was a Bostonian, I had never met before. We walked through an archway under the walls and turned into an old Chinese temple which had been transformed into a residence and was then occupied by the Rockhills until the new Legation could be finished. Coolidge lived close by in a fascinating Chinese house—a veritable cluster of tiny villas and flowering courtyards. He insisted that I should stay with him until my own house in the new compound had been completed and I gratefully accepted his hospitality.

It was a time when the various powers, including the United States, exercised extra-territorial rights in China, when a defendant would be tried in the court of his own nationality and according to the laws of his native land. Consequently consular courts had been established to settle claims against American citizens and this required close contacts between the Legation and our consular officers. Gradually over a period of years the changes and improvements introduced into the Chinese Government and administration justified the powers in relinquishing their extra-territorial privileges which today no longer exist.

Mr. Rockhill was a very different type of chief from Mr. Choate. He lacked the latter's human qualities and was bored by any form of social entertainment. I doubt whether he cared for anyone except his wife to whom he was utterly devoted. I soon discovered that his only

recreation was a walk with her in the late afternoons on the walls of Peking, otherwise he spent most of the day closeted in his library bent over Chinese manuscripts or drafting dispatches to the State Department. He was proficient in the spoken and written Chinese language, and once had successfully travelled in Tibet disguised as a Chinese. His wife must have led a dreary life in Peking for she was sociable and enjoyed meeting the diplomatic colleagues, but in this she had little encouragement from her husband. Rockhill was essentially a Chinese scholar, who cared deeply for the country and was naturally highly respected by the Chinese officials with whom he came in contact.

One day Mrs. Rockhill asked me to accompany her on an early morning ride. It was midsummer and to avoid the heat of the day we started soon after dawn, mounted on Mongolian ponies and escorted by a Chinese groom. We passed through the great Chien Lung gate and galloped along dusty country roads towards distant hills, which in the early morning had the ethereal air of a mirage.

We were trotting through the main street of a tiny village, already bustling with life, when suddenly I heard ahead of us the clear notes of a bugle. Instantly a miracle took place. The street crowds vanished into thin air, leaving the thoroughfare deserted, and at the same moment ragged blue cloth curtains were lowered at the corners of the cross streets, to screen from prying eyes whatever was about to happen on the main street.

Our Chinese escort said that we must dismount at once and conceal ourselves and our ponies behind one of these screens, as the Emperor or Empress Dowager was about to pass, and no one was permitted to look upon either of Their August Majesties. We did as we were told. But my curiosity got the better of me and I found a hole in the curtain sufficiently wide to give me a fair view of the street scene. Behind us stood a silent group of Chinese waiting patiently for the curtain to be raised, permitting them to go about their business, which had been so brusquely interrupted. An elderly man stepped up to me and indicated very politely that I was not to peek. I showed my disappointment and asked our groom-interpreter to explain that I had only just arrived from far-distant America. Could I not, therefore, break the regulations just this once? The Chinese smilingly acquiesced and I returned to my post of observation.

Meanwhile, the bugle was becoming more and more strident and suddenly the cavalcade appeared. A trumpeter mounted on a shaggy pony preceded a disorderly crowd of chair bearers, dressed in what I

supposed were official costumes, though they appeared much the worse for wear. In the centre of the rabble, and carried on long poles, was a huge yellow canopied chair. This was closed in front and back but, through a side opening, I could see clearly the dejected and expressionless face of the little Emperor, "The Son of Heaven," who although the rightful sovereign of the Chinese Empire, was in reality a prisoner of his aunt, the Empress Dowager.

This brief glimpse was enough to reveal the tragedy of his life. The gilded chair passed rapidly, then the curtains closing the side streets were removed and the crowds swarmed back into the main thoroughfare, evidently bored by what must have been a familiar occurrence during the summer months. For this particular village lay on the main thoroughfare between the Summer Palace and the imperial residence in Peking.

It was some weeks later that I had my first glimpse of the Empress Dowager. The treaties following the Boxer Rebellion required the rulers of China to receive the diplomatic corps twice annually and it was the custom of the Court to grant one audience while the rulers were in residence at the Summer Palace and the other in the so-called Forbidden City of Peking.

The audience at the Summer Palace was a strange experience. We left early, for it was a two-hour journey towards the blue distant hills. A few of our colleagues travelled in two-wheel carts, but most of the corps rode in their official chairs, borne by coolies. The palace itself occupied a large area on the shores of an artificial lake. We entered a main courtyard and awaited the summons to the imperial presence. It was not long in coming and then, preceded by Court officials and grouped behind our respective chiefs, we were led into a second courtyard. Facing us was the royal pavilion, the entrance to which was wide enough to allow us to see within groups of gaily dressed people. Our chiefs ascended the broad steps of the pavilion. On the threshold they stopped for a moment, made a low bow, took three steps into the pavilion, another bow, then three more steps and a third bow, which brought them to the foot of the throne. We small fry followed the progress of our chiefs and were soon gazing at a most extraordinary sight.

On a high, carved black throne and behind a long narrow table sat a small woman, elaborately dressed and wearing a brilliant jewelled Manchu headdress. At either end of the table there was a pyramid of red apples, two feet in height which, I was told, represented affluence

and prosperity. On our right were two rows of Court ladies whose flowered Manchu headdresses made me think of a garden with many coloured blossoms moving in the wind. On our left, and facing the ladies, were two rows of eunuchs in gorgeous costumes. And seated on a stool at a lower level than the Empress was her pathetic little nephew-Emperor.

Meanwhile, her dominant personality absorbed all attention. Not even at the entrance of the diplomatic corps had she responded to the bows of the diplomats: instead, she remained motionless on her high seat—an imperial image rather than a human being. If ever supreme power could be dramatized, here was perfect drama. And now the dean of the corps stepped forward and read, in French, a brief greeting on behalf of his colleagues. It had little meaning beyond a few well-chosen compliments. He concluded and, bowing, moved back into line. Still the Empress made no recognition of his greeting. A Chinese official then stepped forward and, mounting the steps of the throne, on his knees, handed the sovereign a parchment scroll which she took and passed to an interpreter who emerged from the background. Thereupon she resumed her position of rigid indifference. The interpreter read Her Majesty's reply in French and it, too, contained nothing but the customary compliments. At the conclusion of the audience we backed out of the pavilion, bowing as we had done on entering, and still the imperial image remained motionless, the piercing eyes staring at us, and with never a nod or smile to thank us for our pilgrimage.

An elaborate luncheon of Chinese delicacies followed the audience, beginning with bird's-nest soup, and we were then allowed to walk about the splendid gardens and visit the marble boat, a curious type of pavilion on the edge of the lake.

The Empress made no further appearance. She had fulfilled her part of the protocol by receiving the diplomats in audience and she was definitely not inclined to show the "foreign devils" any further favours.

Late in August, 1905, the Minister received word that Alice Roosevelt, the President's daughter, whom we referred to as "the Princess", and a party of over fifty, including several Senators, Congressmen and wives, newspaper correspondents, and other unofficial persons, would descend upon Peking in mid-September. This was awkward, for the Rockhills were still picnicking in their shabby little temple, which was poorly equipped for the simplest form of entertainment. There was

only one fairly good hotel in Peking, which was quite unable to accommodate all the party, and I was not surprised to find Mr. Rockhill depressed. While I looked forward to their arrival, being still totally ignorant of the uncertain temper of visiting official delegations, he rightly foresaw trouble for himself and the Legation.

In Peking the party had to be divided between the one respectable hotel and a very poor one, and this immediately brought forth violent protests from those forced to occupy the second best. And the day set for the official audience was also marred by the displeasure of the unofficial members of the party, whom the Court had declined to include in the list of those to be presented to the Empress. Certainly no discourtesy was intended, but it was the custom of the Chinese Court and probably would be that of any other Court, to include in an official audience given in honour of a distinguished visitor, only those persons who were attached personally to the guest of honour and could be regarded as official members of the party. But our efforts to explain matters to our disappointed compatriots were futile and trouble for us had already begun.

After the official audiences, which were followed by a repast of Chinese food, the entire party, both men and women, were conducted to a small apartment where, to our surprise, a door opened and in walked Her Majesty, followed by the little Emperor. She seemed most affable. She "made the circle", speaking a few words to each person, through an interpreter, and gave to each lady a jewelled present. They were not of any value, but the ladies, who, in addition to Miss Roosevelt, included Mrs. Rockhill, Mrs. Williams, the wife of our language secretary (official interpreter), Mrs. Corbin, the wife of General Corbin, and Miss Mabel Boardman, were delighted by this oriental gesture. It was only afterwards that I realized fully the significance of the occasion from the Chinese point of view, for this had been the first occasion in the history of China that foreign men and women had been received together and with such informality by the sovereign. Yet her ease of manner and her perfect composure were impeccable. It was of course intended as a high compliment to Alice Roosevelt and to the President of the United States.

I shall not forget the visit to the Winter Palace, which was thrown open for her inspection. We wandered endlessly through halls and flowered courtyards, marvelling at their beauty, until we came at last to the Holy of Holies, the Empress's private apartments. Beyond the fact that in these rooms this extraordinary woman actually lived, I do

not recollect that there was anything worthy of note. They were simple in comparison to other parts of the palace. During the tour, our "Princess" was carried in an official chair, far ahead of the rest of the party. Occasionally we caught up with her only to find her surrounded by an unsightly group of chattering evil-smelling and evil-looking palace eunuchs, shuffling along in their voluminous dark gowns and red hats. But there was no way to rescue her, for she was royalty on that occasion and far removed from the rest of us. Her head held high, and with supreme dignity, she went through the ordeal, an actress playing her part in the drama of ancient China.

Relations between the Washington and Peking governments were amicable enough during my two years in China, although there were infinite difficulties in obtaining replies to our notes to the Chinese Government. This was not, I believe, the result of indifference but rather of incapacity and inability to solve their own problems.

For a time, however, the relations were complicated by a boycott of American goods which spread rapidly and seriously affected our export trade to China. It had its origin in our exclusion laws, which, while permitting students to enter the United States for educational purposes, closed the doors to the labouring classes, which was considered unfair and contrary to the spirit of the treaties. We had, however, no reason to believe that the central government supported the boycott. But it made a great deal of work for us as it vastly increased the correspondence between the Legation and the various consuls scattered over China, who reported every day or two the progress of events. In Amoy, Canton, and Shanghai there was danger of its spreading to an anti-foreign boycott.

Although in 1898 the Empress Dowager had come into power through a *coup d'état* aimed against the then Emperor on account of his reform measures, and although she had encouraged the Boxer Rebellion against foreigners in 1900, it was well known that in 1905 she was favouring new methods and reforms in the government. An important delegation of Chinese had been appointed and was about to proceed to the United States and to Europe to study modern methods of government with a view to improving outworn Chinese methods. Its departure was set for a certain day and Mr. Rockhill, Coolidge and I started for the station to bid good-bye to the party. Unwittingly, I delayed the Minister for a few moments and this turned out to be fortunate. We had barely reached the station when a terrific explosion

occurred in the private car reserved for the departing officials, and we could see that several dead and injured were lying on the platform and that the side of the car had been blown to bits. I dashed to the Legation for our doctor and in a few minutes he and members of the Legation guard with stretchers were busy at work. It developed that a time bomb had been brought into the car by an innocent coolie, which had exploded earlier than the time indicated; otherwise all the officials would have been in the car and certainly killed. The official members of the party were at that moment on the platform, and while there were some injured, only members of their suite were killed.

As there was no anarchistic class of persons in China who would be apt to commit such a crime, it was the opinion in Chinese circles that the deed had been instigated by members of a small but fanatical Anti-Reform Party as a protest against the announced effort to introduce western reforms. Certainly during the previous month, scarcely a day had passed without some imperial decree encouraging new departures in governmental methods.

All the buildings in our new Legation had been designed by a treasury architect who was more accustomed to the construction of post offices than Legations. In fact, this was his first Legation. The principal residence was flanked on one side by houses for the First and Second Secretaries, and on the other side by the office and a residence for our interpreter. The group as a whole gave one the impression of a very ugly hen squatting beside four equally ugly chicks. My little red brick house was attractively furnished partly by the government and partly by my own efforts. Because of the insufficient appropriation for the entire Legation, the second story of the Second Secretary's establishment had to be shrunk. When finished the "ugly chick" looked like two unequally sized blocks, the smaller sitting on top of the larger block. In spite of its lack of architectural beauty, it proved to be comfortable and adequate. To operate it required twelve servants whose duties I could not even then enumerate. The cook had to have an assistant who was, in fact, an apprentice to the trade and received in wages two dollars per month, in addition to his board. The "number one boy" was responsible for the entire establishment, and he alone knew who did what.

During the following year, with my friend Arnold Robertson of the British Legation, I spent a holiday on the great Yangtze River. Starting at Shanghai by river steamer, we stopped at Nanking,

Hankow and Ichang. At Nanking I had my initiation into the settling of a serious controversy between the Standard Oil Company of America and the local Chinese officials. Their differences had been on the increase for several years and had finally reached a deadlock. It revolved around the ownership of land acquired by the company. I was received by the Viceroy in his official residence and together with six or seven officials of Nanking we sat around a table and had it out for two and a half hours. Every remark by the Chinese and everything that I said had to be translated by our respective interpreters, so it was a long and tedious business as each side presented its maximum claims. Then it was the turn of the diplomat, speaking on that occasion in the name of the American Minister and therefore on behalf of the United States Government, appealing for common sense and the necessity of good relations between Americans and Chinese. Gradually, as each point in the controversy came under discussion, each side receded from its frozen position and a spirit of harmony and accommodation began to develop. Finally the entire controversy was settled, and the session ended with friendly smiles and handshakes all around. I was the happiest of all, and when I returned to Peking the Minister warmly commended me for the way in which I had handled the matter. It was my first success in diplomacy.

From Ichang we proceeded by slow stages in a Chinese junk through the famous gorges and up perilous rapids where half a hundred giant coolies harnessed to long ropes pulled the ship inch by inch through the rushing waters. They were all magnificent specimens of the human race, splendidly developed, living in and out of the water and occupied solely with the handling of heavy junks. Twice our ropes broke while we were in the midst of the rapids and we were tossed back to the starting-point, avoiding only by a miracle the jagged rocks half concealed by the turbulent waves. We continued up river for eleven days, amidst jagged mountain peaks such as I had seen only in fantastic Chinese paintings, returning to Ichang in three days, for then the rapids rushed us headlong on our way. It was amusing to watch the crew, as we neared a dangerous rapid, throw bits of paper overboard in order to appease the river gods and thus assure a safe passage. Happily for us, the river gods responded favourably.

Ever since my initiation into diplomacy I had realized more and more the importance of training and experience in the Department of State. This could not be gained only by service abroad. I felt that the mysterious ways of the department could be better understood by

securing a foothold within, and so I set to work while still in Peking to obtain a transfer to Washington. In the spring of 1907 I received instructions to return to the United States and report at the department, without any assurance, however, that my request would be granted.

Washington under T. R.

IT was in July, 1907, that I presented myself to Mr. Huntington Wilson, then Third Assistant Secretary of State, and learned of the difficulties in gaining admission to the department. These appeared formidable indeed. There was no vacancy applicable to my case, and I did not have the civil service status required for any clerical grade in the government service. It was only the higher officers in the department—the Secretary and the Assistant Secretaries of State—who were free of civil service regulations, and naturally I was not in their class. Today legislation permits officers in the Foreign Service, all of whom have entered through Foreign Service examinations, to be transferred from their posts abroad for duty in the department.

But at last a way out of the predicament was discovered for me. A vacancy appeared in the messenger service—the lowest grade of employees in the department—and I was told that if I wished I could enter the department in that way. My associates in this grade would be the coloured messengers in the halls who, when not dozing in their chairs, carried papers from one office to another. I would, however, have interesting work in connection with Far Eastern matters as seen from Mr. Wilson's office. I gladly accepted the offer, thankful that the problem had been solved, and was soon installed at a desk behind a screen in the Third Assistant Secretary's corner room.

In December, 1908, I was promoted to Third Assistant Secretary of State at a salary of \$4,500 in place of Mr. Wilson, who was to receive a post abroad. Latin America, about which I knew very little, was by then becoming an increasingly important area, so it seemed opportune for me to take a quick trip through Central America and learn something at first hand of the turbulent conditions in those little countries before assuming office.

The Central American countries, in those days, were disturbing neighbours. Even this fleeting visit to them was sufficient to make me aware of their isolation from each other. There were no railroads, or

carriage roads crossing boundaries, and the air services which now bring each capital within an hour or two of its neighbouring capital were then non-existent. Consequently it was necessary to journey to the coast and there await, sometimes for several days, the arrival of a coastwise steamer in order to go from one country to the adjoining country. This isolation bred mutual distrust throughout Central America which resulted in frequent internal revolutions and even in petty wars, while the people remained poor and ignorant. I realized how much had to be done to improve conditions and the heavy responsibilities that lay upon the State Department.

The end of the Roosevelt administration was in sight. Finally on March 1, 1909, together with a large group of men who had been closely associated with the Roosevelt administration, I attended a luncheon at the White House. There may have been fifty of us at table. At the end of the lunch, the President rose and spoke to us. I do not think his words have ever been published.

GENTLEMEN: [he said]

You are here nominally as members, or to meet the members, of the Tennis Cabinet—that is, as men with whom at tennis or hunting, or riding, or walking, or boxing, I have played, with whom I have been on the round-up, or in the mountains, or in the ranch country. But really, as you know, you are not here for that reason at all; you are here because you are the men, and because you represent the men with whom I have worked while I have been President.

No administration has ever had finer or more loyal service than you have given, and I do not believe this country has ever had an abler or more devoted set of public servants. It is through you and those like you that I have done the major part of what has been accomplished under this administration. Moreover, in a vast number of cases the doing of the work itself has been your only reward. The credit has come to me, to the chief of the administration. For exactly as men like to symbolize a battle by the name of the commander, so they like to symbolize an administration by the man at the head, forgetting that the immense majority of his acts can only be done through others and that a really successful administration, successful from the standpoint of advancing the honour and the interests of the country, must be managed as ours has been, in a spirit of the most loyal association and partnership.

There are many others like you whom I would have given much to bring here today; but there simply wasn't room enough; and so I have brought you here partly for your own sakes, but primarily as representing thousands of other workers; as representing all good, faithful, fearless public servants, who strive their best to do what the public need demands, and who, in the last analysis, stand all on the same level, when judged by that supreme test which takes into chief account the spirit of the service rendered. Whether a man is

a Cabinet Minister, a bureau chief, a marshal, an Indian agent, a forester, a letter carrier, a member of the life-saving service, a clerk in a department, or a workman in a navy yard, or whether he holds one of a hundred other positions, makes not the slightest difference if he puts his heart and his soul and his mind into his work, and is content to accept as his chief reward the satisfaction that comes from knowledge that the work has been well done.

So, while I greet you for yourselves, I greet you still more as symbolizing others; and in saying farewell to you I shall take as symbolizing all of you one who leaves public life when I leave it; a man who made a real personal sacrifice when seven years ago he came here to take office at my request; a man who has stood ever since as the type of what a good public servant should be; a man who for the last two years has been one of the most useful Cabinet Ministers who ever sat at the Cabinet table—Jim Garfield [Secretary of the Interior].

The days following the inauguration of Mr. Taft were sad ones for those of us who were friends of the Roosevelts. Some of the tennis players, who had had the use of the White House court, hired a rather poor court in another part of the town, and tried in this way to preserve the associations of the past. Ambassador Jusserand sometimes joined us, and I shall never forget Madame Jusserand seated on a pile of rubbish watching the remains of the Tennis Cabinet at play. But we did not succeed for with the departure of T. R. there was little incentive to continue.

Roosevelt died on January 6, 1919. In response to a request from the Associated Press for a statement, I said:

Rarely is it given for one man to have such a personal and immediate influence on the lives of other men. He represented American manhood in the ideal—courage, forcefulness, ruggedness, honesty of purpose, simplicity, and above all, the power of preserving vital friendship. To me he was never the politician, but always the man eager to do his part in the world for the good of his country and stimulating everyone whom he touched with ardent patriotism.

At a time when men thought little of the welfare of the nation and more of their own satisfaction and comfort he rose to the height of his power and gave to the country a new conception of what the United States stood for and of the responsibility involved upon citizenship. He lived to see his ideal triumph and young America respond as a unit to the call of the nation. His influence will live for ever and will be realized in the words "Service to the State".

Re-reading this tribute thirty-two years after his death, it seems to me to express what today is recognized as one of T. R.'s greatest contributions to the nation—the responsibilities which citizenship carries

with it. T. R. turned men's thoughts from the localities where they lived to the dignity of the nation and our national problems. The city of Washington took on a new concept in men's minds and government service, which before 1900 had not been a popular career, now began to attract young men from all over the country. The idea of a permanent foreign service, free from political interference, was born at that time.

It soon became evident that the influential Senator Hale of Maine wanted the office of Third Assistant Secretary of State for his son. I was told that he had threatened Mr. Philander C. Knox, the new Secretary of State, that unless his request was granted, a certain much needed appropriation for the department would not be forthcoming. Mr. Knox needed the appropriation more than he needed me, and the deal was made. At the same time, September, 1909, I was offered and accepted the position of the Secretary of the Embassy in London under Ambassador Whitelaw Reid. This office is now called Counsellor of Embassy. I resented this crude political bargain between politicians, but, as it turned out, the second London experience was a useful step upwards in my career.

And here I should note that a young lady in New York had been absorbing my attention for some time, and the matter came to a head with her acceptance just before Thanksgiving Day of that year. It was arranged that we would be married in New York. Caroline Astor Drayton, the daughter of J. Coleman Drayton, was to be my bride. In this happy state of mind I set forth again for London, considerably alarmed at the prospect of succeeding the highly efficient and popular John Ridgely Carter. But I was thankful that I was to have the help of a wife so eminently fitted for diplomatic life.

4

London before the First World War

THE dreary Embassy offices at 123 Victoria Street seemed very familiar. There had been no changes except in personnel since my departure four and a half years previously. The smiling and efficient Miss Bax, clerk of the Embassy in the Choate days, greeted me warmly, and I immediately felt at home. Although I looked forward to my new responsibilities, I was quite aware that I had not had sufficient experience to take charge of our most important Embassy. However, in 1910, the world was a good place to live in. There were no wars on the horizon as far as anyone could tell. Relations between the United States and Great Britain were highly satisfactory; and although there were occasional differences of opinion, these could be easily straightened out through frank exchanges of views. Much depended on whether the negotiations were carried out in a friendly spirit.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid was an Ambassador of the old school and looked the part. He was handsome, his manners were perfect, and he was always immaculately dressed. At the same time there was something artificial about his personality. He had little genuine warmth, and at times his studied politeness was annoying. But he was the perfect host and people liked him at the first approach. He had very real literary ability and his speeches were well prepared and well delivered. While I never had the same affection for him that I had for Mr. Choate, I enjoyed my work with him. He was, in his way, a highly successful Ambassador. However, much of this success was due, in my opinion, to Mrs. Reid.

The Reids occupied the great mansion known as Dorchester House—long since replaced by the hideous pile of the Dorchester Hotel. Dorchester House resembled an Italian palace and was certainly one of the most magnificent private residences in London. They lived in a style which no American Ambassador had ever been able to afford, but in those golden days of London when magnificence seemed to be

the standard of the official world, from the British point of view the American Embassy was probably a realistic representation of the growing wealth and power of the United States. My first impression, however, which lasted through my three years in London, was that Dorchester House was not an appropriate residence for the representative of the United States and that a simpler establishment would have been more in keeping with our best traditions.

In addition to their residence in London, the Reids maintained an equally splendid country place, Wrest Park. (I made note at the time that the two households, Dorchester House and Wrest Park, had a staff of ninety-two retainers.) With my wedding day approaching, I began house hunting on a far more modest scale. No. 14 Curzon Street was our first London residence, a cheery, small, Queen Anne house which was completely destroyed in the blitz of 1940. We moved several times during our three years in London but located finally at the corner of Stanhope and South Audley Streets.

Several weeks after my arrival in London Mr. Mills died in California, and Mr. and Mrs. Reid had to return at once to the United States. I was suddenly left in charge of the Embassy. Invitations to our wedding in New York were ready for the mail when my cable was received saying that I could not leave London, and asking if my prospective bride could come instead to England where we could be married quietly. The response was as I hoped and Mr. and Miss Drayton took ship for England. My mother, my brother John and his wife came also, and the marriage took place at Rogate, Sussex, on February 2, 1910, in the village church. Rogate was chosen because the Draytons had lived there for several years and had the happiest associations with their neighbours.

As I look back on my years of diplomatic service, whether in Washington or in missions abroad, and the official responsibilities and exactions demanded of my wife, I marvel at her patience and willingness to make the best of our constantly changing life. To begin life together in London, while I was Chargé d'Affaires of the Embassy, meant a plunge into official activities before we had been married a week.

Shortly after the Ambassador and Mrs. Reid had returned from California King Edward VII died (May 6, 1910). Theodore Roosevelt, who had just completed a hunting expedition in Africa, was appointed special Ambassador to represent the United States at the funeral. He arrived fresh from his travels and was the guest of the Reids at Dorchester House.

After the funeral ceremonies were over T. R. was invited by the Lord Mayor of London to the Guildhall for the presentation of the Freedom of the City. The Lord Mayor's carriage, which was to take him to the Guildhall for luncheon was late in arriving at Dorchester House. T. R. was annoyed and strode impatiently up and down the room. Probably his speech was on his mind. Certainly it was on the mind of everyone the next day, for he had undertaken to criticize severely the British Government for their conduct of affairs in Egypt. It was an unusual moment to launch an attack on the government just as he was receiving the highest honour from the city of London, but Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Minister, let it be known that Mr. Roosevelt's observations were of great help to the government and they were glad he had made them. And so the matter ended quite happily, but I could not help admiring the diplomacy of the British Foreign Office.

Of all the distinguished men I met in England, I admired Edward Grey the most. Later, at the end of the first World War, when I was Assistant Secretary of State and he had come to Washington as Ambassador, I saw him more intimately. He was then Lord Grey of Falloden. At that moment he was suffering from serious eye trouble and was threatened with blindness. He asked me one day to lunch at the Embassy and afterwards to take a walk with him in the country. During the luncheon the heavens opened and a steady downpour continued throughout the afternoon, but it never occurred to Grey to postpone our expedition. We were soon tramping across country, over muddy fields where footing was uneven and difficult and where, because of his failing eyesight, he was in danger any moment of a bad fall. But nothing daunted him. We paused beneath a spreading tree and listened to the "music", as he called it, of the rain, and he began to recite Wordsworth, verse after verse. I wish I could remember the poem. Then as we turned back he told me that he had an appointment with his eye doctor, who would give a final verdict as to whether he was going blind. He must have known what the verdict would be, and this tramp in the rain may have been in preparation for it. Here was an example of courage and resignation to the inevitable which was a great lesson to me. The following day when I learned the worst my sympathy was heartfelt. Not long after he returned to England, almost complete blindness came upon him.

During our London sojourn we were privileged to witness two other historic ceremonies, replete with pomp and pageantry in which

the British have no peers: the coronation of George V and the investiture of the Prince of Wales.

The coronation and the great events that went with it set off a round of festivities—such a round as London will probably never see again. Political and social life mingled nightly in the great houses which were open for the occasion. Tiaras were then the fashion, and every lady of position and distinction wore the family jewels. British statesmen, representatives of the different parts of the Empire, and foreign ambassadors and their staffs were part of the social whirl for in those days diplomacy and society were inseparably linked. I found it all a fascinating experience. Yet if I could have appreciated that this was the end of the golden period of England I would have valued the opportunity even more. At the time the glitter of London seemed a natural background for the vast and closely-knit British Empire which presumably would continue indefinitely. But the impact of two world wars has irrevocably changed all that. The Empire, with its central government in London, has been largely replaced by the British Commonwealth of Independent Nations. Gone is the wealth that made possible the brilliancy of the past; disappeared is the important rôle which society played in the affairs of the nation.

But to return to our dizzy life. Dorchester House was not the only great official and social centre. Lansdowne House, the historic residence of the Marquess of Lansdowne, who was a former Foreign Secretary, opened its doors on occasions to the official and fashionable world. How well I remember those vivid scenes, when everybody who was anybody seemed to gather in one great reception room, presumably to be seen there rather than to enjoy the crush. At a ball at Devonshire House the crowd was so great and the rooms so many and so vast that my wife and I lost each other and had to make our ways home separately. These two great mansions and others of lesser distinction have also vanished, giving way to ugly blocks of apartment houses.

Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister at this time, and my wife and I had, of course, met him and Mrs. Asquith at Dorchester House. Mrs. Asquith was suspected of being critical of Americans, especially of those who were living in London in extravagant circumstances. Fortunately we were not in this category. She apparently took a liking to us and invited us sometimes to informal lunches at 10 Downing Street with members of the Cabinet and Parliament. Margot was witty, caustic and outspoken, yet kind-hearted, and there was plenty

of quick repartee, although not on the part of the Prime Minister, for he was a slow-spoken man.

At the height of the season came Ascot week. The races were the background for the arrival of the King and Queen in the state carriages. And indeed it was a memorable sight as the line of splendid equipages approached the royal enclosure from down the course. The scene compensated, in my opinion, for a tedious day of chatter.

Ascot reminds me of a week-end visit which my wife and I paid to Field-Marshal Lord Roberts (the famous Boer War Leader), and Lady Roberts, who resided not far from Ascot. We were the only guests and on Sunday afternoon Lord Roberts drove us to Windsor Castle for the evening service in St. George's Chapel. As a Knight of the Garter he was escorted to his seat in the choir under his banner, and the other choir seats were soon occupied by the general public. We sat on either side of him and listened in rapture to the beauty of the boy choir accompanied by the magnificent tones of the great organ. Many a time since have I sat under the banners of the Knights and let my thoughts wander back to that Sunday evening service beside the distinguished old soldier. Physically, Lord Roberts was a small man, but vigorous and active minded. Although well advanced in age he had kept his health, he said, by continuing his daily regime of rest. Even during his South African campaigns, he had always taken a half-hour of relaxation following the midday meal, and this, he believed, accounted for his strong constitution.

One morning in the late summer of 1912, I awoke with the clear conviction that we had been long enough in England. Our life had been crowded with interesting official duties, but with the arrival of our first child, we felt the need of a more permanent base. And although Embassy life in London had its special interests and attractions for me personally, as a married man I wished to make a place for my wife in New England to which she now belonged. I knew that certain other governments permitted members of their foreign services occasionally to take a year's leave of absence without pay, after a certain number of years of service and without losing their grades. This was called in diplomatic parlance a year of "disponibilité". The department proved responsive to my request, although they could not guarantee another appointment at the end of the year. But I was willing to take the gamble.

Washington under Woodrow Wilson

DESPITE our many friends there, we did not miss London. Our future held promise of a new and absorbing interest, the building of a country place which was to be our home for the rest of our lives. As soon as we were established in Boston in the late autumn of 1912, we began plans for Highover, overlooking Wenham Lake in Beverly, on property adjoining my family place.

Shortly thereafter, I was appointed Regent of Harvard College with an office in University Hall. In those days a large group of proctors, chosen from upper classmen, were responsible to the Regent for law and order in the various dormitories; if there were disturbances, they were required to report them to the Regent. Happily, there were few complaints during my "regency".

Seated as usual at my desk in University Hall one morning in January, 1914, a telegram was brought to me from Joseph Tumulty, President Wilson's secretary, asking me to come at once to the White House for consultation with the President. I had never seen Woodrow Wilson. I was a Republican and had no connection with anyone in the administration except Colonel House whom I had met once for a few moments in New York. Believing the Colonel must have had something to do with this summons, I stopped in New York on my way to Washington and called upon him, but all that I could gather in reply to my inquiry was "Don't say no", which only bewildered me the more.

Mr. Wilson received me during the evening in his upstairs library, and I was immediately taken by his simple and friendly manner. He explained the situation which was developing in Mexico, and the problem before him which concerned the recognition of Venustiano Carranza as President of Mexico. His confidence in the Huerta regime which the United States still recognized officially had disappeared, and Carranza, the successful revolutionist, had become the new power. He did not feel, however, that he could give recognition

to Carranza without certain guarantees concerning American interests and property rights in Mexico. He had been negotiating, he said, with Carranza's agents through an intermediary on the Mexican border, but the American agent had been indiscreet, and the negotiations had been terminated. Carranza had now sent Luis Cabrera as his personal representative to Washington to continue the discussions. Would I undertake to reopen these discussions with Cabrera? If I agreed to do so I must maintain absolute secrecy, keeping only the Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, privately informed of the progress.

I accepted the President's offer, but not without trepidation, for I fully realized the hazards of being obliged to avoid the State Department in a matter of such importance and concern to the department. The next day I called upon Mr. Cabrera at his hotel and found him a most agreeable young man of about my own age. He spoke good English. I felt that he was straightforward and that we could get on well together.

The east entrance to the White House, opposite the Treasury, was then used only for formal receptions, but in order to preserve the secrecy of my comings and goings it would be open for me in the evenings. I would be conducted to the President's library on the second floor. There Mr. Wilson would examine my report of the exchanges which I had had with Cabrera during the day. He would discuss them with me and would then sit down at his typewriter and, with his back to me, type out instructions for the following day. On these occasions he took me completely into his confidence and treated me as though I had been an old and trusted friend. This was an extraordinary experience for a man who had had no past association with Woodrow Wilson.

Towards the end of the negotiations, the President asked me if I would accept the position of Third Assistant Secretary of State which was about to become vacant. He had received the required assurances from Carranza. My confidential work had evidently pleased him. None the less I was astonished that he would think of me as an assistant to the arch-Democrat Bryan who detested Republicans in general.

The Third Assistant Secretaryship was the same position which I had once held for a few months under Theodore Roosevelt, and it was pleasant to find myself installed in the same corner room which I had previously occupied overlooking the White House grounds. Mr. Bryan welcomed me with great kindness and the difficulties which I,

as a Republican, had anticipated with him and the other top officers, all of whom were Democrats, proved unfounded. Mr. Bryan was not a great nor even a good Secretary of State. How could he be with his slight knowledge of world affairs? But he had qualities which endeared him to millions of people who respected his honesty and found in him a certain spiritual leadership.

Colonel Edward M. House was very much in the picture in those days. Like all Chiefs of State Wilson was a lonely figure. House was his outer and inner "ego", and the two men were constantly in touch with one another. A special wire led from the Colonel's apartment in New York to the White House, and when in Washington he was always a guest at the White House. Perhaps because the President was well aware of Bryan's weaknesses as Secretary of State, House was frequently concerned with our foreign relations. After the outbreak of World War I, he came more and more often to Washington and was regarded generally as the unofficial spokesman for the President on international affairs.

While preferring to avoid direct contact with the State Department, he tactfully managed not to seem to trespass upon the department's prerogatives. Actually, however, he carried on important conversations with several foreign Ambassadors, notably with Sir Cecil Spring Rice of Great Britain, and Jusserand of France, though always in the capacity of a personal and confidential friend of the President.

Later, during the Paris Peace Conference, when the first signs of the President's illness were becoming apparent, the Colonel was thought to have exceeded his powers as one of the United States delegates to the conference and to have taken too much responsibility upon himself. There may have been some truth to this. Wilson was difficult to approach, and the fact that he was the President naturally caused the leaders of other delegations to hesitate to discuss matters informally with him. They thought of House as the President's confidant and found him ready at all times to explain Wilson's views to them. They may have taken advantage of this situation and formed a habit of calling upon House for such information. But as I was not present, I am in no position to judge the rights and wrongs. It is a fact, however, that a coolness developed between the two men and that for the remainder of his life the President ignored completely his former friend. This was a great sorrow to Colonel House. Often he referred to it in conversation with me, but never with an unkind reflection upon Mr. Wilson.

It is interesting to look back upon my association at that time with the young Assistant Secretary of the Navy whose office was a few doors from mine, in what was then a combined State, War and Navy Building. Franklin Roosevelt was a few years my junior in college. I knew him only slightly until our paths crossed in Washington, though Caroline had known both Franklin and Eleanor for many years. We four soon formed a congenial dinner group with our mutual friends the Adolph Millers and the Franklin Lanes, meeting with a certain regularity throughout the Wilson administration at our respective homes. Adolph was a member of the Federal Reserve Board and Franklin Lane was Secretary of the Interior. Franklin Roosevelt was always gay and amusing. The Lanes and Millers were brilliant conversationalists. Those evenings were among the best of the Washington sojourn.

How little did any of us imagine the great rôle that Franklin was to play in the future! I knew him then as a brilliant, lovable, and somewhat happy-go-lucky friend, an able Assistant Secretary of the Navy, but I doubt that it ever occurred to any of us that he had the makings of a great President. The qualities which made him great matured later, after he had suffered and conquered spiritually the dread disease of infantile paralysis.

His wife, Eleanor, whom we all admired, was a quiet member of the little group. She seemed to be a little remote, or it may have been that Franklin claimed the attention, leaving her somewhat in the background. The Roosevelt and Phillips families were then on the increase and the two mothers had much in common. Eleanor spent a great deal of her time with her young children. She was essentially domestic and her interest in public affairs was centred in her husband's career rather than in any thought of a career of her own, though the subject of education was always of intense interest to her. Her complete unselfishness was apparent in her relations with her mother-in-law (Mrs. James Roosevelt) who interfered continually in the bringing up of the children and through jealousy made life difficult in many ways. Caroline was always impressed by Eleanor's willingness to efface herself so that there would be no trouble between mother and son. It was her thoughtfulness of other people rather than of herself which made it possible to preserve a calm and tranquil attitude in such domestic difficulties. No wonder we all admired her.

In March, 1915, the President appointed a commission of three

to represent the government at the opening of the World's Exposition in San Francisco. I was chairman and my associates were Roosevelt and Judge Lamar; Vice-President Marshall represented the President. We all forgathered in San Francisco on the opening day. The Roosevelts and Caroline and I shared an hotel apartment and Franklin and I began and ended the days in top hats and tail coats. We took turns in dedicating the various foreign pavilions with short speeches, while Marshall acted for the President in formally opening the Exposition.

World War I had by this time reached an alarming stage. The fall of Paris seemed imminent. Yet the San Francisco press paid scant attention to it, so occupied was the world of California with the wonders of the Exposition. During those days of official ceremonies and entertainment we might have been living on another planet, so remote from the popular mind was the European tragedy.

As the principal neutral power in the war, the United States came into frequent collision with both the British and the Germans. At times our relations with the British Government were alarmingly strained. We objected strongly to having our merchant vessels, carrying oil and merchandise to other European neutrals, such as Denmark, Sweden and Holland arrested on the high seas on suspicion that such supplies were destined for Germany. Spring Rice fully realized the gravity of the situation and I am sure did all he could to modify the British attitude, but without much success. The only comforting thought was that the British could not wish to embroil us in war against them; nevertheless, tempers in Washington ran high, and strong notes of protest were dispatched to London. We very properly adopted a legalistic attitude toward such British acts of interference.

At the same time, German propaganda swept over the country that the British were trying to starve the German people into submission through their embargo on foodstuffs, and the German Government justified their brutal submarine warfare against the British on this ground.

Colonel House, who was sent on several missions abroad on behalf of the President, told me on his return from one of them of his efforts to stop the appalling losses inflicted by the submarine. He had said to Sir Edward Grey, British Foreign Secretary, that if Great Britain would be willing to stop the embargo on food to Germany, providing Germany would agree not to destroy merchantmen, he would carry

the proposition to Von Jago, German Foreign Minister. Sir Edward had accepted with alacrity and had immediately written out the terms of an agreement. Colonel House then went to Berlin and showed the document to Von Jago, who was not only unwilling to do his part, but demanded that Britain stop the embargo on everything else, including copper and other war materials. From this, it was evident to Colonel House that Germany was in no immediate danger of starvation.

The submarine warfare against all vessels carrying merchandise to the Allies increased in ferocity and reached a climax with the sinking of the *Lusitania* in May, 1915. An explosion of horror swept over the country. The President alone seemed to remain calm, and was bitterly attacked for his failure to take the steps which public opinion felt to be necessary. The exchange of notes with the German Government continued; the break did not come for almost two years, during which the sinkings multiplied until our national patience became exhausted.

The trend of events had become increasingly disturbing to Mr. Bryan. He foresaw our eventual destiny and resigned as Secretary of State on June 8, 1916. A day or two before the resignation was announced, Mr. Bryan sent for me and told me of his intentions. He said that he had always done what he believed was right. The policy of the administration was leading us into war, and he was strongly opposed to it. From his point of view it was a wrong policy and he had decided therefore to resign, although he was fully aware of the criticism which would be heaped upon him for deserting his post at such a moment. While I expressed my regret, I could not help but admire him for acting on his convictions, regardless of the consequence to his own reputation.

Bryanism disappeared. Robert Lansing, who had been counsellor of the department, was appointed Secretary of State, and Frank Polk of New York became counsellor—a position which was soon to be known as Under-Secretary of State. I was promoted from Third Assistant Secretary to First Assistant Secretary of State on January 24, 1917.

State Department during First World War

FEBRUARY 3, 1917, was a day I well remember; events followed one another in rapid succession. Secretary Lansing called me to his office at ten o'clock and told me that the President would address Congress at two o'clock, and at the same hour Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, and his staff would be handed their passports. Here was the long-awaited break with Germany! I was asked to prepare instructions immediately to Ambassador James Gerard in Berlin and his staff to request their passports from the German Government.

Returning to my office, I drew up the instructions to Mr. Gerard, informing him that American affairs were to be entrusted to the Spanish Ambassador in Berlin. All American consuls in Germany were to leave the country and American citizens there were also strongly advised to leave. As the German forces were occupying Belgium, I also instructed Minister Whitlock in Brussels and the American consuls in Belgium to remain at their posts unless they were forced to leave. In such case Whitlock was to go to Le Havre to be near the Belgian Government, and consuls were to return to the United States. In addition we notified our various embassies which since the outbreak of the war had been caring for German interests in England, France, and in certain other Allied countries, to discontinue their activities on behalf of Germany and to await information from the department as to which power would take over German interests in those capitals.

Polk and I went to the Capitol at one-thirty and found standing room only in the back of the diplomatic gallery. The President arrived a few minutes after two o'clock and was greeted with loud applause on entering the House of Representatives. His address was remarkable, indeed overwhelming. I could hardly keep my composure. When he announced the severance of relations with Germany, both sides of the House applauded vigorously, but in the

centre where thirty or forty pro-German members were seated, there was no applause. The Allied Ambassadors were present and naturally much elated. At long last, the break had come.

But there were two sides to the delay. Washington was at that time overrun with people from Texas within and without the administration, for Texas was a powerful Democratic state. To those whom I met during the next few weeks, I put the same question, "When might the President have severed relations with Germany, instead of waiting until now?" The reply from Texans was always to the effect that: "This is the first moment that the President could be assured that the entire country was with him and the first therefore that he could wisely take his momentous action." Some of the President's critics did not appreciate that in contrast with the East, the West had been indeed slow to grasp the significance of what was happening throughout the world.

Later in the day, Count Tarnowski, the new Austrian Ambassador, called at the department to pay his respects, and to arrange for his official reception by the President. I felt sorry for him; he seemed completely overcome by the turn of events. He came as a friend of the United States, he said, and offered to send a message to his government urging them against joining with Germany. I gladly agreed to send it for him. Presumably he merely wished to show us his attitude, for he could not have supposed that any message which he might send would alter the attitude of his government. But under the circumstances I very much doubted that the President would receive him. Austria was already far too closely associated with Germany.

Spain was chosen to care for our interests in enemy and enemy-occupied countries because it was one of the few European nations not involved in the war. The American Government agreed to advance funds as they were needed to the Spanish Government, which in turn would reimburse its diplomatic representatives for the expenses incurred on behalf of stranded Americans and in the care of American interests. A similar arrangement was made by the German Government with Switzerland.

The Swiss Minister called upon me that same afternoon to say that having no adequate staff, he was quite unprepared for the task. He certainly seemed helpless and breathless. I assured him that we would allow a few German house servants to remain in the Embassy, and perhaps a few Embassy clerks. He inquired about the status of

the German consuls in the United States, to which I replied that we assumed they would be withdrawn inasmuch as we were withdrawing our consuls from Germany.

On February 5, I cabled our Embassy in Madrid, for the information of the German Government, the arrangements we were making for the departure of Bernstorff, his staff, and the German consuls in the United States. I added that every courtesy, consideration, and protection was being extended to them.

The following day came a message from Ambassador Gerard saying that neither he nor his staff would be permitted to leave Germany until more definite information was sent concerning the departure of Bernstorff and his staff, nor would the German Government release the seventy or eighty American citizens whom they had recently taken off captured British merchant vessels until they heard officially of our action on the seizure of German ships and crews in the United States. Polk blew up when I showed him the dispatch, and carried it at once to the President. I counselled a calm reply in order to give the Germans a chance to appreciate all that we were doing on behalf of Bernstorff, and I subsequently found out that the German action in delaying the departure of our nationals followed the usual procedure between two countries which had severed relations.

But we found difficulty in replying to the German demand regarding the American seamen. The various departments in Washington were all working at cross-purposes and the utmost confusion resulted. Crews of German merchant ships in Panama had been arrested and ten or a dozen of them had, in fact, been made prisoners and were on their way to the United States, which seemed to be contrary to international law in the circumstances. We were technically still at peace with Germany. Our demand for the release of the American seamen had, therefore, to wait until the situation here was clarified and we had a definite policy to pursue.

After the departure of the Germans from the United States, one of the first of our headaches was the difficulty of obtaining permission for owners of American merchant ships to secure immediately the arms which they were demanding for defensive purposes. It was terrifying to see how near we came to sliding backwards. Although the President had severed relations with Germany for denying freedom of the seas to American ships, he then hesitated to stand behind the shipowners in their determination to carry on their trade—fearing perhaps that this might mean a shooting war before the country was

ready for it. On the eighth of February he approved the sale of arms but three days later he hesitated again, wondering this time whether he should ask Congress before permitting our ships to carry arms.

In my recommendation to the Secretary, I maintained that we were becoming the laughing-stock of the country and of the world. By sending our ships to Europe unprotected we were actually provoking the German submarine activities. The matter dragged on. When, a few days later, I asked the Secretary whether any progress had been made towards arming ships, he said "No", and rebuked me for unnecessary haste, quoting the President's *bon mot* that it took President Lincoln six months to declare war after Fort Sumter had been fired upon. Finally, on the twenty-sixth, the President appeared before a joint session of Congress and requested the power and the means to arm ships. It was rather a pacific speech and left one cold, but in view of the extraordinary situation in Congress and the division of opinion in regard to arming ships, the President was probably wise in not making it a belligerent occasion. But Congress, like the country, was still slow to recognize the urgency of the situation, and failed to show any reaction to the President's request. The "tragedy of March 4", was the adjournment of the Senate without acting on the matter, and the question of the hour was whether the President would proceed without the authority of Congress. When at last, on March 9, the President announced his decision in favour of arming the vessels without waiting for Congressional authority, I was certain that Mr. Lansing's memorandum recommending this course had had its effect. The outcome was an intense relief to all of us in the State Department.

Meanwhile, on February 26, the infamous Zimmermann note from the German Government to the German Minister in Mexico had been brought to our attention confidentially by the British Embassy, having been captured by the British before reaching its destination. It stated that if submarine warfare should lead to war with the United States, Germany proposed a military understanding with Mexico and that as a part of the peace settlement Mexico could claim the adjoining states of the United States. Furthermore, Germany agreed to place means at the disposal of Mexico to accomplish this purpose and proposed that Mexico invite Japan to join in war against the United States.

We telegraphed this historic document to our Ambassador in

Mexico City and asked him to communicate it to the President and Foreign Minister and suggest that an expression of "disinterestedness" should be issued simultaneously with the publication of the message in the United States. The government of Mexico responded promptly, and on March 1, the Associated Press was allowed to publish it. The excitement throughout the country was intense. I felt at once a decided change in Lansing's attitude. Whereas before he had shown hesitation and even reluctance to move forward, he now realized that Germany was the enemy of mankind and that a world-wide principle was involved.

In reply to a demand from the Senate for particulars regarding the capture of the Zimmermann note, the Secretary admitted only that we were in possession of evidence establishing its authenticity. It was not admitted until later that the message had been captured by the British, who had given it to us with a view, I assumed, to strengthening the President's hand with Congress, and this it certainly did.

Both the Mexican and Japanese Governments formally denied that the German invitation would be entertained under any circumstances. The Japanese Government added that this was because "their friendship with the United States is every day growing in sincerity and cordiality", which at the time we had no reason to question since our relations with Japan were satisfactory. On March 3, the Press carried an official announcement from Berlin that Zimmermann (the Foreign Minister) had admitted the authenticity of his note to Mexico, explaining that it was only a precautionary measure to be taken in the event of war with the United States. It was a curious admission to make for there was nothing in our relations with Mexico to indicate any likelihood that the Mexican Government would have dealt with Germany under any circumstances.

Meanwhile all arrangements for the transfer of the Danish West Indies to the United States, including the payment of \$25,000,000 to the Danish Government, had been placed in my hands. The President told me he had intended to go himself to take over the islands, but as this had become impossible, he asked me to act in his stead without, I think, conferring with Lansing. But the German submarine warfare was increasing and Mr. Lansing was not willing to have me leave the department in view of the situation which he knew was to break in a few days.

It was on April 2 that the President, in a magnificent and inspiring address, advised Congress to "declare the recent course of the German

Government to be in effect nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States and that we formally accept the status of belligerent which has been thrust upon us". On the fourth, I was in the Senate diplomatic gallery listening to the debates which ended at 11 p.m. with a vote of 82 to 6 in support of the war resolution. On the sixth, the House passed the resolution by 375 to 50, and the same day the President signed the joint resolution and the proclamation announcing that a state of war existed.

At first we had not been disposed to break with Germany's ally, Austria, because we wished to indicate that Prussia, not Austria, was the aggressor. But the Austrian Government declared itself in line with the German Government on submarine warfare and was using its submarines to carry it out. On April 1, the Austrian Foreign Minister had informed our Ambassador in Vienna that if the United States declared war on Germany, Austria would immediately sever relations with the United States. And so on the ninth the Austrian *Chargé d'Affaires* called upon me to inform us officially that he had instructions to sever relations with our country. I asked him to put this information in the form of a note.

That day we received word that the British and French Governments were sending commissions to Washington, not only to extend congratulations and their gratitude to the government and people of the United States, but to confer on important military and economic matters. A few days later we learned that other governments associated with us in the war would do likewise. Mr. Arthur Balfour, who was to head the British commission, would be the first to arrive and would be followed shortly by Marshal Joffre and M. Viviani, the French Minister of Justice. It fell to me to make all the arrangements for their arrival and entertainment. For the ensuing weeks I was overwhelmed with details in preparation for those events, in addition to the other work which flowed unceasingly to my office due to America's new position as a belligerent.

Sunday, April 22, was an ideal spring day. Mr. Balfour's special train arrived promptly at three o'clock. The Secretary, Polk, and I, with the British Ambassador and his staff were on the platform to meet him. Balfour and the civilian members of his mission were in top hats and tail coats; the military and naval officers were in service uniforms. We, likewise, were in top hats and tail coats. A great crowd had assembled at the station, and as we passed through a cleared space to the President's reception-room, the people cheered

enthusiastically. At the entrance to the station another crowd and a score of cameras greeted Balfour and then, preceded by two troops of cavalry, the procession of cars started for the Breckenridge Long residence on 16th Street, which was to be the headquarters of the mission. Automobiles lined both sides of Pennsylvania Avenue and 16th Street, and gave noisy greetings as we passed, which evidently pleased our visitors.

The French party arrived on April 25, on the *Mayflower*, the President's yacht, which had been sent to the Chesapeake to meet them. Their reception followed the precedent which had been set for the British. Marshal Joffre looked precisely as I had supposed he would—a magnificent type of soldier. I soon discovered that while he was easy-going and always agreeable, Viviani was quite the contrary. The morning after their arrival the latter flew into a rage because a manicurist whom he had engaged was not on hand at 6 a.m.

When I accompanied the party to the Senate, we were met by Senators Lodge and Hitchcock, and escorted on to the floor of the Senate. Viviani and Joffre were given seats on either side of the Vice-President. The Senate adjourned and the Senators filed by the French party, who stood in line on the lower step of the rostrum. Then the Senators called for a speech and Viviani, a born orator, responded in French with a stirring one, although few understood a word he said. When it came Joffre's turn, he stepped forward with a beaming smile on his kindly old face and said, "I cannot speak English—Vive l'Amerique!" The whole Chamber shouted with enthusiasm.

The next day Balfour was received by Congress and the President and Mrs. Wilson were in the executive gallery for the speech, which annoyed Jusserand because the President had not attended the French reception by Congress. He called upon me the following day to inquire why the President had not been present. I felt obliged to refer the matter to Mr. Wilson who told me on the telephone that he was astounded at the Ambassador's action. If an answer had to be sent, it was to the effect that he did not understand French and did not feel, therefore, that it was necessary for him to go. The President, who was not always diplomatic in his dealings, had made a blunder, of course, but in my reply to the Ambassador I had to make the best explanation I could.

After the Washington formalities had ended, the city of New

York received both missions and tendered them a splendid banquet at the Hotel Waldorf Astoria. I accompanied Mr. Balfour to New York and drove with him to City Hall. My old Chief, Mr. Choate, followed Mayor Mitchell's admirable address of welcome with a speech so stirring that Balfour was overcome with emotion. Four days later, in perfect health almost up to the last moment, Mr. Choate died peacefully. In London, he had known Mr. Balfour intimately and had occupied for two years his house at 4 Carlton Gardens. That he should have been spared long enough to take a leading part in Balfour's great welcome to New York seemed a fitting end to New York's foremost citizen. I was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral in St. Bartholomew's Church.

The British and French missions were soon followed by the Italian, Russian, Belgian, Norwegian, and Serbian missions. All were put up in private residences in Washington and all were received with the same honours. All presented their urgent needs without which, in their opinion, the worst might happen, and every agency of our government was engaged in efforts to help solve their problems.

Every day made it clearer that the Allies had become financially exhausted and were losing the war when we entered it on July 17. The British Ambassador left with me a memorandum admitting that his government possessed no further means to pay for their purchases from the United States. Consequently British assistance to the Allies would end unless the United States could meet the payments due. Such an eventuality he said would be disastrous and not improbably fatal to the Allied cause. We had foreseen this situation but seeing it in black and white gave one a shock. However, it was a Treasury problem, and I arranged for the Ambassador to see Secretary McAdoo the following morning.

The Japanese special mission, headed by Viscount Ishii, arrived in Washington on August 22, without undue fanfare because Washington was already bored by the arrival of so many missions. In his address at a formal dinner given in his honour by the city of New York, Viscount Ishii declared: "Circumstances for which we are in no way responsible gave us certain rights on Chinese territory, but at no time in the past and at no time in the future do we or will we seek to take territory from China or despoil China of her rights." I like to recall those pledges in view of future occurrences.

Lansing held many conferences with Ishii and reached an agreement that Japan would exercise no exclusive rights in China while

STATE DEPARTMENT DURING FIRST WORLD WAR

the United States, on the other hand, would recognize her interests which accrued from the fact that she was China's neighbour. We learned soon afterwards that Tokyo regarded the agreement as having given to Japan all she wanted, in other words the recognition by the United States of her special political interests in China. Lansing promptly denied that the exchange of notes had any reference to political interests in China. But it was not long thereafter that we heard from Peking that the Chinese were becoming alarmed over the encroachments of the Japanese since the exchange of notes between Japan and the United States. I was greatly disturbed by these reports and noted at the time that "unless we take a vigorous stand and insist upon our interpretation of the agreement just signed, China will have lost her political independence". My recollection is that the department did everything possible to implement Lansing's denial but never wholly succeeded.

News from Russia had been highly disturbing. Early in the year, the Duma (the assembly) had imprisoned the Cabinet. Although the purpose of the so-called Revolution, according to Russian sources, was primarily to strengthen the nation in the war against Germany, when we learned on March 16 that the Czar had abdicated, our uneasiness had increased. The Russian soldiers were leaving all fronts for their homes. The Germans would soon be in a position to transfer the bulk of their armies from the Russian to the western front.

In July, a Bolshevik mob in Petrograd, whose anger was aroused against Americans because of the reported death sentence on some Russian in this country, started toward the Embassy, looking for trouble. The Russian Government telephoned the Ambassador, who was entertaining a dinner-party, that the mob was getting out of hand and that he had better get out. The party immediately dispersed, but Mr. Francis stood his ground. A second telephone message from the Foreign Office warned him to leave at once as the mob was approaching the Embassy. He found an old shotgun, and together with his negro servant stood at the main entrance, which was opened when the mob began to pound on it. With his gun in hand the Ambassador warned the crowd that this was American soil, that they were not to enter, that he would shoot the first man who did. The crowd wavered and left. The following day the Embassy was swamped with congratulatory messages and surrounded by enthusiastic crowds.

On October 27, we heard from Copenhagen that at a Red Cross

conference the Russians and the Germans had agreed upon an extensive exchange of war prisoners and civilians. Already Russia had ceased fighting and it had become clear that the Russian armies were not going to take any further active part in the war. I have always felt that President Franklin Roosevelt and his military advisers must have had this situation in mind when during the second World War the German armies were sweeping into the heart of Russia. Was it not possible that Russia would repeat its performance of 1917 and leave the western front to face alone the whole power of the German armies?

The alarming bulletins continued. On November 8, the Associated Press reported that Kerensky, head of the first revolutionary government, had been seized by the Bolsheviki who had come to power under the leadership of Lenin. Lenin then announced his policy of peace with Germany. Chaos and bloodshed were rampant in Petrograd and Moscow. On November 12, Ambassador Francis and his Allied colleagues received communications from Leon Trotsky, "The Commissar of the People for Foreign Affairs", informing them of the establishment of a new government of the Russian Republic under the Presidency of Lenin. The Allied Ambassadors immediately met and agreed unanimously that no notice should be taken of the note, and that each representative should request his government not to direct him to reply, since the new government had been established by force and was not recognized by the Russian people. We telegraphed our approval of this recommendation for it conformed to our policy which had originated in our efforts to discourage revolutions by force in Latin America.

The President's policy toward Russia was one of "watchful waiting". However, Senator Elihu Root, former Secretary of State, advised coming into immediate touch with the forces in southern Russia that were opposed to the Bolsheviki, lending them money and trying in every possible way to preserve them for the Allies. I talked to Colonel House, who was strongly against financing the "Kaledin movement", as it was called, in southern Russia. One should refrain, he said, from doing anything which in the future would appear to divide Russia. Root, however, insisted that at all costs we should hold to the "Entente" all such groups in Russia as would stand with us. The President and Lansing finally adopted Root's views. By December 26 our policy was clearly defined. We had agreed to advance to the British and French Governments whatever cash might seem necessary for the leaders in southern Russia opposing the

Bolshevist regime. At first we kept in the background ourselves in order that, should the southern Russian developments fail, one of the Allies at least would not be publicly involved. Later we sent a small expeditionary force which was soon withdrawn. I shared Colonel House's dislike of the whole proceeding and I never knew why the President followed Root's counsel.

On December 4 the President requested of Congress a declaration of war against Austria. No one expected it, not even the members of the Cabinet, yet when he pronounced it, the entire assemblage rose to their feet and cheered. He added "... if they (the German people) continue to be obliged to live under ambitious and intriguing masters interested to disturb the peace of the world . . . it might be impossible to admit them to the partnership of nations which will henceforth guarantee the world's peace". We in the State Department had expected that the President would authorize immediate help to Italy and then allow Austria to declare war on the United States.

The President exempted Turkey and Bulgaria from the declaration of war, since neither had taken any action against us and we had, therefore, no occasion to fight them. But some of the Senators now demanded war against Germany's two other allies, Turkey and Bulgaria. I prepared a memorandum to explain why this would be inadvisable, the principal reason being that while there were no Turks in the United States there were many Americans and American institutions in Turkey. Turkey could therefore strike swiftly and easily at us and we would be helpless to retaliate. My memorandum was marked "Confidential", and was sent by Secretary Lansing to the chairman of the two committees concerned in the Senate and House. Nevertheless, Representative Flood, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, read practically the whole document to the House. But as a result, I was told that while three-fourths of the Senate favoured war on both countries, there would be no insistence in view of the President's attitude as submitted by Lansing—and there was none.

Pressure by the Zionists was being brought to bear at this time upon the administration regarding Palestine. On December 15 Secretary Lansing showed me a letter which he had written to the President urging that the campaign for the recognition of an independent Jewish Palestine should not receive our support. He mentioned that the United States was not at war with Turkey (Palestine was then

being torn from the Turkish Empire by conquering British forces); that the Jews in this country were not all united on the subject and that various Christian sects would keenly resent turning the Holy Land over to the Jews. In his reply the President "reluctantly assented" to the Secretary's views.

The year 1917 ended on a depressed note. Everyone complained against the lack of co-ordination in the government. There was no War Council, no Secretary of Munitions. Everything great and small had to be referred to the President, who due to the strain of the war had become completely isolated. He received no one, listened to no one except Colonel House, and seemed to take no one's advice. Consequently there were many delays and precious time was lost.

In Europe the outlook was distinctly gloomy. The American forces were not yet in sufficient numbers to take an active part against the anticipated enemy offensive on the western front. Could the French stand? The one hopeful sign was the gradual growth in power of the German left. In this there was nothing particularly striking, but a change was surely taking place.

The new year 1918 opened with the retirement of Ambassador Spring Rice, "Springy" as he was affectionately called by his friends. He brought me a black-and-white sketch of the view of the Washington Monument from my office, on the back of which he had written: "It is here the virtuous William sits, who gives the wicked William (the Kaiser) fits." I felt very badly, as we all did, to have him go, for he was a congenial companion—although sometimes his emotions during the war strain, particularly during our neutrality, would get the better of him and he would say things that he should not have said. But then he would be quick to apologize. His successor was the Marquess of Reading, afterwards Viceroy of India.

Lord and Lady Reading were accompanied by an aide who became a frequent dinner guest in Washington social circles, but who often talked too much and none too wisely. On a certain occasion, some months later, he was reported to have made derogatory remarks about Mrs. Wilson which came to the attention of the President, who demanded his recall. The incident ended with the departure of the aide.

Lord Grey followed Lord Reading as Ambassador to the United States but was never officially received by the President. To the astonishment of everyone he brought with him the same personal aide who a few months previously had been requested to leave. The President was indignant and asked the Secretary of State to inform

the newly arrived Ambassador that the young man in question was *persona non grata*. Mr. Lansing wished me to undertake this delicate and disagreeable task. Accordingly, I invited Sir William Tyrrell, a distinguished Foreign Office official who had accompanied Grey to Washington and whom I had known pleasantly in London, to come to see me. When I informed him of the situation, Tyrrell foresaw difficulties. He reminded me that the Ambassador was losing his eyesight and was forced to rely on his aide in many ways, and that the young man had been very faithful in this respect. Grey, he added, always stood by men who had been devoted in their service to him and would probably feel the same way in this case. Tyrrell was right. Unless he could have proof of the improper remarks concerning Mrs. Wilson, the Ambassador would not agree to dismiss his aide. I talked it over personally with Lord Grey, pointing out that since his aide was *persona non grata* to the President there was nothing more to be said, and although we were satisfied as to the accuracy of the reports, the proofs which he desired could not be obtained. Grey stuck to his position. It so happened that the President's illness prevented him from receiving other newly accredited foreign representatives, so that his refusal to receive the British Ambassador was not publicly marked. Nevertheless, it was most unfortunate that Grey, perhaps the most distinguished Englishman of his time, never met the President and that these two leading public men were never able to work together in the interest of the two countries. My personal belief is that Wilson would have managed to see Grey if he had not been irritated by what he may have considered the latter's obstinacy.

On the morning of January 8 I was attending a hearing before the Foreign Affairs Committee in regard to the Diplomatic and Consular Bill and had begun my statement when it was announced that the President would shortly appear to deliver a message to both Houses. The hearing then adjourned to the following day. It was such an unexpected move on his part that four members of the Cabinet, including the Secretaries of War and Interior, were unaware of his intention and failed to be present. This lack of proper liaison was one of the leading weaknesses of the administration.

The address was the most momentous of the President's career. In fourteen separate articles he stated the purposes of the United States in the war (the famous "Fourteen Points"). His proposal to restore Alsace and Lorraine to France brought every member to his feet with loud applause, which continued for some minutes and

apparently surprised almost everyone—including the President himself. The mention of Belgium received the second best hand. The President endorsed most of Lloyd George's position, but presented the case of the United States in better and clearer terms.

At last the war ended and all eyes turned to Paris, where the Peace Conference was to be held. We in the State Department had for months been preparing the notes and memoranda to guide our delegates. Colonel House had, in addition, his own team of experts who presumably were working along the same lines. Very unfortunately, we had little contact with them for they were in New York. There was considerable feeling in the department that we should all be working together, and our misgivings were amply justified, I might add, for at Paris there was a deplorable lack of co-operation between the two staffs.

The President appointed a commission to represent the United States, headed by Secretary Lansing as chairman. Henry White, formerly Ambassador in Rome and in Paris, was to give it a Republican flavour. The President should, of course, have included more stalwart Republicans, such as Root or Taft, who might have really helped him to bring the Republicans into line with the proposed League of Nations. But Henry White was more sympathetic to Mr. Wilson than the Republican Senators, and he certainly tried to give the President all the political support he could.

The rumour spread that the President himself might go to Paris and participate in the conference. Nearly everyone in the department wished that he would not go, for we feared that in the give-and-take of heated debate around the conference table, the prestige of the President of the United States would be lowered. But if he insisted upon going, we earnestly hoped he would merely attend the opening session, give it his blessing and then depart. We felt he could exercise his great influence throughout the world far better from Washington than as a visiting delegate in Paris.

One day I received a brief note from Mr. Wilson, written on his own typewriter and signed in pencil "W. W.", asking me to prepare his personal notepaper in proper form for his use in Paris. This was the first direct intimation that any of us, including the Secretary of State, had of his decision to attend in person. I carried the little paper to Mr. Lansing and said that here was the answer for which we were waiting. I am certain that Lansing was far from pleased by the

President's decision and at the way in which the Secretary of State had been notified.

Accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, and by the American delegates and their staff, the President sailed for Paris on December 4, 1918. Caroline conveyed her confidence in him and her hopes for the success of his mission, and received from him the following note written on shipboard:

U.S.S. *George Washington*
11 December, 1918.

MY DEAR MRS. PHILLIPS,

Your letter, which Miss Benham brought me, has given me a deep and unusual pleasure. It has given me a sense of reassurance for which I am your grateful debtor. It is no small matter to me to know how what I do looks to a sincere judge like yourself, who has no interest in judging things except as they really seem to her; and that the way in which I am seeking to do them has seemed to you to carry with it its own proof of genuineness gives me heart. Because it is not the people "in the game" whom I am seeking to serve, but the people not in the game and with whom political motives count for nothing except to excite suspicion. That you should judge me so encourages the hope that I am judging myself without self-deception, and makes the whole immense task easier. It transcends my comprehension, and the only thing I can hope to make sure of is my motive.

With the warmest regard,
Gratefully yours,
WOODROW WILSON

This is not dictated but written on my own typewriter.

The history of the Versailles Conference is not for me to comment upon, for I remained in Washington and was fully occupied in helping Frank Polk, then Acting Secretary of State, to handle the daily problems.

When the President finally returned to the White House after a tour of the United States to arouse the country to the importance of accepting the treaty and the League of Nations, it was clear that he was a broken man. He had failed in his great endeavour. The Senate refused to approve the treaty and the United States turned its back on the great edifice which Wilson had erected to preserve peace, leaving other nations to do the best they could without the support or even encouragement of the most powerful nation in the world. The country seethed with bitterness. For those of us who believed in the League and who realized the vital importance of United States participation, they were sad and tragic days.

STATE DEPARTMENT DURING FIRST WORLD WAR

Suddenly we learned that the President had had a stroke, though the public knew only that he was ill. But encouraging bulletins were issued from the White House and hopes arose that it was nothing serious. We continued to communicate with the President on matters requiring his approval and often received his comment in the handwriting of Mrs. Wilson.

The Prince of Wales was then en route to Canada. He had planned to come to Washington after the Canadian visit in order to pay his respects to the President and government of the United States. The question arose whether in view of the President's illness he should come. The Press of the country was divided and opinion in the department was also divided. In the temporary absence of the officer who had been handling the matter and who felt that the visit of the Prince should be cancelled, the problem automatically tumbled on my desk. Suddenly I received an order from the Secretary to inform the British Ambassador that in Mr. Lansing's opinion, the visit at this time would be "unseemly" and should not take place. I did as instructed and was told in reply that, since the Prince had made up his mind to come, a refusal to receive him would not be well regarded. Hardly had I delivered this unwelcome message than, by the merest accident, I happened to come across a tiny notation that the attitude of the White House was not known. In an instant, I had arranged to speak to Mrs. Wilson on her way from the sick-room to the dining-room. When I put the question to her as to whether she and the President wished the visit cancelled, she was emphatic in saying that it should not be cancelled. She added, "If I were a Queen, I would insist upon his coming."

When the Prince arrived, I was attached to his party as the representative of our government and saw much of him during his stay in Washington and in New York. His visit was a complete success. He was received by the President in the sick-room, given a state banquet by the Vice-President which Caroline and I attended, met the entire Press at the Press Club the same evening and never failed to do the right thing at the right moment. The Press gave him full praise, crowds hailed him wherever he appeared and in responding to these demonstrations, he showed the natural genius which he had at his command when he desired to make use of it.

New York's official welcome was memorable. We arrived at Jersey City in the early morning and boarded a yacht which carried our party across the river to the Battery, where Mayor Hylan was to

greet the Prince and escort him to City Hall for the official welcome. My responsibility was to end as soon as I had presented him to the Mayor. As we approached the Battery I could see a row of top hats lining the pier and beyond great crowds massed in the square, but there was no Mayor in sight. And so I found myself occupying the Mayor's seat beside the royal guest as we drove through the packed streets in a snow-storm of confetti. City Hall Square was filled to overflowing, but again no Mayor was in sight. This was scant courtesy on his part. At last I found him on a platform at the far end of the crowded reception chamber. The presentation made, my job was done (I thought) and at the end of the ceremony Hylan accompanied the Prince out of the building, down the steps to the automobile. It had been arranged that he was to drive with the Prince to West 92nd Street, via Broadway and 5th Avenue, and all of New York was waiting for a passing glimpse. A British battleship was lying off West 92nd Street to receive the Mayor and the Prince on board for luncheon.

I followed the Mayor and his guest to the automobile, and heard with dismay Mayor Hylan announce that he could not escort the Prince on the drive through the city nor could he lunch with him because he had another engagement. (I assumed he was thinking of Irish votes and lost his nerve.) But the Prince accepted the situation without a sign of displeasure, thanked the Mayor for the reception, and then turned to me to accompany him. He could not very well drive alone. And so with a noisy escort of motor police I occupied the Mayor's place beside His Royal Highness, drove through miles of cheering crowds and lunched with him and the officers of the battleship. After the luncheon an aide said to me on behalf of the Prince that His Royal Highness wished to give me a high decoration. I explained my inability to receive it whereupon he presented me with an autographed photograph of the Prince and a handsome silver cigarette box. During the entire visit to New York the Irish gave the Prince a hearty cheer whenever he passed them and I hoped that Mayor Hylan had regretted his political mistake and his lack of courtesy.

After the national elections had swept Mr. Harding into office, I saw Mr. Wilson only once before his death. He died on February 3, 1924. A wave of emotion swept the country. So much has been written about Woodrow Wilson—his limitations and his great qualities—that I shall not attempt repetition.

7

Among the Dutch

BEFORE leaving office President Wilson had appointed me Minister to Holland. We arrived in the Hague in the early spring of 1920 when the great trees along the Lange Voorhout were bursting into leaf. We were enchanted by the cosy, old world appearance of the city, and pleasantly impressed by the spacious house at 13 Lange Voorhout leased by the State Department for the head of the Legation.

My first calls were upon Dr. Van Karnebeck, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his able assistant, Belaerts van Blockland, both of whom were cordiality itself. With his dark hair and black moustache, Van Karnebeck seemed to me more Latin than Dutch. He was immaculately dressed and more animated than the typical Hollander. He was highly regarded both in his own country and throughout Europe for his knowledge of international affairs. Belearts van Blockland, the "wheel horse" of the Foreign Office, always went out of his way to be helpful to me in my relations with the Dutch Government.

Official relations between our two governments were jarred by United States efforts to obtain an "open door" policy in the Dutch East Indies for American oil interests. Washington held that since there was nothing in our laws to prevent citizens of Holland from acquiring rights to American oil it was only fair, in the spirit of reciprocity, that similar privileges should be allowed Americans in the Dutch possessions. I was in accord with this law, but the Dutch were adamant and would not give way to my urgent representations nor even to intimations from Washington that the Dutch privileges in the United States might have to be discontinued. The heated exchange of views continued after my departure until finally a settlement was reached which I assume was satisfactory to both sides. But the oil controversy did not disturb the pleasant personal relations which I had with members of the government nor with the business

world. I made a great effort from the start to indicate an interest in Dutch commercial life and this met with a far more enthusiastic response than I anticipated.

Shortly after we arrived, I presented my credentials to the Queen in the rather bleak little palace at the end of the Lange Voorhout. Her Majesty had been Queen of Holland so long and her picture had appeared so often in our Press that I felt I knew her already. She looked precisely as I expected, although perhaps a little stiffer and more formal. Very definitely she was the Queen and intended that one should not forget it. The reception of newly accredited foreign representatives must be a boring ceremonial to all rulers, and on this occasion Her Majesty went through the ritual and the exchange of remarks, as she must have done on endless occasions, with purely mechanical graciousness.

The Queen Mother, however, who occupied a small palace at the other end of the Lange Voorhout, was a very different personality from her daughter. My wife and I were greeted by a charming little old lady in a black silk dress, with her snow-white hair crowned by a white lace cap. She was full of conversation and anxious to make us feel at home, and we were naturally captivated by her.

But what Queen Wilhelmina lacked in warmth she made up for in intellect. She was said to be extraordinarily well informed on economic and financial matters about which she would express her own views strongly and clearly at the meetings of her Council. Certainly she was greatly beloved by her subjects. Twenty-three years later when she was a refugee in England, I called upon her at her villa in Maidenhead and was received with such friendliness that I was profoundly touched. She talked a great deal about President and Mrs. Roosevelt, whom she admired greatly, and about conditions in Holland under the German occupation. While admitting that enormous damage had been done to the Hague and to other parts of the country by the Germans, she reiterated that this was unimportant in comparison to the needs of the people. Her palace at Het Loo was now a hospital for the Germans and she never expected to live there again. She knew nothing about the condition of the palace at the Hague. After twenty minutes she invited me to come to the terrace for tea. In a simple print dress with a small hat, she looked the elderly, stout lady that she was, and I could not help feeling that her misfortunes had softened and humanized her.

Our other official encounter with royalty was a wholly different

experience. As I was accredited not only to the Netherlands but also to Luxembourg, it was not long after settling in the Hague that we journeyed by motor to the little Grand Duchy. The city of Luxembourg with its magnificent ramparts, its clean streets and comfortable houses is an ideal miniature capital. The rolling hills, luxuriant cultivation, and picturesque ruined castles lend beauty to the countryside.

Caroline and I were received by Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess and her consort Prince Felix. At that time they were living twenty miles from the city in the Royal Château Berg, where the Grand Duchess had recently given birth to a boy—a great event because the Grand Duchy had at last a male heir to the throne.

I was ushered in alone and with customary formality I presented my letter of credence to the Grand Duchess. We exchanged a few pleasantries after which I was led to another room and introduced to Prince Felix. Meanwhile my wife was received by the Grand Duchess. Afterwards, together with the Court Chamberlain and two ladies-in-waiting, we awaited our hosts in a room adjoining the dining-room. It was a stiff little group, but the moment Their Royal Highnesses entered, all formality disappeared. The ceremony of accepting the new representative of the United States was over and we were in the country house of two charming, friendly young people.

As we were getting into the car which was to take us back to the city, someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was the Prince, who said, "Would you like to come up and see the baby?" We were delighted. He led us to the bedroom floor, opened a door and there stood the Grand Duchess leaning over the crib. "Sh-sh," she said. "He is asleep and if the nurse (English) finds us here she will be very angry."

Twenty-one years later, during the second World War, I lunched in London with a young man in the uniform of the British Army and his father—both refugees; they were the Prince of Luxembourg and his son, Prince John, whose acquaintance we had made at such a tender age.

Luxembourg was proud in having its representative accredited to the United States, even though it was then chiefly a paper mission. The Baron de Waha bore the title of *Chargé d'Affaires* of the Luxembourg Legation in Washington. He had been there only once for a visit, and on the return to his native soil he took every opportunity to extend hospitality to visiting Americans. He deluged us with

invitations, and many a dinner flowing with delicious native wines we enjoyed under his hospitable roof.

I soon discovered, however, that the government of the Grand Duchy had a serious complaint against the United States resulting from the damage caused by our American forces during their occupation of the country at the end of the first World War. General Allen, who had his headquarters at Coblenz, had sent several missions to Luxembourg to ascertain whether the bill for damages presented by the Grand Duchy was just. While he had never disputed the figure given, he had never paid the bill. This I found embarrassing, so I decided to go to Coblenz and see what I could do about it.

As we approached the old town, the American flag flying from the great castle of Ehrenbreitstein dominated the landscape seeming to subdue by its mere presence the otherwise formidable structure. The General had invited us to stop with him and to accompany him to an entertainment to be given that evening by the French High Commissioner in honour of General Franchet d'Esperey, the new Marshal of France. A reception followed the dinner, attended by the entire foreign colony, and it was after midnight when we returned to American headquarters. General Allen had thoroughly enjoyed himself and was in a genial mood, perhaps a bit artificially stimulated, so I decided that this was an opportune moment to discuss the object of my visit. I told him the story, which he must have heard many times. I named a figure which I thought would cover all damages and which I felt certain the government of Luxembourg would accept. When I had finished, the General announced, "Anything you say goes." To which I replied, "But, General, I am returning to Luxembourg in the morning and I must have something definite to say to the government." "I said," repeated the General, "that anything you say goes," and that ended our negotiations. The bill was paid. The government of the Grand Duchy was delighted and before my departure I received from the hands of the Grand Duchess a high Luxembourg decoration, which according to State Department rules, had to be retained in the department during my official tenure of office.

In 1920 Holland was rich and prosperous. During the first World War the people had benefited from their neutrality and trade with Germany had doubled and trebled in value. When I arrived, the effect of the war boom was still evident from the gaiety of life at the capital. There was much entertaining and very soon we felt that we were at least acquainted with everyone of consequence at the Hague.

Our first party was in honour of Van Karnebeck—a dinner for twenty-four followed by a musicale. I described the event in a letter: "The dinner company was select and very heavy, the food was good and heavy, the wines were heavy, and I brought out my heaviest cigars. The musicale which was attended by one hundred and ten guests was followed by as heavy a supper as we could provide—several kinds of meats, soup, salad, oysters, and champagne, of course. The whole evening was declared to have been a great event in the winter's season and that was what we were after. It was indeed an event and a heavy one at that, but if you should ask me whether either of us enjoyed a moment, we should have to say 'no'."

I realized, however, that there was more to Holland than the Court circles which dominated the capital, but it was difficult to meet the prominent people of Amsterdam, the leading commercial centre. Traditionally the two cities had always regarded each other with feelings of superiority. Court circles were too exclusive to include the business and industrial magnates of Amsterdam, while the latter regarded the aristocracy of the Hague as of little account. Their paths therefore crossed rarely and I was soon aware that in order to feel the pulse of Dutch life I must go to Amsterdam to meet, on their own ground, the men who were the actual leaders of the country.

I was fortunate in having in Amsterdam a consul who had lived there for many years, and who together with his wife had made an enviable position in the life of the community. I told consul and Mrs. Frank Mahin, both enthusiastic Amsterdammers, that I would like to make an attempt to penetrate "the fortress" of Amsterdam. I realized, I said, that no diplomatic officer had ever succeeded, but perhaps none had ever really tried. I imagined that the Dutch business world of Amsterdam did not care to be bothered with diplomatic representatives and might be bored to meet them; at the same time I myself would never feel satisfied to leave Holland without having made the attempt to come to know some of the leading men and women of the Dutch metropolis.

I planned to go there with my wife for two weeks, or as long as it might seem desirable to give the impression that I was keen to know Amsterdam and some of its citizens. If there should be no response, I would at least have done what seemed to me appropriate. The Mahins entered into the spirit of my proposal. And so it was arranged that, at my expense, Mr. and Mrs. Mahin would give a large reception at the Hotel Amstel in order that the American Minister and Mrs.

Phillips might have the pleasure of meeting representative citizens of Amsterdam. I was careful to have the invitations so worded that the reception was not to be in our honour, but rather to give us the opportunity of becoming acquainted with all aspects of the life of the city.

Accordingly, my wife and I moved to the Amstel Hotel on February 21, 1921, with the declared intention of remaining at least two weeks. The reception took place on the following evening and was largely attended by the leading bankers, businessmen, lawyers, university professors, musicians, artists, newspaper proprietors, and their wives and members of their families. As it was the first gathering of the kind within the memory of the guests, it was heralded as a great occasion and was conspicuously mentioned in the Press of the following day. There was an immediate, almost impulsive response. I was recognized as the first foreign diplomat who had ever paid this compliment to the city of Amsterdam. Invitations were showered on us—to dinners and receptions, to inspect the steamboat termini, the university and schools, housing conditions, diamond factories, and in fact to visit every point of interest in the life of the city. The Acting Burgomaster gave up one entire day to showing me the sights of the harbour from the municipal launch. The president of the Royal Dutch Lloyd Steamship Company took me over their new plant which they considered the most modern equipment of its kind in the world.

The president and faculty of the University of Amsterdam showed me every department of the university. Dr. Vissering, president of the Nederlandsche Bank, a semi-governmental institution, invited a number of distinguished bankers and financiers to meet me at dinner. We met many businessmen who had connections with the United States at a reception given by the Netherlands-American Chamber of Commerce in the historic residence of Mr. Jan Six, direct descendant of Rembrandt's first patron. The house contained many family portraits by the famous painter. As Amsterdam had been and perhaps still was a stronghold of German influence, it was gratifying to me to find such a vital and responsive interest in America. I was amused to hear remarks that we were being received like "reigning princes".

The following year my wife and I repeated the experiment and spent a week in Amsterdam to return the courtesies of the previous visit. We gave two dinners of thirty covers each at the Maison Courturier on the Kaizersgracht, following the custom of sixteen courses with a generous assortment of wines. They were pronounced "historical events in the history of the city". Again the hospitable doors of

Amsterdam were opened to us and we renewed our former pleasant associations.

During the second summer I rented a house called Rhederood at Steeg near Arnheim which was ideal for my family and not too far from the Hague for me. From there we made several trips of exploration in northern Holland, visiting the picturesque villages in Friesland, the famous cattle country.

Often, in the afternoons, we would visit various friends in their neighbouring castles and villas. Always we were received with old-fashioned ceremony. The butler and footmen were always standing outside across the moat, for almost all of the castles are surrounded by moats or stand in the centre of little lakes and must be entered across a bridge. The host and hostess would meet us inside the entrance and a veritable repast would be awaiting us. We found it delightful to get into more intimate touch with the Dutch in their ancient strongholds than was possible in the official and social life of the Hague.

The days were filled with a wide variety of official duties. There was the gala opening of Parliament by the Queen who drove from the palace to the Houses of Parliament in a golden coach. There was the annual meeting of the Leyden Pilgrim Fathers attended by a large American delegation. There was the meeting of the International Law Association with four hundred delegates from all countries.

Certainly the most important event during the two years that I spent in the Hague was the conference to establish the International Court of Justice. The problem was to devise a method agreeable to all concerned for the appointment of the Judges. Mr. Elihu Root, assisted by Mr. James Brown Scott, was our representative, and it was largely due to him that a satisfactory formula was at last achieved. At the end of the conference, when success had been assured and the decision reached that the new court was to be established at the Hague, Queen Wilhelmina received the delegates and their wives in the charming little palace called the "Huis den Bosch".

I had been barely two years in Holland when without warning came a cable from Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes offering me the position of Under-Secretary in President Harding's administration. I accepted with mixed feelings; deep appreciation of the confidence which the Secretary, whom I scarcely knew, was placing in me, substantial doubt as to whether I could ever live up to Mr. Hughes' requirements, and real regret at leaving Holland, which I had come to love.

Under-Secretary of State, 1922-1924

THERE was a new thrill in moving into the office of the Under-Secretary, which adjoined that of Secretary Hughes. Mr. Hughes took a lawyer's delight in plumbing the depths of any problem. No detail escaped him. After having mastered every aspect with startling rapidity, he then formed an opinion to which he held tenaciously. Although sometimes impatient of lesser minds, he was quick to praise a job well done. Driving energy radiated from his office to the far corners of the building; one and all, I believe, felt inspired to do his or her best.

While I thought of Mr. Hughes as a sort of towering "Washington Monument" who was beyond reach, I never felt respect for the man who was then President. Warren G. Harding was jovial, likable and good-looking. He took little interest in foreign affairs and fortunately left them in the hands of his capable Secretary of State. Too many of his evenings were spent playing poker with his cronies, of which I was not one, and imbibing more than was good for him in spite of national prohibition. But the country approved of him because of his return to "normalcy". The Republican party took up with enthusiasm the gospel of the good old days. Woodrow Wilson and his utopian dreams were in the discard.

Europe was still in the throes of post-war readjustment. On January 8, 1923, we learned confidentially that the French would occupy the Ruhr within six days. The Secretary immediately sent for Ambassador Jusserand and told him frankly how seriously he regarded any such action. He was much annoyed when on the following day the French Foreign Office publicly denied that it had received any protest on the subject from the State Department. I had to inform the Ambassador that if such denials from Paris continued the Secretary would be forced to reveal publicly the substance of his conversations with the Ambassador.

The avowed object of the French in occupying the Ruhr was to

collect reparations payments from Germany, which had been declared in default by the Reparations Commission. Secretary of State Hughes opposed the French occupation because he believed that it threatened peace and hampered the economic recovery of Europe. Moreover, it blocked efforts to have the reparations question considered by an independent committee of experts—a method of settlement which was later adopted and led to the Dawes Plan.

A dispatch from Paris, received on the morning of the tenth, reporting the movements of the French forces, induced a hasty decision on our part to withdraw our troops from the position on the Rhine which they had been occupying since the end of the war. It was felt that the continuation of American occupation during the Ruhr conflict would needlessly involve us in European quarrels and a contributing factor was the failure of Germany to pay the cost of our army of occupation. The Secretary of War tried to withdraw the troops in the spring of 1922 for this reason, but he had been overruled by President Harding after Secretary Hughes had shown that both the Allies and Germans wished us to remain.

And so on January 29 the American flag was finally lowered from Ehrenbreitstein and our remaining troops left Coblenz for Antwerp, there to embark for the United States. I remember with pleasure that the German Ambassador called at the department to express the appreciation of his government regarding the fine attitude of the American soldiers in the Rhineland, and asked that we make known to the Press the substance of his call, and this I gladly did.

Some of our fears were justified. By the time the French had completed the occupation of the Ruhr, there were already signs of refusal on the part of the German inhabitants to co-operate in connection with coal deliveries. The German mark dropped out of existence and there was no purchasing power left for Germany to buy from outside the necessary food supply for the rest of the winter—a nasty situation. Rumours were current that the United States was about to take some action to help straighten out the tangle of events in Europe, and at my Press conferences I had to calm the correspondents, for we had no such plans.

The administration was adamant in its opposition to joining the League of Nations, although we were associated in an advisory capacity with a number of the League's commissions. Colonel House, whom I saw in New York from time to time, thought that the United States should become an Associate Member of the League, which

would leave us entirely free and without commitments, and would avoid having to secure a two-thirds majority vote in the Senate. He likened this position to that of the United States during the war, when we were not an Allied but an Associated power. While this was a good idea, I knew that the administration would not consider it, so fearful was it of becoming involved in the League's activities. Secretary Hughes himself regarded the League as a useful mechanism for Europe, but believed that the United States should continue, as it was then doing, to send representatives only in a consultative capacity, and only when it was believed to be to our advantage. Undoubtedly he was in step with the then prevailing sentiment throughout the country.

The participation of the United States in the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague was viewed with almost equal suspicion. On February 17, Secretary Hughes sent a letter to the President, describing the establishment of the Court and recommending that we participate in the election of the Judges to be conducted by the League, by sending special representatives for that purpose. The President agreed to send the Secretary's letter to Congress, but insisted upon delaying this action until just before the end of the session so as not to complicate other legislation, which I thought a shocking way of evading the issue. When, on February 24, it was dispatched to the Senate the correspondents at my morning conference laughed at us for intentionally sending it in ten days before Congress adjourned—too late for action.

The President and Mrs. Harding left Washington on June 20 for Alaska with a heavy schedule of nineteen speeches which he was to deliver at different points in the west. Never were we to see him again. In his first speech, at St. Louis, he strongly endorsed our participation in the International Court, although he suggested a new method of choosing the Judges which would divorce their selection wholly from the League. His idea was that if the Court was self-appointing he might be able to keep the irreconcilables in line; otherwise our participation would be doomed. At dinner the following evening at the French Embassy, Ambassador Jusserand emphatically expressed the opinion that the forty nations who were already committed to the principle of having the Judges elected by the League would never consent to the President's reservation. It was a great pity, he said, that the International Court should have been dragged into American domestic politics.

On August 3, while vacationing with my family at our beloved

camp on Lobster Lake, Maine, I received a telegram from Secretary Hughes advising me of the sudden death of the President at San Francisco. I returned to Washington immediately.

Three weeks later, Secretary Hughes having departed for Minneapolis to address the Bar Association, I called formally upon President Coolidge to pay my respects as Acting Secretary of State. He received me pleasantly, then he seated himself on a corner of his desk and we talked in generalities. It was always difficult for me to make him out. His appearance was against him, for he looked sour. There was little cordiality about him; indeed he became famous for his economy of words. But he had a great reputation for wisdom and good sense and he represented in the popular mind certain forthright and upstanding qualities common to New England, and especially to his native State of Vermont.

In foreign affairs, Coolidge tended to follow the line of his predecessor, but with somewhat more flexibility. A day after his assumption of office, the President had sent for me to discuss our relationship to the League of Nations. I had previously transmitted to him a Treasury recommendation for the appointment of a representative in a consultative capacity on a League Commission for the study of hygiene. He evidently felt that we were playing too close to the League and that an explosion in Congress might be the result. I explained our policy of co-operation in matters of public morals and health since, by refusing to co-operate, much criticism might be aroused throughout the country. He did not mind, he said, a public explosion directed against Congress, but he disliked the idea of a Congressional explosion directed against the Executive. However, he granted the Treasury's request in this particular case.

The only European issue with which public opinion was vitally concerned at that point was the question of reparations. Secretary Hughes had made a speech at New Haven in which he suggested an inquiry by experts, unmolested by government interference, into Germany's capacity to pay. The British responded favourably to the "Hughes Plan". We replied to their queries, advocating the adoption of a financial plan, agreeing to a conference of experts to be appointed either by the governments or by the Reparations Commission, and reserving freedom of action with regard to joining such a conference unless it was attended by all the governments concerned. The French, however, insisted that the proposed inquiry could not alter the agreed reparation figure for 132 billion gold marks, which would naturally

hamper the work of the commission. The Secretary contended firmly, that if there was any real desire to secure reparations, then all the Allied countries should act together. Otherwise the world should know that it was France and not the United States which had defeated the plan. As it was difficult to find out exactly where the French Government stood, the Secretary finally announced to the Press that in view of the limitations which the French had placed on the proposed conference, we could not see any use in pursuing the idea. He thereby very adroitly threw the entire blame for the situation on France and especially on Poincaré.

Eventually, however, the conference was scheduled. General Charles A. Dawes, was appointed by the Reparations Commission to serve on the Commission of Inquiry, whereupon he called upon the Secretary to talk over the matter. He was dramatic, to say the least. Ordinarily I could not hear a conversation in the Secretary's adjoining office, but that day I could hear every word for he shouted at Mr. Hughes as though the latter were stone deaf. After the General, better known as "Hell and Maria", had left I went in to see the Secretary and found him in a state of exhaustion and covered with perspiration. He scarcely had voice enough left to do more than gasp, "I pity those French!" I could not help roaring with laughter, for it was the first time I had seen Mr. Hughes entirely submerged by another personality.

The question of recognition of Soviet Russia cropped up late in December when we received a note from the Soviet Foreign Minister inviting the opening of negotiations with the State Department. The Secretary sent what the Press called a brusque refusal, alluding at the same time to the Communist activities in the United States. It must be remembered that those were the days of the celebrated A. Mitchell Palmer witch-hunts. We had reached a pitch of national nervousness over Communism almost as acute as that which has been steadily developing since the end of World War II.

In 1924 the new year did not, as it does now, herald the President's annual message to Congress. I had listened to President Coolidge deliver his first message at noon on December 6. Amplifiers had just been introduced and so for the first time those in the diplomatic gallery could hear exactly what was said. He spoke strongly for participation in the International Court, recommended a federal Department of Education and a place in the Cabinet for its chief, and concluded with a statement of the moral position of America in the world.

Unfortunately, the capital's attention was swiftly diverted from those worthy considerations. The wretched Teapot Dome scandal was rocking Washington in early 1924, and the air was charged with hatred and suspicion. I cordially disliked the prevailing atmosphere so that I was delighted when in February President Coolidge offered me the post of Ambassador to Belgium and Minister to Luxembourg. Luxembourg had been detached from the Legation to Holland and added to our representation to Belgium.

Return to the Low Countries

ON June 5, 1924, I presented my letter of credence to Albert, King of the Belgians, with more than ordinary interest. I had met His Majesty during his visit to Washington at the end of the war and I looked forward to this further association with the man renowned throughout Europe as the heroic leader of the enslaved Belgian people.

It was a ceremonial occasion. A squad of cavalry escorted our carriages to the royal palace in Brussels, the first containing a Foreign Office official and me, followed by those containing the members of my staff. The King received me alone. I was again impressed by his fine physique, his simple dignity and his friendliness. Although he spoke to me in correct English, he was slow of speech, which in a way added to his personality. He was not brilliant, probably he had little humour, but as he stood there before me with his great height, he seemed to me the embodiment of strength and courage and leadership.

Queen Elizabeth was in many respects the opposite of her husband. Small and delicately framed, she spoke English fluently and conversed vivaciously on any topic. Her activities embraced every type of good works. She was a daughter of the Duke of Bavaria, a famous oculist who gave his services free for charity, and had worked with him as a trained nurse. But her great love was music and the arts. She was herself an excellent violinist. Although not beautiful, she had a charming air and a ready smile. In her dress she favoured white, and when on formal occasions she wore her famous jewels, I think of her as a shining, though perhaps not a dazzling figure.

Our first American visitor was General Pershing, who came to Belgium as head of the Battle Monument Commission. We were invited one evening to the Palace of Laeken on the outskirts of Brussels where the royal family lived. Afterwards he told me that the Queen had insisted that in another fifteen or twenty years the Germans would

again invade Belgium. When he remarked that he did not believe this would happen, the Queen replied that she knew the Germans far better than he did. How correct she was!

After our prescribed calls upon the sovereigns and members of the government, I decided to pay my respects to Cardinal Mercier, although strictly speaking, as Ambassador, I need not have done so. But Cardinal Mercier was a unique figure, perhaps the greatest personality of all to emerge from the World War. Stories about his personal bravery and his success in keeping up the courage of the Belgian people in the face of German oppression were legend and I wanted to pay homage, as the representative of the United States, to this truly great man. And so it was arranged for Caroline and me to be received by His Eminence in his palace at Malines which adjoins the cathedral.

After waiting a few moments in an ante-room, a wide door was opened into a large bare room in the middle of which were three arm-chairs placed side by side. The towering figure of the great Cardinal came forward to greet us. He seated us on either side of him and in spite of the rather overpowering formality of the occasion, no welcome could have been more sincere. Nevertheless conversation was a bit restrained and I began to wonder what was coming next. Tea suddenly appeared and this helped considerably. Then he asked us if we would care to go with him to the garden and listen to some carillon music. He led the way to chairs placed in the middle of the flower garden, and in a moment the American national anthem peeled forth from the huge tower of the cathedral. We stood at attention. Then followed a concert by Belgium's foremost carillon player, and the atmosphere around us seemed charged with delicately vibrating music which came from nowhere and everywhere, such as I had never heard before. Here was great talent and art combined.

Before leaving Brussels we gave a dinner-party for the King and Queen and Cardinal Mercier. It was in a sense an historic occasion, for I believe it was the last social event which the Cardinal attended; he died not long afterwards. But that evening, he and Their Majesties were in good form and seemed to enjoy immensely the monologues of Ruth Draper who, at my plea, had come to Brussels for the event. Her performance was as fascinating as ever and I look back to that evening as the most brilliant entertainment we have ever given.

Undoubtedly, the most important local event during our stay in Belgium was the wedding of Leopold and Astrid. The first ceremony

had taken place in Sweden, for Astrid was a Princess of Sweden. The final ceremony was in the Cathedral of St. Gudule in Brussels and this was preceded by a gala performance at the opera and a state banquet in the royal palace. We attended all these events. To me the most significant scene was the arrival of the happy couple in the capital. It was raining, yet the streets through which they were to pass were packed with people eager to catch a glimpse of their new Princess. In an open landau drawn by two horses they came—Astrid, smartly dressed, without a raincoat or even an umbrella, responding gaily to the cheers of the crowd, while Leopold looked a little too solemn and unresponsive for the occasion. After that appearance, the popularity of Princess Astrid was assured, and this despite the fact that she was a Protestant Princess in a Catholic country and did not at first speak a word of French.

Belgium had proved an agreeable post and our Embassy stood high in the estimation of the official and social world. Brussels has a charm of its own which few European cities possess and in the mid-twenties there was still something left of the old-world life of the city. But I had begun to feel that three years among the "Bruxellois" was enough. There was too little of diplomatic interest to hold my attention, too much of mere social duties and I earnestly hoped that the future would offer something more stimulating. Suddenly, in the spring of 1927 that hope was granted in a cable from the new Secretary of State, Frank B. Kellogg, offering me the appointment of Minister to Canada, which I accepted with alacrity.

10

As First Minister to Canada

AS Canada was preparing to celebrate its Jubilee of Confederation, I was anxious to be fully installed as the representative of the United States before the opening of the celebration on July 1, 1927. So early in June, accompanied by Pierrepont Moffat, Secretary of the Legation, I descended from the train at Ottawa to find Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King, and several members of his cabinet on the platform to welcome me. Mr. King was beaming with satisfaction. Clearly the arrival of the first foreign Minister to be accredited to the Dominion was regarded as an event of considerable importance.

The post of Minister to Canada had just been created as a result of the London Imperial Conference authorizing British dominions to establish independent diplomatic relations with other countries. The ministerial rank was then considered appropriate to the new relationship, because Canada was only a part of the British Commonwealth of Nations. In the olden days an Ambassador had a higher importance than a Minister, because he was a personal representative of his sovereign, while the latter was the representative of his government. Now, of course, there is no such distinction, and the rank of Ambassador has generally speaking superseded that of Minister in the relations of many countries throughout the world, including Canada and the other British dominions. In my opinion it is better in these democratic times that diplomatic representatives of all nations should have equal rank.

In this particular case, the lowering of rank meant nothing to me as Secretary Kellogg had, in his original message, emphasized the President's desire that direct relations with Canada should be inaugurated by an experienced officer. I regarded it as a challenging assignment.

Certainly the spontaneous cordiality of my official welcome was a most auspicious beginning. Mr. King drove me to his house for

luncheon where all the members of the government were assembled for my benefit. Afterwards, having changed into my official garb of dress suit, Mr. King escorted me to Government House to be officially received by the Governor-General, Viscount Willingdon. This was something new in Canadian protocol and I was curious to see how it would be done.

Government House, standing in a park of its own, is a huge rambling building which has been enlarged at different periods until all architectural effects have disappeared. As the Prime Minister and I entered the ballroom the Governor-General, surrounded by his aides, all in full dress uniform, was standing on a dais at the farther end. I bowed and advanced to the middle of the great room, a solitary figure, while Mr. King stood aside. I then read my prepared address, to which Lord Willingdon read his prepared reply of welcome, including in his remarks a telegram which he had just received from the King expressing his best wishes for the success of my mission. Lord Willingdon then came forward to greet me and I handed him my credentials. Whereupon he said: "Now that all this is over let's get rid of these glad rags and go out and take a hike."

These few heart-warming words marked the beginning of a close friendship. The glad rags were removed and we were off on our hike. The Governor-General had a combination of easy charm and dignity, which I admired from that first moment. Tall and slender, his striking face was thoughtful in repose. On official occasions he looked every inch the King's representative. On informal occasions, by contrast, he was the life of the party—gay and humorous though always considerate of others.

Returning from our walk, I was presented to Lady Willingdon, who immediately made me feel almost a member of her household. Vitality flowed from her; a consuming interest in everything and everybody seemed to penetrate the far corners of the great mansion.

I was a guest of the Willingdons over-night. They had invited the Prime Minister and members of the government and their wives to dinner. It was the first of many such gala evenings for Government House was the centre of Ottawa's social life. Dinners and dances, skating and curling parties, tea- and garden-parties followed the seasons in succession, and the American Minister and his wife were included in all. Lady Willingdon, who made for herself a great reputation as a sportswoman and an enthusiast for all things

Canadian, spared no efforts in giving people a good time. There was no more perfect hostess to be found the world over.

As a part of the celebration, the Prince of Wales and Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin arrived early in August to assist in the dedication of the Peace Bridge between Buffalo and Fort Erie. At a ball given for him at Government House, His Royal Highness took me aside, saying that he wanted to consult me on a matter of importance. He wished, he said, to visit the United States at the end of his stay in Canada, but his Prime Minister did not want him to go. He had many things there that he was anxious to see, mentioning in particular the Ford factories in Detroit, but in addition, he said with one of his engaging smiles, "I want to have a good time." The question he asked of me was whether he should follow the wishes of Mr. Baldwin, who was annoyed with the United States, or his own desire. It did not take much thought on my part to advise him to be guided by his Prime Minister and this course he eventually followed.

The British Commonwealth was represented at the dedication by the Prince, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. King; the United States by Secretary of State Kellogg and Governor Alfred E. Smith of the State of New York. My opposite number, the Canadian Minister in Washington, Vincent Massey and I were also in the official delegations. Both Buffalo and Fort Erie were *en fête* for the occasion.

It had been previously arranged that after the ceremonies at the centre of the bridge the American party would join the Canadian party and drive down the river on the Canadian side as far as the rapids below Niagara Falls. The first car was to be occupied by Governor Smith and the Prince, the second by Secretary Kellogg and the Prime Minister, and so on including a car for Massey and myself.

When I told Mr. Kellogg that he was to drive with Mr. Baldwin he fairly blew up. Nothing would induce him, he said, to spend three-quarters of an hour alone with Baldwin; the British were behaving very badly at the conference on disarmament, then in session in Geneva, and Baldwin was responsible for their intransigent attitude. He added that the less he saw of the Prime Minister, the better for all concerned.

I knew that the Secretary with all his lovable qualities was sometimes exceedingly difficult, but it was then too late to alter the programme to suit him. So I set to work and appealed to him not to upset the entire schedule and in so doing cause an uncomfortable incident. Finally he agreed, though very reluctantly.

At the close of the ceremonies, I saw the two men off in their car seated side by side and wondered anxiously what would happen. At the end of the drive I hastened to Mr. Kellogg and in a whisper asked how things had gone. Still exceedingly ill-tempered, though not without a touch of humour, he said grumpily, "We never mentioned the subject (the Disarmament Conference) and talked about I don't know what." It was difficult to keep from exploding with laughter.

Later, I learned that the American delegation to the conference, hearing that Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Baldwin were to meet informally, had telegraphed the State Department urging the Secretary to take advantage of the occasion to straighten out the difficulties which had arisen between the two delegations. It had been my privilege to witness the method adopted by the two distinguished statesmen!

My principal work was to establish diplomatic relations between Canada and the United States. Until then, all important matters between Washington and Ottawa had passed through London. When the American Government had a communication to make to the government of Canada, it had been presented to the British Government either through the American Ambassador in London or through the British Ambassador in Washington. There had been no direct communication between the two governments except the limited contacts of consular officers.

In order to put the new diplomatic machinery into operation, I felt it necessary to introduce myself to the people of Canada. Accordingly an extensive trip was planned which would take my wife and me to all the principal cities and this was carried out with a heavy schedule of speeches and engagements at each stop. We left Ottawa in the early spring of 1928 direct for Victoria, and then proceeded to Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax and St. John.

Matters which engaged my serious attention included the smuggling of liquor across the border, for these were prohibition days throughout the United States; the development of the St. Lawrence waterway for ocean-going steamers, and the Smoot-Hawley tariff hearings in Washington. An illegal trade of huge proportions managed to transport quantities of liquor across the border in spite of official efforts to stop it.

The St. Lawrence waterway project was then under serious consideration. Unfortunately it became a bone of contention between

the Canadian Government and certain provinces. While the Canadian Government favoured the treaty, believing that the development of the deep-sea waterway would be in the interests of Canada as a whole since it would provide cheap transportation to and from the Atlantic to the western provinces, Montreal and Toronto were opposed. Montreal feared it would jeopardize her terminal facilities, as deep water for ocean-going ships ends at Montreal. Toronto feared that the development on the American side of new electric power generated by the proposed dams would have a depressing effect on Toronto's power interests.

There was opposition, too, in the United States from railroads, which feared the competition of cheaper water transportation, and also from certain Atlantic ports, so the project never progressed beyond the discussion stage during my mission to Canada. And it is still being discussed.

One of our greatest difficulties had been to find a suitable house for our residence, for houses to rent were scarce. From the beginning I had urged our government to acquire property for both office and residence. To my discouragement, my appeals met with no response. However, later, after I had left Ottawa, large appropriations were obtained from Congress, a beautiful office building was erected in Parliament Square facing Parliament buildings and a fine property at Rockcliff, overlooking the Ottawa River, was acquired for the residence.

It was not, however, the lack of a frame in which to carry on my responsibilities, which led me after two and a half years to decide to retire from the service. There were other reasons far more important. I wanted my five children not only to go to American schools, but to give them the background of Boston which has meant so much to me. But the guiding reason for my decision to end my tour of duty in Canada was the Smoot-Hawley tariff legislation then under way in Congress. Under Republican leadership the Ways and Means Committee was holding daily hearings with representatives of industries determined to prevent the entry into the United States of goods which might conflict with their own products. The Canadian press carried exaggerated statements of the damaging effects on Canadian markets and the whole country became alarmed at the prospective blow to the Canadian people. The Liberal government of Mackenzie King was being bitterly attacked for its failure to prevent the dreaded legislation and the Conservative Party, headed by the Rt. Hon.

Richard B. Bennett, afterwards Viscount Bennett of Calgary and of Hopewell, was gaining in strength every day on a platform of revenge.

On February 26, 1929, I had an important conversation with the Prime Minister. He reminded me that he was a firm believer in co-operation between Canada and the United States in the development of this continent, and that he stood for a reasonably low tariff. But should the United States take action which would arouse the resentment of the Canadians he would be obliged, although most unwillingly, to retaliate, and retaliation would take the form of a general increase of tariff against imports from the United States and a decrease in tariff on imports from all parts of the Empire and from other countries. He could not, he explained, increase the Canadian tariff against all countries because he would then be entering the camp of the Conservative Party, which stood for high tariffs. He would, therefore, have to make the increases applicable only to the United States.

In a few days Herbert Hoover was to assume the Presidency. I was going to Washington anyway for his inauguration and wrote to ask if he could see me, for I could not believe that he, a former Secretary of Commerce, could approve of legislation which would surely start a tariff war between Canada and the United States. Mr. Hoover received me the day before his inauguration at his house on S Street. I explained the danger of the situation: If our legislation went through in its present form, the Conservative government would, in my opinion, come into power on a wave of bitterness against the United States; our exports to Canada would then be faced with a prohibitive tariff wall. To my dismay, the President-elect expressed no concern, although he indicated that, if I desired, I could discuss the situation with members of the Ways and Means Committee. And this I did.

A group of us gathered around the table in the committee room. I pointed out the probably reactions from British Columbia, Saskatchewan, from Alberta and from other provinces if certain items of the proposed legislation went into effect against them; the final result would be a tariff wall of exclusion directed against all American exports. As I mentioned the names of these Canadian provinces I noticed a puzzled look on the faces of the committeemen and realized suddenly that they did not know what I was talking about. Thereupon, I asked for an atlas, and after some delay one was found. I opened it to Canada and all heads gathered around while I pointed out the positions of the various provinces. The members of the

committee listened politely and thanked me for my trouble. They added, to my astonishment, that they were not really interested in my problem because they were not concerned with American exports, but only with the prevention of imports into the United States.

Needless to say, I returned to Ottawa thoroughly discouraged and convinced that my usefulness as Minister was about at an end. Not long after the passage of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act the Mackenzie King government, as I had anticipated, was defeated at the polls and the Bennett Conservative Party was swept into power on a platform of reprisal. The losses inflicted upon American trade by the retaliatory tariff were stupendous and it was not until the Roosevelt administration assumed office in 1933 that conciliatory steps were taken by both governments to pave the way to freer trade and commerce.

On December 12, 1929, a farewell banquet was given us at the country club, attended by the Prime Minister, members of the government and many leading citizens of Ottawa at which I was presented with a handsome silver salver.

Having enjoyed the hospitality of the Canadian people, I came to the conclusion that we Americans on our side of the border were not as good neighbours as we should be. We took for granted the people of Canada, and we still do. We accepted their country as our rightful playground in all seasons of the year. We invested heavily in Canadian industry and enjoyed the benefit of a lucrative trade with our friends across the border. Yet how little did we know them! How rarely did we welcome them to our homes, or meet them in the homes of American friends. I found that the "Mecca" for Canadians was Atlantic City, which was about as near to knowing Americans as most visiting Canadians ever came. That much-talked of "invisible border" was in fact a very real barrier. Business interests crossed the border readily, so did hundreds of thousands of automobiles bent on pleasure touring. But there the intercourse seemed to begin and end.

11

Interlude

HAVING deposited our five children at various schools, Caroline and I sailed for Egypt in early January, 1930. We stopped a day or two in Cairo, steamed leisurely up the Nile by house-boat as far as Assouan. But our stay in Egypt was ruined for me by illness. On the return we stopped in London where the then famous Dr. Castellani cured me of the tropical germ which apparently I had picked up in Cairo. Home once more, I finally acquired No. 17 Commonwealth Avenue, which after considerable remodelling proved to be most attractive. It was an old brown stone house, rather broader than the usual Boston "block" houses, and from the windows we had a glimpse of the Public Garden.

The disastrous depression had set in bringing nation-wide unemployment, which was growing more serious from day to day. President Hoover called upon the business and labour leaders of the nation to co-operate in the maintenance of wage rates, avoidance of industrial disputes, extension of public and private construction and the organization of community efforts for unemployment relief. To assist these efforts, he appointed a national committee for the relief of unemployment under the chairmanship of Colonel Arthur Woods, former Police Commissioner of New York City, with representatives in various parts of the country. I was asked to be the national committee representative for the New England States, New Jersey and Delaware. My task was to urge the eight Governors to set up committees in their respective states for the purpose of alleviating the acute situation. The national committee had provided me with suggestions as to how this might be done which I was to explain to the appropriate officials.

My first visit was to my old friend William Tudor Gardiner, Governor of Maine, who immediately called a meeting of his Council. There was, however, no serious unemployment situation in Maine. I spent the night as his guest in the fine old Governor's Mansion close to the Capitol, and drove the next morning to Concord to meet John

INTERLUDE

G. Winant, Governor of New Hampshire and later our Ambassador to London. He, too, was most receptive to the purposes of our programme. I passed the afternoon with him and his Council and returned to my hotel for supper and an early bed, as I was leaving the following morning for Montpelier.

I had been reading after supper in the hotel lobby when I noticed a strange, slouching figure enter and approach the desk. His clothes were dark. He wore a black felt hat, the brim of which was turned down and concealed his face. He exchanged a few words with the clerk, who pointed at me, then he came towards me. To my astonishment, it was the Governor.

"What are you doing tonight?" he asked.

"Just finishing a book and going to bed," I replied.

"Oh no," said he. "You must let me put you up for the night in my house." Resistance was unavailing and reluctantly I packed my bag and drove home with him.

As he led the way into his house, I was not prepared for the notable collection of paintings which hung on his walls. Settled comfortably in his library, we talked until the early morning hours. His earnestness and intelligence, halting speech, and Lincolnian appearance produced a strange attraction; I realized that my host was a very unusual man, who might well rise to greater heights in the political world. In later years I was to have many associations with him in London during his Ambassadorship, while enemy bombs were bringing devastation to England.

After I had visited the other New England governors and those of New Jersey and Delaware, Governor Ely of Massachusetts appointed me chairman of the Massachusetts State Committee on Unemployment (unpaid) and provided me with an office in the state house.

In the early spring of 1932 Caroline and I visited the Franklin Roosevelts at Albany, New York. We had not seen him since his attack of infantile paralysis. Yet here he was an active governor in spite of being a partial cripple for the rest of his life. He was a different person from the charming and at times irresponsible young man of the old Wilson days. The two-year fight against the dread disease had evidently given him new moral and physical strength. In appearance he was more powerful. His shoulders were broader and heavier; he looked in prime condition. His natural buoyancy had reasserted itself and I had never seen him in better spirits. I was certain that through suffering he had gained in stature and, although

INTERLUDE

nothing was said during our talks about his part in the next presidential campaign, it was clear that he was already a man to be reckoned with in the political world.

In due course, the campaign opened with Roosevelt a prominent contender. The Hoover administration had been unable to cope with the nation-wide economic and financial crash. Genuine alarm was spreading throughout the country as bank after bank closed its doors. The stock market collapsed and fortunes disappeared over night. In the midst of the national disaster, Roosevelt's star was in the ascendency. His optimism and confidence in the American people created new hope. Wherever he appeared he was hailed as the new leader, the author of a "New Deal" who would lift the country out of the morass into which it had sunk. His speeches were magnificently delivered; to his many promises were added the vigour and vitality of his personality. The multitudes accepted his leadership with overwhelming enthusiasm and he was elected in a national democratic landslide.

His Boston friends, chiefly Republicans, were bitterly opposed to him. Having known him in his Groton and Harvard days, they could not believe that he possessed the qualities essential to the presidency. I supported him, not only because of our old friendship but because of my belief that he was the only man in sight who could bring the country out of the depths of the depression.

It was near midnight a few days before the Inauguration. I had gone to bed and was nearly asleep when a telephone call came from Albany. Franklin Roosevelt was speaking and asking me if I would accept the office of Under-Secretary of State with Cordell Hull as Secretary of State. Coming in the middle of the night, this was a bit sudden and I asked for time to consider. The following day Caroline and I talked it over and concluded that although we regretted leaving Boston, we welcomed this new opportunity.

12

Return to Foreign Service

THE Inauguration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt on March 4, 1933, followed the usual pattern. Yet when he stood before the vast assemblage on the steps of the Capitol to take his oath of office—so handsome, so vigorous, so self-confident, there seemed to be something fresh in the atmosphere, a promise of better things to come.

The speech which followed breathed life and faith into a nation torn asunder by an economic and financial crisis. The several steps he took to halt the growing disaster and rebuild the health of the nation are now history and need not be repeated here. Those of us who had the privilege of serving him in that critical period will never forget our pride in his accomplishment and the cheerful way in which he tackled what seemed to be overwhelming problems.

In the foreign field, Roosevelt was determined to restore official relations between the United States and Soviet Russia. Thus far our government had never recognized the Soviet regime. But since most of the other great powers had already taken that step, to continue to be not on speaking terms had become an absurdity. So the President, acting on his own initiative, invited the president of the Soviets to send a representative to Washington to discuss the possibility of recognition. Some of us in the department, including myself, regretted President Roosevelt's action, which automatically put us on the defensive, whereas it could easily have been arranged for Russia to make the first move. We realized that there would be severe criticism if the terms of recognition were not satisfactory from the American point of view.

In response to the invitation, Maxim Litvinov, regarded as the sharpest trader in Europe, arrived by special train from New York on November 7. The following day, Secretary Hull opened the conference with our guest in a very friendly manner, touching upon the principal points that were to be discussed. These were: religious

freedom for American nationals in Russia; a clear understanding of the rights of American nationals who had been placed under arrest by Russian authorities; and Russian propaganda in the United States, which was having a disruptive influence, and as we knew, was being officially inspired by Soviet agents. The first day's discussions did not go well. Our difficulties were aggravated by the impression apparently received by Litvinov, although he spoke and understood English perfectly, that we were asking religious freedom for Russians. At the end of the second day we felt that a hopeless deadlock had been reached, for Litvinov was intransigent on the two most important points, religion and propaganda. I personally became convinced that he wanted to conduct the negotiations with the President rather than with the Secretary, probably as a matter of personal prestige.

At any rate, on the third day the miracle happened. At our request the President reviewed the entire situation with Litvinov, displaying a combination of humour, sincerity, clarity and friendliness, which brought the first co-operative response from Litvinov since his arrival in Washington. The Secretary and I were present during this remarkable conference, at the end of which the President said that he would like to have a man-to-man talk with Mr. Litvinov that evening alone. He wanted, he said, to be able to call Mr. Litvinov names if he felt like it and he certainly hoped that Mr. Litvinov would feel free to call him names, too. Litvinov laughed heartily and progress was again recorded that evening.

Following the annual Cabinet dinner and musicale on November 16 the President asked me to join him in his study. There a group which included Litvinov, Secretary of the Treasury Harry Woodin, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., then head of the Farm Credit Administration, William C. Bullitt and myself, awaited the President. Secretary Hull had already left for a Pan-American conference in Montevideo. The President joined us at eleven o'clock and read the exchange of notes together with the various enclosures which had been agreed upon during the preceding days. Litvinov made a few objections that were finally overcome. Although the documents were dated November 16, actually the signing did not take place until fourteen minutes past one o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth. The President was elated and we all celebrated with quaffs of what was almost the last of prohibition beer. He detained me for a moment after the others had departed and asked my opinion of Bullitt, who was then a special assistant to Secretary Hull. He was friendly to the Russians and had

been of great assistance in the negotiations. I praised his help and left the President with the impression that he would receive the appointment as Ambassador to Russia, which did occur a few days later.

December 5, 1933, was a day of historic significance. It marked the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, which had introduced national prohibition. As Acting Secretary of State, it was my privilege to take part in the interment ceremonies of this singularly ill-advised piece of legislation.

Soon after Franklin D. Roosevelt came into office most of Europe had tried to press for cancellation of the inter-ally war debts. I myself had never seen the feasibility of collecting these debts, but given the attitude of the country and his own campaign pledges, the President could not have taken any such action, so the requests were refused. However, we invariably added that in the President's view, any debtor nation could come to our government with any new proposition which it cared to make and that this would receive most careful consideration.

In the case of Finland, a revision did actually take place. On November 13, 1933, the President opened his conversation with the Finnish Minister and me, by congratulating Finland on its attitude towards the debt due the United States. He pointed out that Finland was the only country among our debtors which had met all its obligations and he stressed the point so cordially that the Minister almost wept. Tears did, in fact, fall from his eyes. Then the President went on to suggest that the debt should be cut substantially, that the three and one-half per cent interest rate which had been charged should be reduced to a fraction of one per cent and that all interest payments to date should be charged against capital.

Although I never thought it was quite fair to compare Finland's payments to those of other nations, because Finland's obligations were so infinitesimal by comparison, nevertheless, the debtor nations, merely as a matter of public relations, should have made more effort to adjust than they did. We in the department kept stressing the bad effect upon public opinion here to no avail. Token payments only were made by some countries in June and December, 1933, whereupon an irate Congress passed the Johnson Act, which provided that United States loans could not be made to any nation in default. I was authorized by the Secretary to tell the French Ambassador and other inquirers that partial payments would be of no avail to their governments, and that after June 15, 1934, payments on account would not prevent

default; this was the mandate of the Johnson Act. In spite, and perhaps because of that economic club at their heads, no more payments were made and the whole question of debts continued to fester until the beginning of World War II.

We were having troubles at this time with the British Government. Colonel House gave me as his opinion that the British Government did not wish to co-operate with us on any line of endeavour. Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain, he said, were the only powerful influences in the government and they were unfriendly to us. Such an attitude was one of the greatest tragedies in the world, because "of all times in history this is one where the British and American Governments should work together closely in trying to pull the world together out of its chaotic conditions". In the armament race we did not know precisely where we stood with the British, nor did the British show any interest in our newly inaugurated reciprocal trade programme.

By this time the world was beginning to take Adolf Hitler as seriously as he was taking himself. American public opinion was graphic in its condemnation of the Nazi regime. Once in 1934 official Germany was incensed over the administration's failure to deter the American press and the public from their anti-Hitler expressions, and objected in particular to a great mock trial of Hitler staged in Madison Square Garden, New York. A dictator such as Hitler regarded himself as the personification of the German people; any criticism aimed at him was an insult to Germany. That the foreign press should dare to ridicule him was in his eyes a heinous offence which called for diplomatic intervention. Having absolute control of the German press he assumed that our government, if it so desired, could likewise dictate its terms to the American press. He could not understand that the government of the United States had no control in such matters and he may have believed that the anti-Hitler expressions were even encouraged in Washington.

It was impossible to satisfy the German Ambassador. He was assured that the performance in Madison Square Garden had no official backing, that there was no way in which the State Department could have stopped it; moreover, the Press was free to say what it chose. I pointed out that our Presidents and all public officials were subject to public criticism and cartoons were an institution in this country. Nobody took them too seriously.

It was on Saturday, March 16, 1935, only a half-hour after I had informed the Press that I could guarantee a peaceful week-end that

there came a flash from Berlin stating that Hitler had announced conscription, with the intention of raising the regular army to 500,000 men. With one swift stroke he had decapitated the Treaty of Versailles. Germany had already withdrawn from the League of Nations. All our European Embassies reported general alarm and confusion and the British Government, after consultation with Paris and Rome, sent Berlin a strong protest, which was followed by a similar French note.

The French Ambassador eagerly hoped that we would state our views in some way to the German Government on the theory that the moral position of the United States would have great influence. We spent much time discussing and drafting a note to Germany, but the President was not for involving us in the European situation at that moment, although he talked over with me the terms of a possible communication for a somewhat later date. Finally, he approved a very cautiously worded Press statement, which read somewhat as follows: The government, in its foreign relations was proceeding on its usual course. It followed events in Europe, of course, with the utmost care. The Department of State realized that the situation was difficult and that the public here was greatly concerned over developments. Everybody knew that the United States had always believed that treaties must constitute the foundation upon which a stable peace structure must rest . . . etc. This seemed to me a very feeble and ineffectual protest.

From European dispatches it was clear to us that Germany was not yet ready for war, but that a warlike atmosphere was developing. The Reich professed a right to areas where people of German ancestry lived; any historian who dissented from this principle was dismissed. Any German who avowed pacifism went to prison. Hitler, Goering and Goebbels, the triumvirate of power, were listening with greater attention to the generals.

On April 30 a routine message of greetings to Hitler on the occasion of Germany's National Day, May 1, came to me for the President's signature. It was very coolly worded, but in the circumstances I thought it wise to ask the President whether he cared to send it. I therefore telephoned the text of the two-line greeting to a secretary at the White House, who informed me a few minutes later that no message was to be sent. This showed clearly the President's attitude toward Hitler.

In July, 1935, it became clear that Mussolini having seen his northern

neighbour get away with a show of force, had decided to try his own hand at getting tough. Ethiopia was earmarked for September picking. Anthony Eden, during a visit to Rome, said to Mussolini:

"Do you realize that this means a conflict of the gravest sort with Great Britain?" to which the latter replied, "I have considered that eventuality and, nevertheless, intend to go ahead regardless of Great Britain or anyone else."

In a note to the Italian Ambassador, Secretary Hull said: "Being convinced that world progress and economic recovery are urgently in need of peaceful conditions, particularly at this time, I feel impelled to impress upon you, Mr. Ambassador, my increasing concern over the situation arising out of Italy's dispute with Ethiopia and my earnest hope that a means may be found to arrive at a peaceful and mutually satisfactory solution to the problem."

In the hope of preserving peace, five or six of us in the department had a hand in drafting a Press statement on July 12 proclaiming that "The Pact of Paris (Kellogg-Briand Pact) is no less binding now than when it was entered into by the sixty-three nations that are party to it. . . . It is a declaration by the governments of the world that they condemn resources of war for the solution of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another. . . ."

Fearing none the less, that war would break out, a group of four, consisting of Judge Robert W. Moore, an Assistant Secretary of State; Green Hackworth, the department's legal adviser; Pierrepont Moffat, chief of the European Division and one of the ablest men in our service, and myself had been formed to study problems arising under neutrality. A scholarly memorandum prepared by Charles Warren, the eminent Washington lawyer, was the basis of our studies. It was absorbing work. Much of the required legislation would, we hoped, grant permissive authority to the President rather than prescribing laws governing fixed situations.

At a Cabinet meeting in the absence of the Secretary, I told the President that he would have two important questions soon to decide: (1) Whether he desired neutrality legislation at this session, and (2) What position he would take on the question of embargo, that is: did he desire war emergency measures which would automatically apply to all belligerents on the declaration of war? Or would he hold out for permissive legislation?

The following day, the President was definite in his opinion that

the Chief Executive should always be free to place embargoes on the export of arms and ammunition, although he should not be required automatically to apply the embargo on the warring parties at the outbreak of war. But the Senate Foreign Relations Committee declined to support the idea of giving the President freedom of action, insisting upon treating both belligerents alike, no matter what the conditions might be. On September 16 the neutrality legislation was passed, including this reservation.

Meanwhile Mussolini was rejecting any interference with his "colonial enterprise" as he called his Ethiopian campaign. "If any-one interferes," he said, "I am prepared with a competent army, a competent fleet and an air force with a certain superiority that will brook no interference." According to Benes of Czechoslovakia, Mussolini won his way for one reason only: "his conviction of the innate cowardice of humanity." But we in the department regarded Mussolini's "enterprise" as a detail and felt that Germany remained the key to the whole European situation.

Possible sanctions against Italy were being discussed by the League of Nations. It soon became apparent that Germany would refuse to join in them on the ground that as she was not a member of the League, there was no obligation for such action. Germany further let it be known that she would enjoy continued commercial relations with Italy, including the sale of military supplies if the chips were down in that quarter!

In a speech to the Italian people in early October, Mussolini announced that "a solemn hour is about to break in history—not only is our army marching towards its goal but 44,000,000 Italians are marching with the army". He added that he did not believe the real French would associate themselves with sanctions, nor would genuine Britons, and in fact, the feeble sanctions eventually adopted by the League had little effect on Italy.

There was a divided opinion in the department as to whether we should at once issue our neutrality proclamation. I took the position that, as the Council of the League would presumably act within forty-eight hours, it would be wise for the American Government not to take the initiative. Similarly, as League sanctions could not be applied at once, I felt that we had plenty of time to formulate our own policy with respect to restraining exports to the belligerents; we should not put ourselves out on a limb by undertaking sanctions even of a mild nature, before League members had made up their minds.

RETURN TO FOREIGN SERVICE

However, utter confusion existed in the League Council. There was no possibility of arriving at any conclusions either with regard to sanctions or to choosing the aggressors. This situation released us from further delay and I recommended to the Secretary that we immediately issue the President's proclamation covering an arms embargo and also an accompanying Presidential statement to inform all Americans that hereafter any transactions of any kind with either belligerent would be at their own risk. It was Saturday afternoon, October 7. The President was out of Washington and the Communications Division of the Navy Department, which alone had contact with the President, had availed itself of a half-holiday. Only one cipher clerk was left in the office to code our lengthy telegrams asking the President's approval of the above steps. But finally, near midnight, we received the necessary authority and the two documents were given to the Press.

In effect, this meant that we abandoned the rights of neutrals on the high seas and that any American continuing to trade with the belligerents would do so without recourse to the government should he desire to present claims. It was a complete reversal of the historic policy of the United States in its former efforts to preserve the shipping rights of neutrals. I regretted this abrupt about face. But in view of the temper of the country, which was strongly opposed to getting involved in the Italy-Ethiopia controversy, the proclamation presumably conformed to the wishes of the American people.

The Italian Government at once objected on the ground that this ruling applied only against Italian trade, as we had little commercial intercourse with Ethiopia. But they had to be satisfied with an explanation to the effect that if our position of neutrality acted somewhat unevenly in matters concerning the two belligerents, it was not our fault but the fault of circumstances. The Secretary had a classic interview with the Italian Ambassador in which he heatedly expressed his surprise that he should be upbraided because we were striving in every possible way to keep entirely out of the war. He recalled that the President and he had "pleaded" with and "almost prayed" to Mussolini to avoid war. Mussolini had ignored the Secretary's plea and now expected us to furnish him with war supplies.

In this interview with Ambassador Rosso, Secretary Hull was at his very best, for when he felt deeply on a subject his words flowed in a passionate stream and swept his listeners with it. Perhaps it was a bit naïve to have thought that Mussolini would heed his prayers,

but the idea that Mussolini, having refused to listen, now had the nerve to turn about and ask for military supplies was too much for the southern gentleman to swallow. He was properly outraged and said so in very modern diplomatic language.

Fortunately for me, an opportunity arose to investigate the European crisis at first hand. On November 18, 1935, the President appointed me a delegate to the International Naval Conference at London, although it was understood that my duties in the department would make it impossible for me to remain throughout the entire conference. Beside myself, Norman Davis as chairman and Admiral William H. Stanley, both admirable choices in my opinion, were to comprise the delegation, with a group of assistants and clerks to complete it.

It was to be a five-power conference, the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy were to send delegates, with representatives of Australia, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa sitting in as part of the British delegation. The hope was that a limitation of naval ships and armament, "qualitative and quantitative" as it was called, could be achieved and an agreement arrived at for the exchange of information on naval construction. We sailed December 6 on the *Aquitania* besieged by a farewell chorus of "peace women" who delivered speeches to us until the final "all ashore". During the voyage we discussed new points that might arise in the negotiations.

Our first call was upon Lord Monsell, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Admiral Chatfield, First Sea Lord, and Craigie of the Foreign Office, who were all assembled at the Admiralty to meet us. During a two-hour discussion, it developed that there were no divergent views between the Americans and British. It was especially encouraging to hear that besides the British, the French and Italian delegations also objected to the Japanese demand for a "common upper limit", that is, the privilege of naval equality for Japan with the United States and Britain.

This Japanese demand had been foreshadowed by Japan's attitude in 1934. Although we understood that Foreign Minister Hirota had been working for better relations with other nations including the United States, and had succeeded in restraining the young military hotheads, the Foreign Office spokesman, Amau, had begun, in April, 1934, a series of bombastic public statements. He had announced that to keep peace and order in Asia, Japan must act single-handed and on its own responsibility. Japan would oppose any attempt of China to avail herself of outside assistance to repel Japan, and if the League of

Nations took concerted action in China of political significance, it would be "objectionable" to Japan. Presumably Hirota had not objected to Amau's blasts. I knew that the war party had the ear of the Emperor, and it seemed that the Prime Minister and the Foreign Office might be losing control, a situation which clearly had dangerous implications.

The year 1934 had ended with the announcement by Japan of her intention to terminate the Washington Naval Treaty on December 31, 1936. The treaty had agreed to a ratio in tonnage between the navies of the United States, Britain and Japan of 10-10-7. Our position, together with that of the British, followed the principle of "equality of security" and had been accepted previously by the Japanese Government. It gave the Japanese Navy supremacy in the defence of its own area. The United States facing two oceans, and Britain with its far-flung possessions, maintained supremacy in their respective areas. But now the Japanese insisted that parity was necessary to their prestige. The corridors of the department had been crammed with Press correspondents for the noon visit on December 29, 1934, of the Japanese Ambassador. However, the Secretary had received the Ambassador alone and merely acknowledged the receipt of the note of intention, adding that he would advise promptly the other parties to the treaty of the step taken by Japan. Further consideration had been put off until the London Conference, scheduled for the fall of 1935.

As the conference progressed, the Japanese availed themselves of every opportunity to demand security and a "common upper limit". They must have had their tongues in their cheeks when they referred to their need for security at a moment when they were overrunning all of North China and when no country, including China, had raised a finger to stop them. Their position seemed to the other delegations a very silly one, especially when the French delegation announced that in such circumstances France, too, would insist upon a "common upper limit" for herself.

The conference routine was lightened by a week-end visit to Blickling Hall, the residence of the Marquess of Lothian, later British Ambassador to the United States. Built on the site of the castle where Anne Boleyn was born, Blickling Hall is a superb Elizabethan house, with vast ceremonial rooms and a great library extending the entire length of the façade. Duveen, the well-known art dealer in New York, was supposedly ready to pay 200,000 pounds for Lord Lothian's Gainsborough portrait of the Countess of Buckingham. I was shown

a superb tapestry, which had been presented to an ancestor by Catherine the Great of Russia. But with all its magnificence, the huge house was cold and my bedroom bitterly so.

There was heated discussion, however, among the assembled guests in regard to British policy towards Ethiopia. Sir Samuel Hoare was singled out for attack as responsible for the move "to sell Ethiopia", a fellow member of the League of Nations, in order to appease Italy. Although Italy had not at that time conquered Ethiopia, the British and French Governments had proposed a solution, the astonishing Hoare-Laval Agreement, which would give Italy, the aggressor nation, a large slice of territory in the south of Ethiopia, together with the principal part of the Tigre section in the north. Furthermore, a British White Paper contained an instruction to the British Minister in Addis Ababa, saying: "You should use your utmost influence to induce the Emperor to give careful and favourable consideration to these proposals and on no account lightly to reject them."

The Emperor had merely referred the British-French proposals to the League, where they were not well received, and an extraordinary outcry against them was raised throughout Great Britain. Presumably the British Government had acted in a panicky fear that the Italian venture into Ethiopia might light the fire of a European war. But Sir Samuel Hoare and his colleagues in the deal with France certainly lost the confidence and respect of the British public and the government was forced to abandon its course. In London, I was told that nothing like this had ever happened in Britain's foreign policy. Everyone within and without the government appeared mortified by the proposals which gave to Italy far more than it had yet conquered in Ethiopia. Street corners carried posters crying that "Baldwin will have to go!" but people in the know were confident that this would not happen, nor did it happen.

During the Christmas holidays, I spent a few days in Berlin. I talked with Sir Eric Phipps, the British Ambassador, and with the French Ambassador, François-Poncet, who was later to be my colleague in Rome. The consensus seemed to be that the West was in no immediate danger of attack, but the Germans were preparing as rapidly as possible for an advance eastward in about two years. There was no use worrying about Austria because it was generally accepted that Austria would, in due course, be included in the Reich.

In Paris, Ambassador Jesse Straus took me to call upon Pierre Laval and Fernand Léger of the Foreign Office. Laval looked pre-

cisely as I had expected, his white linen tie askew, clearly a man of the people and possessing intense vitality, but I felt at once that I would not trust him far. The general impression was that his government was not strong and might fall at any time. The call was simply a courtesy and soon over. Léger, on the other hand, had much to say with regard to the famous Laval-Mussolini conversations in Rome, following which Mussolini had announced that the French had given him *carte blanche* to go ahead in Ethiopia. Léger declared that nothing of the sort had happened, that there had been no reference to anything political. All references to Ethiopia, he insisted, had been purely economic.

The Italian version of this conversation, which I learned later, was quite different. It was to the effect that Mussolini had told Laval that Italy must have room to expand and had mentioned certain African places, including Tunisia. To all of these suggestions Laval had replied, "No." Then Laval, on his own initiative, asked Mussolini why he did not take Ethiopia. When the latter demurred on the ground that this would mean war, Laval promised French officers to help prepare the campaign and these officers actually had been loaned. When the League of Nations adopted sanctions against Italy, the French deserted Italy and supported the League's action. This, according to my Italian informant, accounted for the intense bitterness in Italy against France. How difficult it is to know the truth of such conversations!

The London Conference reached a low point shortly after Christmas due to the Japanese attitude. Our British hosts felt that the time had come to let the Japanese delegation "walk out", and "walk out" they did, on January 13, because the conference would not agree to their "common upper limit" demand. There was some discussion then with regard to the admission of Russia and Germany to the conference. But it was decided that if they were included, other nations would have to be invited also, so the idea was abandoned. Instead, they were to be kept informed of developments. The Italian delegation announced that Italy was unable to associate itself with the treaty, but the delegation nevertheless remained at the conference, and conferred with the three remaining members on all important points.

The first chapter of the conference, therefore, had ended, and accordingly, I departed on January 16, to resume my duties as Under-Secretary. The treaty was eventually signed in London on March

25, 1936, between the United States, Great Britain and the Dominions, and France. In 1938 Italy adhered to the treaty, but in the following year upon the outbreak of war all the parties gave notice that they intended to suspend their obligations. In December, 1942, the treaty expired by its own terms.

Before I finally left London, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald asked me to call upon him. We had a delightful chat, sitting in two comfortable chairs before a warm fire in his office. He deprecated the Hoare-Laval proposals, doubted the wisdom of applying sanctions against Italy. In his opinion, Mussolini, left to himself, would ultimately collapse, but "the real crisis would arrive before his collapse".

A very frank, outspoken conversation which I had with Sir Warren Fisher of the Treasury, also made a great impression. He was confident that Germany would be ready to strike by 1938, that she would strike first in the East, and that war with Western Europe could not be prevented. He described the inadequacy of British armament, and the necessity for Britain to rearm. The British masses were asleep and totally unaware of what was happening. Probably only five per cent of the younger elements of the Labour Party were conscious of the dangerous developments. I responded that Americans were equally unaware of what was happening in Europe.

I remember his remark when, on March 7, 1936, the world learned that the German army had moved into the Rhineland. I did not foresee immediate resistance from the French, because they could not move without British support, and as it was evident from my talk with Fisher that Britain was not prepared to give it, there was no immediate danger of general war. However, the clouds over Europe were darkening. When the civil war in Spain began in July, European peace did in fact seem threatened.

Rumours spread that there was an understanding between Germany and Italy on the one hand, and the Spanish Fascist government on the other, by which the Italians and possibly the Germans were to receive certain territorial gifts in exchange for their help to the Franco cause. Italy, so it was said, would receive Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar, as well as the Balearic Islands, which would give her control of the western Mediterranean, although it was inconceivable that Britain and France would permit any such transfer of territory without military opposition. In any case, the Italian Ambassador in Berlin informed the American Ambassador that Italy would not countenance the establishment of a Communistic state in the Mediterranean. Dispatches from

Rome indicated that Mussolini would openly help the Spanish Fascist rebels if France continued openly to aid the Socialist Madrid government.

Meanwhile the Press reported great rejoicing in Rome. A telegram had been received by the Italian Government from Marshal Badoglio announcing that, "Today, May 5, at 4 p.m., at the head of our victorious troops, I entered Addis Ababa." In his speech to the multitude, massed in Piazza Venezia, Benito Mussolini said: "In its thirty centuries of history, Italy has had many memorable hours, but this of today is certainly the most solemn. I announce to the Italian people and to the whole world that the war is over." A royal decree annexing the Empire of Ethiopia to the Italian crown was published almost immediately, which bestowed upon the Italian sovereign and new title of "King and Emperor of Ethiopia".

We in the State Department understood that the Italian Government could not immediately obtain any recognition of the status thus created, but that Italy hoped, nevertheless, that friendly governments would "take cognizance" of the event. This would mean an official awareness of the change of territory on the part of foreign governments without, however, any overt act on their part to indicate acceptance and approval.

A week later, Ambassador Rosso left with the Secretary of State formal notification of the annexation of the Empire of Ethiopia to the Italian crown. He sought no comments and Secretary Hull gave him none, probably the Fascist government had given little thought to the possible complications arising from the new title acquired by the sovereign. But afterwards the Ambassador asked me what position I thought the United States would take in the circumstances. I told him that the department had not yet decided upon its course since the situation was still in a state of flux.

Two weeks after that, I told the Ambassador in confidence that Mr. Breckinridge Long, our then Ambassador in Rome, was about to resign and that the President might wish to appoint someone in his place. The question might then arise with regard to accrediting a new ambassador to the King who now bore the title of "King and Emperor of Ethiopia". I said I assumed his government would understand that the American Government could not take the initiative in recognizing the King as Emperor of Ethiopia, as the new colony or annexed territory was still in the making. I felt, therefore, that there could be no objection on the part of Rome to continuing the former

procedure of accrediting our representative simply to the King of Italy. Signor Rosso seemed to think that the difficulty could be avoided but said that he would naturally have to consult Rome.

On July 12, the Ambassador informed me of the desire of the Italian Government to appoint Signor Fulvio Suvich, Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, to the post of Ambassador in Washington. We decided, however, that Mr. Suvich's case was to be held in abeyance until Rome had replied to our proposition. Subsequently, the Italian Government agreed to receive the new American representative accredited only to the King of Italy. Their new appointee to Washington, they said, while representing "the King and Emperor" would not require any recognition on our part of the new status of Ethiopia, and so the problem of the two appointments was settled.

The President had told me of his intention to send me to Rome in the place of Mr. Long if the difficulties regarding the credentials could be straightened out, and when this was done, he authorized me to ask Rome for my "agreement" as Ambassador. With his customary humour he suggested that Addis Ababa would be a good place for the new ambassador to visit! I was delighted with the prospect of Rome and sailed from New York on September 9 on the U.S.S. *Manhattan*, accompanied by my daughter Beatrice; Caroline and other members of the family were to follow later.

During my farewell call upon the President, he was good enough to say that I had been "one thousand per cent successful" as Under-Secretary, which was of course a complete but characteristic exaggeration, but none the less pleasant to hear. No previous Under-Secretary had twice held this office although later Mr. Joseph C. Grew, who will always be prominently associated with his ten years of ambassadorship in Japan, received his second appointment to that position.

These had been three years of hard work, of intense interest, with exceptional opportunities to watch the cumbersome machinery of our government and to observe the extraordinary man at the nation's head. In spite of his failings F. D. R. will, in my opinion, go down in history as one of our greatest presidents.

It was not the war that made him great, although our powerful contributions to victory established him as an international hero. It was rather the crisis in our domestic affairs which threatened to wreck the country during his first administration and which he overcame by optimism, sheer nerve and New Deal methods. These latter

will always be bitterly criticized by many who will never forgive him for his utter indifference to the capacity of the national budget; indeed I was no one hundred per cent New Dealer myself. But succeed he did in lifting the morale of the country and leading the way to economic recovery even though he made many enemies, perhaps more than were necessary, in the process.

Knowing him as a friend, I could forgive him some of his less pleasing qualities, such as being too casual in his conversation, too indifferent to the effect of some of his chance remarks. Withal he had a rare capacity for healing the wounded feelings which he had inadvertently caused. But perhaps I never fully trusted his assurances, realizing as I did that his desire to please might lead him to appear enthusiastic about a suggestion, yet all the while having at the back of his mind the realization that there were political considerations to which he might have to give preference. For at heart he was a politician, with many of the unstable characteristics of the profession. Many a man would leave the White House satisfied because of his friendly reception that his request would be granted, and hear nothing more about it, the President having had his own ideas on the subject.

Not often did he show the obstinate side of his nature. Only rarely did I notice any intransigence that would not permit reconsideration. It would come presumably from overconfidence in his own judgment, a fault from which all chiefs of state suffer, I imagine. For example, F. D. R. insisted upon total surrender of the Germans when his military advisers, and nearly everyone else, believed this policy would merely prolong the war. Even Stalin did not approve of it, and it was probably not a wise decision.

In his memoirs, Churchill, in discussing the tension between Generals de Gaulle and Giraud at the Casablanca conference, quotes the President's account of the origin of unconditional surrender:

We had so much trouble getting these two generals together that I thought to myself that this was as difficult as arranging the meeting of Grant and Lee—and then suddenly the Conference (Press) was on and Winston and I had no time to prepare for it, and the thought popped into my mind that they had called Grant "Old Unconditional Surrender" and the next thing I knew I had said it.

But what an admission to make! Churchill comments that of course he supported him: "Any divergence between us, even by omission, would have been damaging or even dangerous to our war effort."

With me he was always the old friend. His doors were invariably open when I had something of importance to take up with him. In such cases it was my practice to call up Miss LeHand, F.D. R.'s faithful friend and secretary, and in a few minutes an appointment would be made. Always he showed consideration of my every request even though it could not always be granted. I was careful, however, not to take unnecessary advantage of such opportunities and never asked for an appointment when I was Under-Secretary, without first consulting Mr. Hull. For I realized it would be bad administration for the Under-Secretary to seem to go over the head of the Secretary in his dealings with the President. But I could often be of help to Secretary Hull by relieving him of the necessity of another White House call. For be it remembered that under our constitution the President has the final responsibility in the conduct of our foreign affairs and must therefore be kept in close touch with the activities of the State Department.

I found in Cordell Hull a delightful and sympathetic chief, for whom I grew to have a great admiration and an affection. His natural dignity and courtesy marked him as a southerner of the old school. I believe that every visitor must have left his office with a warm feeling of respect and liking for him. And yet, in a way, he was impersonal in dealing with men; it was what they represented that claimed his attention. His serenity rarely deserted him, but when occasionally he would explode in righteous indignation at some improper action, I knew it was a privilege to be a spectator. In repose, his expression was benign but underneath there were fires. His long service in Congress, in both House and Senate, gave to the State Department a fresh and intimate contact with the leaders of both parties.

My departure from the department left the office of Under-Secretary vacant, with two candidates equally determined to succeed me. One was Judge Moore, an Assistant Secretary and long a personal friend of Mr. Hull, who had a charming personality and a good legal background. The other, Sumner Welles, also an Assistant Secretary, was probably the best informed American on Latin-American affairs. Moreover, he rated a high mark intellectually though he suffered somewhat from an unbending personality.

Weeks passed without a decision. But finally Welles, undoubtedly with the support of the President, received the appointment. Presumably this was a serious disappointment to Mr. Hull. At any rate

the relations between the Secretary and his new Under-Secretary were strained from the start, which demoralized the internal administration of the department. The friction was undoubtedly augmented because of Welles' personal relations with the President, which permitted him direct access at all times to the White House, a privilege which he often used without first consulting the Secretary. Unfortunately it was typical of Roosevelt to let such matters slide until they developed into really serious situations. The Hull-Welles feud adversely affected the conduct of our foreign relations for several years.

13

First Impressions of Italy

WE arrived in Rome on September 22, 1936. My first concern was to establish contact with the big three of Italy, Mussolini, Ciano and the King. During the next five years I was to have many fateful conversations with these men. Even then I realized that upon their whims might hang the peace of Europe.

During my initial call, Count Galeazzo Ciano, the Foreign Minister and son-in-law of Mussolini, was most affable. He spoke fluent English and laughed a good deal. I felt that I could easily have pleasant official relations with him. In appearance, he looked astonishingly boyish, although inclined to be plump. He was of medium height, his face was round, his well-oiled black hair slicked back in typical Italian fashion.

But as I came to know him better, I found him wholly unsatisfactory socially. Undoubtedly he had a charm of manner. Nevertheless it was hard to take him seriously, for he was less the Foreign Minister than a young man with a roving eye. Totally lacking in good manners, it was impossible to keep his attention for more than a few moments. Yet in his office in the Palazzo Chigi he was alert and attentive, quick to respond to my requests, kindly and eager to be liked. He was an ambitious man, of no standards morally or politically, but patently enjoying the combined status of a high political office and son-in-law to the Duce.

Although Signor Bastianini, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was likewise very cordial, I soon discovered that whenever I wished to take up matters personally at the Foreign Office it was to the Minister himself that I should go and not to the Under-Secretary. There was more than a touch of vanity in the Duce's son-in-law.

According to protocol, I was supposed to delay my call upon the chief of the government until I had been received by the King. But as His Majesty was not expected to return to Rome for six weeks I specially requested to be received by Mussolini at an early date.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY

In preparation for the event I thought it would be well to visit the Mussolini Forum since the Duce's famous Fascist Academy of Physical Education was one of his pet projects. It was his idea that at least one child in every eight should have expert physical training. In its two years of operation, the academy had graduated eight hundred young instructors and sent them to take charge of the physical welfare of the young people in the villages. The establishment with its great buildings and stadiums and sports fields, was an impressive sight.

On October 6 at 5.15 p.m., Count Carlo Senni, chief of protocol, arrived to escort me to the Duce. Although it was supposed to be an informal call since I had not yet presented my letter of credence to the King, I wore morning coat and top hat. With scarcely a moment's delay I was ushered into Benito Mussolini's office. The effect was exactly what I had expected, a vast, empty, marble hall with polished marble floor, at the farther end of which was a flat desk and two arm-chairs. A short, thick-set and powerfully built man came forward to meet me and asked me to be seated. Complete baldness seemed to exaggerate the size of his head. His most striking feature, his eyes, suddenly seemed to expand and the white to protrude, when he riveted his glance upon me or sought to express himself forcibly.

The Duce resumed his place behind the desk and spoke in English, which he had learned after becoming chief of government. After the customary greetings, he asked about the political situation at home and what were the chances of Roosevelt's re-election. I assured him that Roosevelt would be elected despite the fact that more than eighty per cent of the American newspapers were for Landon. Mussolini's eyes dilated. He was greatly surprised and interested that such a large proportion of the American press was anti-Roosevelt. Perhaps he was thinking of his own controlled press which daily sang his eulogies. I told him that the President sent his greetings and hoped some day to have the pleasure of meeting him. Mussolini replied that he had heard that the President would like to meet him together with the heads of the other European states and asked whether I thought such a meeting was then a possibility. I avoided an answer, since Mussolini answered it himself with a shrug of his shoulders and a smile.

My instructions had called for the negotiation of a new Treaty of Friendship, Commerce and Navigation with Italy, to supersede the hopelessly outdated treaty of 1871. I was to obtain, if possible, a joint denunciation of the old treaty. But if the Italian Government refused to comply, I was to denounce it unilaterally, that is, without

the consent of Italy, a step which I hoped to avoid. A joint denunciation would provide a better atmosphere for the negotiation of the new treaty, which was to modernize our relations with Italy. So I mentioned to Mussolini that I was about to present to the Foreign Office a new Treaty of Friendship, Commerce and Navigation, and that I hoped very much we could reach some mutually satisfactory accord for improving the commercial relations between the two countries. Mussolini agreed rather casually and the conversation ended on an exchange of banal courtesies.

The interview had lasted about ten minutes. There was nothing unusual about it. Yet the personality of the man was such that even a trivial remark seemed important. His courtesy impressed me as genuine and his knowledge of English, while limited, was certainly sufficient for this conversation. Nor was there anything blatant about him. It occurred to me that perhaps in talking to ambassadors he spoke softly, reserving for his own people and his public appearances the uplift of the well-caricatured Mussolini chin. For he was a great actor.

The Mussolini whom I knew in 1936 was certainly a man of parts. Raised in humble surroundings in the little village of Predappio in the Province of Forlì he had lifted himself unaided and become not only the leader of the Italian people, but a man of wide human interests and accomplishments. At an early age he mastered French sufficiently to teach it in Swiss schools. English he learned after becoming Duce, and he acquired enough German to be able to speak publicly in that language. During his early career he edited a newspaper in northern Italy, which became a vehicle for his political views. A powerful public speaker, he could hold his audience spellbound. He was also a natural athlete, a long-distance swimmer, skier, horseman, pilot of his own plane and motor-cycle fan. Music was another enthusiasm. Besides being an accomplished violinist, he transformed the Rome opera into one of the most splendid in Europe.

At the height of his popularity he was constantly out among his people, and in his own way he believed that he was governing Italy for their benefit. They in turn regarded him more as a father of the family than as a dictator, for in spite of his many talents he remained a simple man. While in Fascist uniform, which he ordinarily wore, he had a commanding stature, but when occasionally I saw him in civilian dress he looked not only the sturdy peasant, but a very rough customer.

When I began to move about the countryside and to visit the remote hill-towns and points of historic interest, it was entertaining to observe Mussolini's quaint way of impressing himself and his ideas upon the people. The first house of even the humblest village bore on its walls either a large-scale silhouette of the Duce, or one of the following slogans above Mussolini's glaring signature:

Duce, King, Prince, and Emperor. (Always "Duce" came first.)

Believe, obey, fight!

We must be ready to sacrifice.

We are sufficient to ourselves.

For us, to live is to fight.

Mussolini never makes a mistake.

Many enemies, much honour.

Better live one day as a lion than a year as a sheep.

These slogans were originally intended to arouse in the populace a nationalist enthusiasm with economic improvement as its goal. Later, as Mussolini's aims changed, he sought thus to arouse a fighting spirit among his people. But Fascism's martial exterior never penetrated very far and has now disappeared altogether. Italy has remained a peace-loving country.

King Victor Emmanuel finally returned to Rome, and my audience was arranged for November 2. Soon after three o'clock, four magnificent state coaches appeared at the Embassy. Coachmen and footmen were in scarlet cloaks, wigs, tri-cornered hats; the outriders also wore scarlet. The horses and harnesses were superb, altogether it was a gala cortege. An assistant master of ceremony, Marchese Marini Clarelli, called for me at 3.30. We all set out for the Quirinal, the palace of the sovereigns. The Marchese and I occupied the first coach, followed in the others by the members of my staff. Arriving at the inner court of the palace, we were met by another master of ceremonies, who conducted me up a long flight of stairs where still another officer of the household took me in charge and conducted me through a series of rooms. We passed a detachment of the King's bodyguard drawn up in salute, every man over six feet, in striking uniform. Finally we entered a large antechamber where a group of officers of the King's household were assembled, to whom I was introduced individually. In a few moments the doors to the throne room were opened. I entered alone and they closed behind me.

The King, in full-dress uniform, stood in the centre of the spacious

room, a thin little man with too short legs, a screwed-up face and a bristling moustache, but with certain dignity in spite of his insignificant appearance. He came forward cordially and led me to two stools, on one either side of a window. He then asked me about the presidential election and I was glad to be able to give him the latest news. Like Mussolini, he was interested in hearing that most of the American press had been against Roosevelt. I told him something of the personality of the President, his astonishing development following the infantile paralysis and his extraordinary popularity with the masses. Conversation flowed easily for the King spoke English perfectly and without a trace of accent. At one point when we were discussing Woodrow Wilson, I found him highly unsympathetic to the conduct of international relations by chiefs of state. He thought that Wilson had made a vital error in coming to Paris and in ignoring his experts; in his view, everything could have been much better handled through regular diplomatic channels. Looking at his glove, he remarked how difficult it would be for anyone but an expert in glove-making to produce a glove. How much more difficult it is for a person with no knowledge of international affairs to try to conduct them! I laughed and said I hoped that in my mission to Italy I would be as successful as the manufacturers of our respective gloves.

The King went on to relate something of the history of the Quirinal. It had been the residence of the Popes until Napoleon's time, after which it had been prepared to receive the sovereigns. I also heard about his summer villa, his herd of camels, and various places of interest in Italy which I should visit. Following this desultory conversation, I handed him my letter of credence and asked for permission to present the members of my staff. They made a fine impression. The officers in their uniforms and gold braid gave colour to the group and I felt proud of my official family which included Alexander Kirk, my able counsellor. The audience was then over and we all bowed and retired. I was now the accredited Ambassador to the King of Italy. The cortege returned as it had come; Marchese Clarelli stepped in for a few minutes before taking his leave.

It was clear in that fall of 1936 that tension was building up everywhere. Berlin did not conceal its satisfaction at the new Belgian policy of neutrality and the termination of the Franco-Belgian military alliance, recently announced by King Leopold of Belgium. The Germans openly regarded these developments as a virtual increase of twenty to thirty per cent in Germany's military strength. Von

Neurath, the German Foreign Minister, was reported to have said that the army was now complete and that "We shall get our rights without war".

My German colleague, Ambassador Herr von Hassell, I liked from the outset. Never sympathetic to the Nazi regime, he was later removed from office by Von Ribbentrop, and ultimately brutally murdered by the Nazis. His views in 1936 were reasonable; Germany and Italy were the only great powers that had broad economic interests in central Europe. It was natural, therefore, that the two countries should wish to reach a mutually satisfactory understanding in regard to trade in the Danubian states, as well as in Ethiopia. Competition between them would be foolish. The German and Italian systems of government, he explained, had been devised to preserve the old order against the new Communist trend and yet to give the people in both countries the benefits of improved conditions "to build on what was best for the benefit of the public at large". I detected, however, that even at this early date he was deeply distressed over the hostile attitude of his government towards religion, and in particular towards the churches in Germany.

A member of the Italian Foreign Office put it another way one evening. "The German Government," he said, "has become increasingly sensitive each time that Hitler has made some friendly gesture to other nations and has been repulsed. There is a danger in allowing Germany to continue in the belief that she had no friend in the family of nations." The Italians, therefore, felt that it was in the interests of European peace to enter into close terms with the German Government. Furthermore, the Danubian situation offered constant opportunities for friction between German and Italian commercial interests, and in order to prevent strained relations over that region the two governments had found it desirable to work together. He also told me that any triumph of red influence in France would precipitate a European conflict on a major scale. That was why the Italians were so determined that there should be no Communist success in Spain. He did not believe that the Soviets would embark on a war in order to achieve desired results in Spanish territory, but rather that they would continue to send reinforcements of men, money and munitions whenever possible.

Here was a practical explanation for the Italian forces and supplies that were, we knew, being sent to assist Franco who was battling for Madrid. The extent of Italy's intervention was harder to determine,

for the ships loaded with so-called volunteers and supplies departed secretly during the night from unannounced Italian ports. Ciano equivocally tried to give the impression that the Foreign Office had little information on the subject. "No regular troops were involved," he insisted. "The men who enlisted for Spain were volunteers," and so on. But he admitted to me that as soon as Franco captured Madrid, the Italian and German Governments would give his government full recognition. He wished me to know that if at that moment the present "Communist" government transferred itself to Barcelona (Catalonia) there was an agreement between Rome and Berlin to "prevent the set-up of a Communist state in the Mediterranean".

Ex-King Alfonso of Spain had been living in Rome since his forced exile. At his invitation, one day in January, 1938, I called upon him and was received with great courtesy and cordiality. He spoke with the greatest satisfaction of the birth of his grandson, son of the second son of King Alfonso, Don Juan of Bourbon, saying that it strengthened the dynasty and made it more likely, if Spain should in future resort to a kingdom, to restore his family.

And then he gave me a brief historial sketch of the development of the Spanish revolution. He said that the Red movement in Spain had started during the games which were being held in Barcelona simultaneously with the Olympic games in Berlin. The Soviets had sent six or seven hundred "athletes" to take part in these games. They were, of course, frankly propagandists. It so happened that the principal Spanish army officers were in southern Spain at the time the revolution broke and were consequently caught there and obliged to enlist with the Reds. That explains why so few regular army officers were in Franco's army at the beginning of the war. At this time of course King Alfonso had left Spain. He reminded me, however, that as an army officer himself, he was in close touch with European army circles. Almost immediately after the outbreak, both sides in the struggle appealed to Italy and Germany for arms and ammunition. Both governments then refused to lend any support whatsoever to either side. It was some little time after this refusal had been made that Alfonso learned through his military contacts that the French Government, under pressure from Russia, was shipping supplies to the Spanish Red Government. When this became perfectly clear, and the amount of the supplies well known, Alfonso went himself to Mussolini and gave him the information. The only reply that the Duce made at the time was to the effect that Italy would not permit

the establishment of a Soviet regime in Spain. While this was the only statement which the Duce made, Alfonso learned shortly afterwards that the first shipment of planes and pilots had gone forward almost immediately. It was a small contribution and two of the planes had been wrecked before they had made any contacts with the Spanish Reds.

The Spanish sovereigns, though separated, continued to live in Rome and we saw them from time to time informally and pleasantly.

About this time Countess Ciano contemplated visiting the United States. I talked with her about it and was hopeful that the trip might have good results, since she was an intelligent observer and could not help but bring back to her father, who was astonishingly ill-informed about America, her impressions of its power and influence. I felt keenly that there was positive danger in Mussolini's ignorance and indifference.

Then one evening when I found myself seated next to her at dinner, she told me that her visit to the United States had been put off. I admitted my disappointment but could not gather from her whether it was a temporary or an indefinite postponement. Since she had been so keen to go and the Duce had already given his permission, I wondered whether it was not the Duce who had changed his mind rather than Edda. We knew that he was very indignant over President Roosevelt's Rio and Buenos Aires speeches, which he construed as directed against Italy and Germany, and it would be like him to forbid his daughter to go to the United States for this reason. Later in the evening the German Ambassador took me aside to tell me that Hitler was "very much upset" by Roosevelt's two speeches, and he went on to remark how little we Americans understood this part of the world. I replied that perhaps we did not comprehend as much as we should, but he might be interested to know that the average American regarded Europe as crazy and headed for war. The Ambassador made no comment.

A few days afterwards I was given by a member of the Foreign Office the rather lame excuse that the trip had been cancelled for fear of the Communists in the United States. I imagined, however, that it might have been Hitler who had interfered with Countess Ciano's contemplated visit. Some of my colleagues, I discovered, accepted the view that Italy's policy was to prevent Hitler from "flying off the handle" since Italy needed at least five years of European peace to build up her own resources. But from this and other incidents it

was obvious that relations of the Axis dictators were too intimately drawn to satisfy this explanation. There was more to it than was contained in the words of my Foreign Office friend.

But Hitler, although not averse to keeping Europe in an uneasy state of mind, was still playing for time. In a speech on January 30, 1937, he said that between France and Germany there could be "no humanly possible ground for quarrel" and he expressed Germany's readiness to guarantee the neutrality and territorial integrity of Holland and Belgium.

Fascist Italy likewise briefly showed signs of a desire for greater understanding with the rest of the world, particularly with the British, who had been in Italy's black books for months. Suddenly word went forth from on high that friendly relations with the British Embassy were to be resumed. My British colleague was Sir Eric Drummond, formerly Director-General of the League of Nations and later Earl of Perth. I had known him in Washington when he accompanied Mr. Balfour to the United States at the end of the first World War, and regarded him as an old friend. Caroline and I had intended to leave for Perugia for our wedding anniversary on February 2, but we decided to remain for the wedding reception, that evening, of the British Ambassador's daughter and John Walker, the assistant at the American Academy. As it was the first time that official and social Rome had entered the British Embassy since the period before sanctions, the reception turned into a great demonstration for the new British-Italian entente. Wedding presents had been showered upon the happy couple. Ciano gave a handsome and costly tortoise shell toilet-set, monogrammed in diamonds. Apparently when he learned that the Drummonds had decided not to display the wedding presents and that his expensive gift would not be seen by the guests, he was so frankly disappointed that the presents were brought out after all and his offering conspicuously exhibited.

Following that occasion, I had many talks with Ciano about Italo-British relations. I never lost an opportunity to impress him with my view that they were of supreme importance if European peace was to be maintained. While he admitted that the so-called Gentleman's Agreement between Britain and Italy had satisfactorily disposed of various troublesome points concerning the rights of the two powers in the Mediterranean, nevertheless there was mutual distrust. As Ciano put it: "The Italians scored on the British in the first round—Ethiopia; the British are preparing to score over the Italians in the

second round. [He did not explain where he expected the British to score.] Mutual uneasiness therefore remains a serious problem between us. It is up to the British to take the initiative, if they so desire, by the *de jure* recognition of Ethiopia."

The British did advise the Italian Government that the British Legation in Addis Ababa would be superseded by a consular officer, and that this step constituted *de facto* recognition of Ethiopia's inclusion within the Italian Empire. That is as far as they would go, and it was further than we went. The American Government continued its past policy of ignoring any change in the status of Ethiopia other than to transfer, without comment, our Minister in Addis Ababa to another post, leaving American representation in the hands of the then resident consular officer. The American Government and people had not forgiven Italy for its ruthless campaign against Ethiopia.

The official Italian point of view blithely passed over the aggressive aspects surrounding the acquisition of Ethiopia. But many Italians felt deeply Italy's need of new territory for her increasing population, and that in annexing Ethiopia Italy was doing no more than other European nations had already done with other territories in Africa. There was the excuse, too, that Ethiopians were capturing natives in Italian Somaliland and selling them into slavery, that Ethiopia had been warned of retaliation if the slave trade did not cease, and that it had not ceased. Moreover, Italians had been given to understand that the British and French had been aware of these conditions and had acquiesced in the Italian plans, although there had been no written agreement to that effect. This widespread feeling created a critical atmosphere, especially after the British had applied sanctions against Italy. During the fifteenth anniversary celebration of the "March on Rome" in October, the Duce made a speech ending ludicrously: "Finally it is necessary that Italy be left undisturbed because she has made her empire with her blood and by her own efforts without touching a single square metre belonging to any other empire!"

Near the end of the year, Lord Halifax, the British Foreign Minister, visited Berlin and there was much conjecture as to whether he would reach any commitments touching British-German relations. Ciano told me at the end of the visit that "there is not the slightest possibility of any real pulling together between the British and the Germans and that so far as Italy's relations with the British are concerned, there has been no progress whatsoever". The earlier burst of cordiality meant nothing.

Our relations with Italy followed the same uneven course. Early in 1937, Mussolini himself assured American callers that he would come out publicly in favour of a policy of world economic co-operation and in favour of peace since "Italy must have peace". Ciano, too, in response to my representations, asserted that he approved of Secretary Hull's policy of reciprocity in international trade as a means of overcoming the present international chaos and misunderstanding. Moreover, he promised that he would make it the keynote of a forthcoming address before the Chamber of Deputies.

On that day, I was seated expectantly in the gallery of the Chamber but the hoped-for declaration was not made. Whatever reference there was to the subject was lost in a torrent of words. Remembering the agreement which Rome and Berlin had reached about their mutual trade in the Danubian states, I began to doubt more than ever the worth of oral assurances from the lips of the Duce and his Foreign Minister. Ciano later confessed to me that since the inauguration of the new relations between Italy and Germany, commerce between the two countries had increased rapidly and was now a very important part of the Italian economic programme. Experts, he added, were working on the details. The two dictators were obviously intent on promoting a bilateral trade relationship, rather than a more liberal commercial policy with the rest of the world.

The joint abrogation of our out-of-date treaty with Italy, which I had been instructed to obtain, if possible, required much persuasion, but the prospect of the new treaty of Friendship, Commerce and Navigation finally satisfied the Italian Government. Rather to my surprise, the State Department, which was seldom given to such effusions, commended my efforts. My staff of experts then began the negotiations for the new treaty, which continued over a period of months. We finally reached agreements on all important points except one, which was contained in the preamble of the treaty and which turned on the same old stumbling-block of the title of the sovereign. Could we refer to His Majesty as King of Italy without using the title of Emperor of Ethiopia, since this would signify *de jure* recognition of Ethiopia? The Foreign Office insisted upon the title of King and Emperor. Washington refused to comply. Consequently, all our efforts to negotiate a new treaty came to naught because of two or three words in the preamble. It was a bitter disappointment although both governments agreed to an exchange of provisional notes outlining the continuance of commercial relations

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY

between the two countries. I signed these documents with Ciano on December 17, 1937.

Due to the menacing situation in Europe and at his request, I corresponded directly with the President. My letters were informal in character and were summaries of existing conditions rather than detailed reports. He always answered them promptly and personally. In addition, of course, I kept the department fully informed by cable and secret cipher of the day-to-day developments. In a letter to me dated February 6, 1937, the President wrote:

. . . What a confusion it all is. Every week changes the picture and the basis for it all lies, I think, not in Communism or the fear of Communism but in Germany and fear of what the present German leaders are meeting for or being drawn toward. For all of these reasons, I am "watchfully waiting" even though the phrase carries us back to the difficult days from 1914 to 1917. I would not dare to say this out loud because sometimes it is better to appear much wiser than one really is.

On March 1, there appeared the first concrete sign of war preparation in Italy. The Fascist Grand Council issued a communique calling for the further increase in the armed forces, the attainment of the greatest possible autocracy regarding military outlays and, if necessary, complete sacrifice of civilian to military aims. Science and technology were united to collaborate towards this end. While in this formal statement the Italian Government declared its intention of keeping step with other European armaments, in reality Mussolini did not wish to be left too far behind Hitler. Although not yet completely in Hitler's power, he still had his personal prestige to consider. And so the two dictators began their ambitious march together.

I still hoped that Mussolini would see the folly of his chosen course and retract. In a letter to the President, dated April 22, 1937, I wrote:

. . . It may be that the growing anti-Italian sentiments in America and in England have convinced the Duce that he must adopt different tactics. Anyway, he now realizes that he is regarded abroad as a man who wants war and that his entente with Germany merely aggravated this feeling in foreign countries. He is certainly in a curious position. Through his dynamic personality and great human qualities he has created a new and vigorous race throughout Italy. He is essentially interested in bettering conditions of the masses and his accomplishments in this direction are astounding and are a source of constant amazement to me. To inspire in the people a "martial spirit" and intense patriotism are the methods which he has adopted to lift

the people out of the "slough of despond" into which they had sunk before he appeared on the stage.

His bellicose language and the rattling of the sword, which so alarms the rest of the world, is in his opinion necessary to keep alive this new spirit of the Italian people. But he must see now that his present course cannot continue indefinitely since the rest of the world is taking him too literally. Forces are in the making abroad which are unhealthy and even dangerous for Italy's future.

Being the intelligent man he is, I am hopeful that there may come about soon a change of front and the adoption of more conciliatory attitudes.

However, if he intends to adopt a policy of economic co-operation with other countries, he will probably have to do so gradually as the public here has been thoroughly trained to believe in his economic self-sufficiency. . . .

On May 17, the President replied in a less optimistic vein :

. . . The more I study the situation, the more I am convinced that an economic approach to peace is a pretty weak reed for Europe to lean on. It may postpone war but how can it ever avert war in the long run if the armament process continues at its present pace—or even for that matter at a slower pace? The answer they all give to any plea for reduction in armaments is that millions of workers would be thrown on the street. How do we make progress if England and France say we cannot help Germany and Italy to achieve economic security if they continue to arm and threaten, while simultaneously Germany and Italy say we must continue to arm and threaten because they will not give us economic security?

Anything, of course, that postpones war is that much to the good. The progress of the disease is slowed up but the disease remains—and will probably prove fatal in the next few years.

Such are my feelings after a successful fishing trip in which I was able to get sufficiently far away from the forest to look at it as a whole without being lost among the individual trees. . . .

In a subsequent conversation with Ciano, he asked me to tell the President that "Italy would view with the utmost sympathy any effort he might make to assure European peace, and would do everything in her power to support such an effort". While this was pleasant to hear, he also revealed that he and Mussolini were about to attend the German army manoeuvres and would be accompanied by a large group of high Italian officers, after which they would spend two days in Berlin!

Though the ties between Rome and Berlin were growing in strength at the expense of all outside relations, a definite pro-Japanese trend was also becoming evident in Rome. Even as early as 1936

there were reports of an alliance of some sort between Japan and the Axis powers. My first Japanese colleague, Ambassador Sugimura, who, I was confident, did not belong to the Japanese military clique, assured me that there was no hidden military agreement. Rather it was a mutual understanding for the prevention of Communism. Japan, he said, did not wish to tie herself up in the form of a military alliance with Germany or any other power but he hoped that other powers would join the anti-Communist effort then being elaborated in Berlin.

Before long Sugimura was retired, presumably because he was out of sympathy with the Tokyo regime. Shortly thereafter, on November 26, 1936, the papers published the text of the German-Japanese anti-Communist agreement signed the day before in Berlin, which in three short paragraphs emphasized the necessity of consolidating measures of defence against the disintegrating work of the Communist International and called for the exchange of information and severe measures against those who supported the International. Three days later it was announced that an agreement had been reached between Italy and Japan for the recognition by Japan of the new status of Ethiopia within the Italian Empire and for the recognition of the independence of Manchukuo by Italy.

During a conversation with Ciano at the end of August, 1937, he told me that because Japan had not taken part in sanctions against Italy during the Ethiopian war and had been one of the first countries to recognize the Empire, his government felt "particularly friendly towards the government of Japan". He added that although the policy of Italy was one of strict neutrality in the Chinese-Japanese conflict, he had counselled the Chinese to reach an agreement with the Japanese, "that even though the operation was painful it was preferable to cut off a leg rather than to lose more vital parts of the body". He assured me that there was a far closer understanding between the German and Japanese Governments than appeared on the surface.

As planned, I went to the United States on a short leave of absence in the fall of 1937 during which I had a lengthy conversation with the President at Hyde Park. Although he was just off the train after a strenuous western tour, he showed no signs of fatigue and seemed in the best of spirits. He had, on the previous day, October 7, at Chicago, delivered a speech which only that morning I had read in the Press

with certain misgivings. In it he had used the expression "quarantining" certain countries and had given voice to his desire that the peace-loving countries of the world should take some action against the law-breakers. There were certain other expressions which revealed a new position on his part in world affairs and a disposition to favour the so-called peace-loving countries as against Japan, Italy, and Germany, the three bad boys. During our conversation I asked the President what he meant by "quarantine". He said that before he left, the State Department and Norman Davis had given him certain memoranda which he had decided to embody in a speech from Chicago with the idea that, if he was to speak on foreign affairs, his best platform would be from the centre of the country and not from the east or west. While he was crossing the prairie, he had settled himself in the back of his car and had dictated the entire speech, in which he had made few changes after re-reading it. He said that sometimes his dictation flowed as readily as this, but not often. He had searched for a word which was not "sanctions" and had settled upon "quarantine" as a word indicating a "drawing away from someone". However, in developing this thought, he indicated to me a willingness to go very far in drawing away, and I was more than ever troubled about the use of this expression. I should add that on the day following the President's Chicago speech, the State Department had issued an announcement to the effect that the United States regarded Japan as the aggressor in the Japanese-Chinese war. The department's position, therefore, coupled with the President's "quarantine" speech, removed us considerably from our previous position of neutrality in the Far East as well as in Europe. I talked to the President a great deal about Mussolini and about his accomplishments in Italy. I asked him whether he himself had anything against dictatorships, to which he replied "of course not, unless they moved across their frontiers and sought to make trouble in other countries". I explained Mussolini's attitude with regard to the Spanish conflict and my impression that the Italian people were so accustomed to an authoritarian form of government that anything along the lines of our form of democracy might well be a failure. During the conversation he referred to the very small Communist element in the United States, to which he seemed to attach no importance. This was contrary to other bits of information which I secured from other sources. He was also convinced of his continued popularity in the country and reminded me, as he loved to do, of the long face which I had drawn

at his receding popularity a few months before his second election. I returned to Rome shortly thereafter.

On November 12 I had interesting talks with the German Ambassador and with Ciano. I asked the Ambassador to give me his views with regard to the entry of Italy into the German-Japanese anti-Comintern pact which had occurred on November 6. He impressed upon me at once that the pact contained no secret undertakings whatsoever. In reply to my inquiry as to why Japan had been so anxious to secure the Italian signature at this moment, he thought that possibly it was a means to bring pressure to bear upon Great Britain. He had noted that the British Press had been strongly opposed to the Italian signature but that more recently the leading papers, especially *The Times*, had begun a more realistic and calmer attitude. At this point, Von Hassell expressed the hope that negotiations would soon be begun between London and Berlin. He referred to the expected visit to Berlin, of Lord Halifax, who he thought would be in a far better position to accomplish results if there were a preliminary exchange of views between the governments and a plan outlined. This had been the wish of Henderson, the British Ambassador in Berlin. Now, according to Press reports, it seemed possible that Halifax might proceed to Berlin without any such preliminary understandings, which, according to Von Hassell, would be a pity. I said that the whole world was anxiously waiting for a happy outcome to any such negotiations and that such a result was more important now than ever inasmuch as there were two blocs of nations forming in possible opposition to each other. The best way to break through these blocs would be for Great Britain and Germany to find ways of pulling together and also for the British and Italians to do the same thing. Von Hassell thought there was more hope of the London-Berlin negotiations meeting with success than of success between London and Rome.

In parting, I said that I was glad that there were no American Ambassadors-at-large coming to Rome to do my job for me. Von Hassell laughed and indicated that it was indeed tiresome but he continued quickly: "Of course Von Ribbentrop regarded the anti-Communist pact as of his own making."

I told Ciano that I had no instructions to question him with regard to the Italian signature of the anti-Communist pact but that I would be grateful if he would tell me anything he felt appropriate with regard to its background and purpose. He replied that he would

keep nothing from me as he always wished to be entirely frank with me in every respect. This was one of his pet remarks which always raised my suspicions. First, there were no secret undertakings connected with the pact. It was nothing more than a three-cornered recognition of the attitude of the three governments in their opposition to Communism in their respective territories. He himself had not the slightest objection to the Soviet form of government in Russia, in fact in many ways it was far better than the old imperial form of government. For years the Italian Government had tried to believe that there was a distinction between the Soviet Government and the Third International, but like all the world, they had been forced to the conclusion that there was no difference whatsoever.

I asked whether he was under the impression that any other countries were preparing to join the pact. He replied in the negative, adding that he had received a number of sympathetic messages from other governments (which he did not name), but that he did not believe that there were any governments now prepared to join the pact.

Ciano then restated Italy's future attitude toward Spain. "No one knows better than I that Franco, even if he so desires, could not give to Italy, in return for Italy's efforts on his behalf, one inch of Spanish territory, and if he does so, it would be the death of his government. Moreover," said Ciano, "we should hold him in contempt if he tried to do anything of that kind, for we know that it would be contrary to the spirit of the Spanish people and to the welfare of any Spanish Government to hand any territory, whether the Balearic Islands or any other part of Spain, to any foreign government." Continuing, he said, "Italy has no political interest in Spain other than to prevent the set-up of a Communist state, nor has it any desire for special economic advantages. It would be pleasant," he said with a smile, "if Italy could in some way receive a little cash to make up for what it has spent." But he reiterated that Italy did not wish any special economic advantages at the expense of other nations in Spanish territory. I ended the interview by emphasizing in no uncertain terms that while in the United States I had been struck by the universal alarm with regard to Italian and German intentions, and as he made no comment I left with the impression that he regarded our fears as unimportant and did not wish to pursue the subject.

The importance of this three-power agreement filled the Italian press, which proclaimed again and again that Bolshevik activities were

the greatest danger in the world. I was convinced, however, that the pact was in fact one further step on the road toward intimate military association between the three autocratic powers.

A year later, a government communique announced, in typical Italian official language, that "The Grand Council of Fascism on the occasion of the military victories won by the Japanese armed forces at Canton and Hankow, sends its best wishes to Japan, to whom the Italian people feel themselves bound by a deep and clear-cut ideological, spiritual and political solidarity which has found, and continues to find, concrete expression in the Italo-German-Japanese Pact of Rome."

Coming on the heels of Munich which heralded "peace in our time", and just at the moment when the Japanese were slaughtering thousands of civilian refugees from Hankow, this was a bad sign. The "triangle" was showing its hand.

Approaching Conflict

THE year 1938 opened with an address by the President to Congress in which he castigated authoritarian forms of government. He said:

Our people believe that over the years democracies of the world will survive and democracy will be restored or established in those nations which today know it not. In that faith lies the future peace of mankind.

While this was of course true, it was bound to stir up violent opposition in the authoritarian countries. I realized that this was good for home consumption, but I questioned the wisdom of condemning foreign governments which up till then had left us alone. The following day the entire Italian press savagely attacked the President's message. None the less, it was not long before aggressive action corroborated the President's implications.

On March 11, 1938, Austria disappeared as an independent state. The move had been rumoured as early as January, 1937, during Goering's visit to Rome. One of my colleagues had talked with him late one evening when he was slightly in his cups. Goering had mentioned as a fact the approaching Anschluss with Austria. When asked how the Italians would regard it, he replied glibly that Italy was solely interested in the Mediterranean and not in developments to the north. But when it happened, the Italian Government, along with the rest of the world, was apparently taken completely by surprise, having had no advance information of the date of Hitler's coup. Officially, the Duce and Ciano had to make the best of it, and the only comment that I was able to obtain personally from Ciano was that "the situation has clarified". However, Italians generally thought that Mussolini was furious with Hitler. In every group that I met outside of purely official circles, people were outspoken against the German action.

In spite of Hitler's assurance that the Brenner frontier would be

respected, it was well known that German and Austrian Nazis talked openly about their desire to bring into the Reich the former Austrian population then living in the Italian Dolomites. There was also the fear that one day Germany would move on to Trieste in order to gain an opening into the Mediterranean. Germans had never been popular in Italy, but now that they could be clearly seen across the frontier, Italians of all classes made no attempt to suppress their feelings on the subject.

With the disappearance of the Austrian State an entirely new situation evolved in central Europe. Germany had three new neighbours: Italy, Yugoslavia and Hungary. Undoubtedly both Yugoslavia and Hungary realized the danger of German domination and tried, so far as possible, to play up to Italy without incurring the enmity of the Reich. However, when it appeared that Germany actually dominated Italy, Yugoslavia and Hungary felt that they, too, would have to swing into the German orbit. Italy's position in central Europe was in fact greatly weakened by the disappearance of an independent Austria. The only redeeming feature of the whole European situation was the approaching end of the Spanish civil war.

It had been previously announced that Hitler was coming to Italy in early May. Italians love a good show above everything and the scheduled visit was to be commemorated by the greatest spectacle that had been put on for many a day. The Austrian coup had extinguished any genuine spontaneity, but in view of the Rome-Berlin axis and all that went with it, the programme would have to be carried through with outward enthusiasm. The official propaganda mill functioned at top speed. Rome, Naples, Milan and other cities were polished and prepared for the great reception. Everywhere streets were dug up and resurfaced, for the purpose, so it was humorously held, of trying to find the Rome-Berlin axis. In Florence it appeared that the Rome-Berlin axis had been found, in the Via dei Malcontenti! If the show was good enough, the public could presumably be counted upon to do all that was necessary, but many of the *intelligenti* would take part reluctantly and only because everyone was expected to contribute to the general rejoicing.

No chances were taken on the possibility of any hostile demonstrations. I learned that all German Jews in Rome, Naples, and Florence, the three cities that Hitler would visit, had been arrested and would remain confined until Hitler had left Italy. Some were in prison and some had been taken to buildings outside of the city

where they were closely guarded. In Florence, five German Jewish children between fifteen and seventeen were taken from school and placed in custody. With no confidence in Italian police efficiency, the Germans assumed charge of Italian police headquarters and inaugurated their own police protection. An Italian lady told me that she had asked certain information of a street police officer in Italian uniform, and after a blank stare, had been answered in guttural German: *Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*

Finally the great day arrived. Hitler was to enter Rome through a specially constructed station on the outskirts of the city and to drive in state past the Colosseum, through the Via de Impero and the Piazza Venezia to the Quirinal, where he was to stay. I heard that the interior of the imposing new station was massed with flowers, so that he stepped out of his train into a gorgeous floral display. A few days after his departure the station vanished. It had been in use for perhaps ten minutes.

The King, the Duce and members of the government were assembled to greet him. The long procession of cars then set out for the Quirinal through the brilliantly lighted streets. As it passed the Colosseum, the whole vast structure was illuminated from within with red lights so that every opening glowed red, a fantastic sight. We watched the procession from the rooms of an American acquaintance overlooking the Piazza Venezia. The streets were packed with people. When the first car, containing the King and Hitler, passed I expected at least an outburst of prepared enthusiasm, but there was little response. A friend who was sharing the window with me remarked: "What a frost!"

The next day Rome buzzed with the following anecdote, which I discovered later was true. A supper-party was held on Hitler's arrival at the palace, so he was not conducted to his suite until after midnight. He glanced at the bedroom, and asked whether the bed had been made up by a man or a woman domestic. He was told that it had been prepared by a man-servant. Thereupon Hitler ordered that a maid be summoned to remake the bed. It was explained that the maids had left the palace for the night and none was available, but finally, after a long delay, someone of the female sex was found and the bed remade. There was no explanation of Hitler's unusual behaviour and Rome was greatly amused. I heard also that Hitler was outspokenly annoyed the next morning because he did not consider that there were enough flowers in his rooms.

APPROACHING CONFLICT

The festivities included a review of fifty-two thousand Blackshirts, which turned into an exhibition of perfect rhythmic display in physical movements, directed by the voice of one leader. The effect was indescribable. There was also a military parade in Rome, and a great naval review in Naples. The evenings were taken up with gigantic music and dance festivals in outdoor stadiums magnificently prepared for the occasion.

The vast expenditure may have been a sort of bribe for Hitler's good behaviour to Italy. Nevertheless as long as the show had to be, the dramatic quality in Mussolini probably decided him to do it on a scale not only to dazzle the Germans but the Italians as well. On the theory that this was a German-Italian love feast, chiefs of mission other than of the axis were not invited to any indoor or outdoor function, which was a great relief to me.

I attended the military parade as one of the crowd, for I was curious to see the effect of the Italian goose-step, or *passo romano*, as it was called, which was to be performed in public for the first time. The procession began with three-quarters of an hour of *passo romano*, well done in the gymnastic sense but, from a military point of view, painful in the extreme. Although the soldiers were certainly good to look at, the *passo* turned them into mere puppets. One could feel that they hated it and resented the indignity. The public felt the same way, for there was no applause until this part of the procession passed and the *passo italiano*, with its easy and natural swing, came into view. At that moment the crowd burst into enthusiastic cheers and the Italian goose-step was buried by public disapproval.

My Naval Attaché was greatly impressed by the naval review and especially by the astonishing performance of ninety Italian submarines in close formation of lines of ten. At a given signal, all disappeared in seventy-five seconds and reappeared five minutes later at a considerable distance on the same course and in precisely the same formation. Our Air Attachés were equally astonished by the perfection of the air manœuvres. Hitler was reputedly rather stunned by the brilliance of the whole affair. In view of his emotional character, he may have gained a new respect for Italy as a first-class power. I doubted, however, that Hitler's entourage, composed of hard-faced men who shared the German contempt for the Italians, were equally impressed.

Throughout the visit, the Vatican remained indifferent. Hitler made no suggestion to call upon the Pope and, in a gesture which I

thought showed the Pope's displeasure, the galleries of the Vatican were closed to everyone while Hitler was in town.

Finally the Führer and his staff of one hundred and twenty, which included his personal cook, departed and Rome ceased to be an occupied city. Everyone breathed sighs of relief that the show was over without any unhappy incidents.

Tension mounted all that summer. Italy reinforced her outposts in Rhodes, Libya, and along the French and Yugoslav frontiers. We could not explain this military preparation. My guess was that Germany and Italy together were preparing to create a situation so strained and so menacing that Great Britain and France would agree to some form of appeasement. In this way the appetites of Germany and Italy would be satisfied. I remained convinced that Italy was not planning any offensive warfare by herself. Nevertheless, Mussolini was playing an exceedingly dangerous game.

My personal relations with the Foreign Office, while always pleasant, had become unsatisfactory because I had no longer any confidence in the assurances which I received in that quarter. It was not that there was deliberate intention to deceive (although this may have happened sometimes) but rather that the government was so conducted that even Ciano could not predict the course which the chief of government would take from one day to the next. He confessed to me once that neither he nor any member of the government had any individual power. "We are all," he said, "mere servants of the Duce to carry out his commands. Some people think that I may adopt a new line in the conduct of foreign affairs (and by this he meant in opposition to Mussolini) but this is not the case," and he impressed upon me again that his responsibility was solely to obey orders.

Mussolini no longer was inclined to receive foreign ambassadors and since he was in fact the government of Italy, there was a very real danger of his becoming isolated from world affairs. I had no means of knowing whether the views which I periodically expressed to Ciano reached the Duce. I had to accept a far from satisfactory oral assurance that they would be conveyed.

Surrounded by flattery, in a position to give orders to his sovereign, Mussolini undoubtedly felt that he was far more than chief of state. More likely he saw himself as the personification of all Italy, and with the support of Hitler, he assumed that he could reach the dizzy heights to which he aspired. The Mediterranean was to be an Italian lake;

the Press dwelt continually on the rights of Italy to Tunisia, Djibouti and the Suez Canal. No one believed that he was prepared to strike in force to achieve his goals, for it was well known that Italy was not prepared for war. Moreover although the people might obey a pre-emptory order to fight, it was generally felt that Italian public opinion would not support a war of long duration. Mussolini's ambitions seemed boundless notwithstanding.

While the Duce's self-esteem was burgeoning to these proportions, the Press of the Western democracies never lost an opportunity to ridicule him. American caricaturists found him an ideal subject for their humour. He was presented to the American public as a common swashbuckler, all chin and no brains, rattling a sword, or bragging to the multitude of Italy's martial spirit and the feebleness of democracies. It became natural to statesmen and journalists alike to laugh at the "little Caesar" who had become too big for his shoes.

The Italian Press responded with diatribes against Roosevelt. He was a Jew; his family tree was published to prove it. "America is governed by Jews, gangsters and crooks!" shouted the Press. Mussolini became more and more incensed. To ridicule him was to ridicule Italy. He could not believe that this was not countenanced, if not actually encouraged, by our government.

Repeatedly Ciano expressed his concern and begged me to do something to curb our Press. He was not accusing the American correspondents in Rome, many of whom he regarded as friends. But he saw the danger of an anti-Mussolini campaign which could only result in driving Italy further and further away from the democracies and into the clutches of Nazi Germany. I explained to him many times that Americans did not take their Press that seriously and that the attacks on Mussolini did not represent the attitude of the government, but my assurances fell, of course, on unbelieving ears. At times the Italian press campaign against the United States and the person of the President went further in violence than the anti-Mussolini campaign in America, so the scores were about even, though such conditions did not make for tranquillity when Europe was on the edge of maelstrom.

In spite of the gathering storm, social life in Rome was gay. The opera was magnificent and outshone in brilliance the more famous opera in Milan. In summer, the astonishing performance of Italian opera given among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla with the towering walls as background, made a spectacle unique in artistry.

During the season, the Embassies kept open doors and the American Embassy did its part.

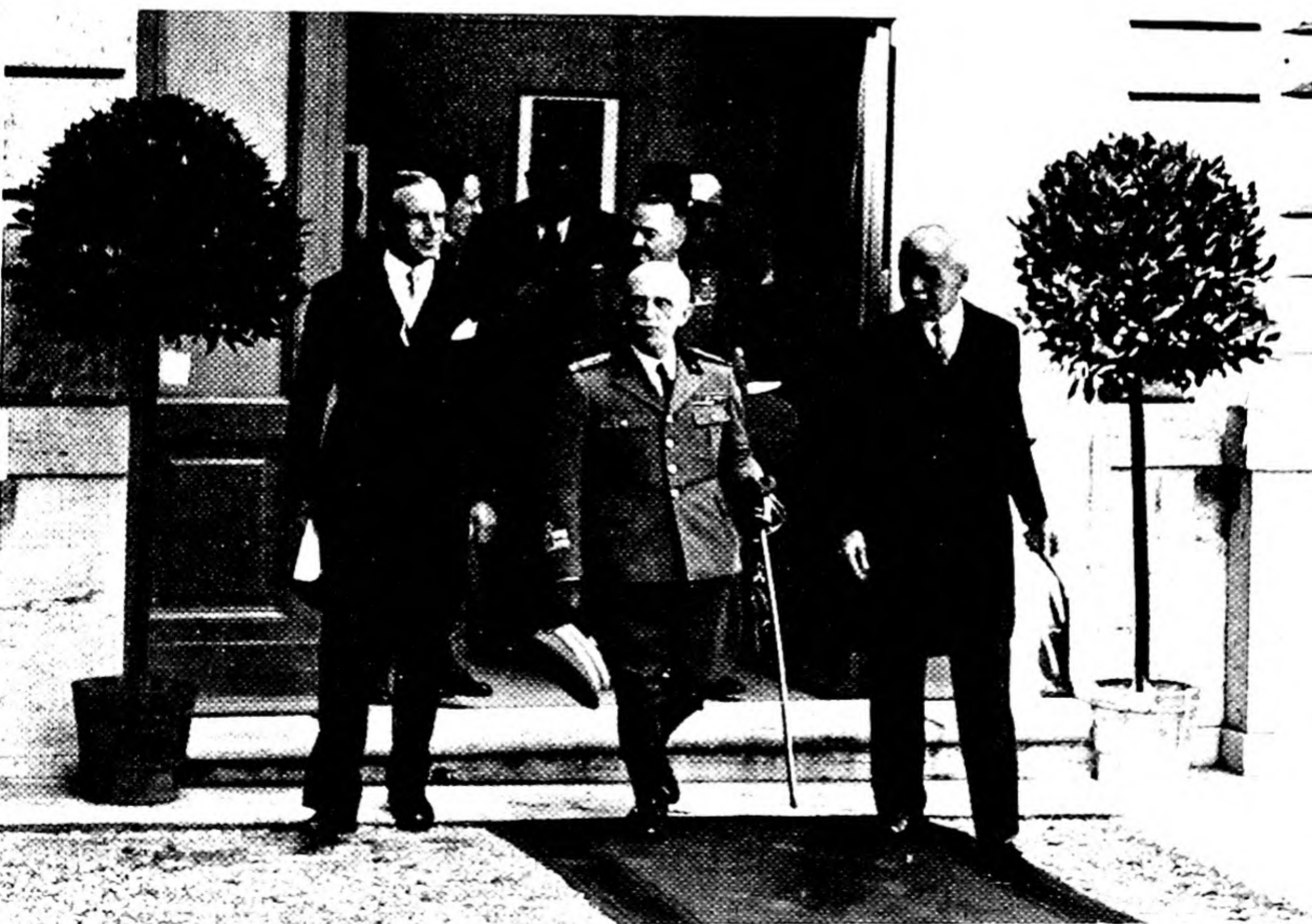
As there was no official residence for the Ambassador, I had continued the lease of the residence which had been occupied by my predecessor. It was known as the Villa Taverna or Parioli, and with its extensive gardens, it occupied nearly a city block. The great ilex trees, the several enclosed gardens with their intricate box designs, the fountains and the quaint statuary delighted us; and the house itself, built originally as a seminary and converted into a modern residence, was suitable enough for our purpose. Each winter we gave a large dinner dance with Count and Countess Ciano as the principal guests, for dancing was one of their favourite amusements. On such occasions we were expected to invite his youthful favourites among the opposite sex of whom there were many. He devoted his evenings exclusively to them, paying little or no attention to ambassadors and their wives or to the distinguished Italians present. Countess Ciano had much the same attitude toward the young Roman gallants who paid court to her. This behaviour on the part of a Minister of Foreign Affairs and his wife shocked the elder members of Roman society but was accepted by the younger set as natural under the circumstances. After all, Ciano was the son-in-law, she the daughter of the great man; they could do as they wished. It was not considered wise to criticize openly.

In addition, Caroline and I gave two musicales each year. Tito Schipa and Giannini, the world-renowned Italian tenors, were among our guest artists and those were memorable evenings. Caroline held weekly afternoon receptions, during the season, which were always crowded and afforded us the opportunity of meeting the social world of Rome. There were many smaller receptions. Large and small dinners and luncheons were a popular form of diversion and we gave two or three of these each week. Our visiting list was endless. Many of the old Roman families entertained with charming hospitality in their historic and grandiose palaces, but on these occasions there was much elegance and little of political or intellectual interest. Besides Ciano and his wife, who were widely entertained, only three or four members of the government appeared in society.

Meanwhile, Nazi Germany was assiduously cultivating Fascist Italy. Seldom a week passed that did not see in Rome a delegation of Germans or a visit from a Nazi leader, pockets bulging with decorations and ribbons to be distributed to the faithful.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND W. P. IN NEW YORK. 1919.



THE KING OF ITALY AT THE AMERICAN ACADEMY, ROME.
Accompanied by Chester Aldrich, Director of the Academy, and W. P.

On September 15, 1938, President Roosevelt wrote me as follows:

Yours of September first has reached me just as the papers state you are again deferring your trip home. I think you are wise, because Chamberlain's visit to Hitler may bring things to a head or may result in a temporary postponement of what looks to me like an inevitable conflict within the next five years.

Perhaps when it comes the United States will be in a position to pick up the pieces of European civilization and help them to save what remains of the wreck—not a cheerful prospect.

The complete ignorance of American conditions and fundamental strength on the part of highly placed Italians reminds me of Johnny's [the President's younger son] conversation with an Italian, I think the Minister of Finance, in Venice a year ago. The Minister suggested to Johnny that I should pay a visit to Mussolini. Johnny very properly suggested that Mussolini might well pay a visit to the President. The Minister could not comprehend the suggestion and Johnny told him with complete politeness that the United States had three times the population and ten times the resources of Italy, and that the whole of Italy would fit comfortably into the State of Texas.

You are right in saying that we are an emotional people over here in the sense that we do not easily lose our heads, but if we get the idea that the future of our form of government is threatened by a coalition of European dictators, we might wade in with everything we have to give.

If a war starts now the situation here will be very different from 1914. In that year, while the great majority of Americans were inclined to sympathize with the Allies, there was an honest effort, led by the President, to remain neutral in thought. And also there was a good deal of German sympathy. Today I think ninety per cent of our people are definitely anti-German and anti-Italian in sentiment—and incidentally, I would not propose to ask them to be neutral in thought. I would strongly encourage their natural sympathy while at the same time avoiding any thought of sending troops to Europe. . . .

In September, 1938, there appeared suddenly danger of a general European war. Hitler demanded that Czechoslovakia cede the Sudeten district with its German population—or else! The Italian Government took the position that the Sudeten German problem belonged to Germany and not to Italy. Ciano assured me that everything depended upon President Benes; if Benes would make "reasonable and practical concessions" there was no danger of a German move. Italy, he said, stood squarely with Germany in this matter. I was certain that he was greatly concerned over the present trend, in spite of his dislike for Czechoslovakia. (He referred to it as "an impossible country which had been set up by the Treaty of Versailles solely as a pistol pointed at Germany.") But in order to maintain the beloved

Rome-Berlin Axis intact, Italy was obliged to accept without protest Germany's attitude.

Ciano asked me point-blank what the attitude of the United States would be in the event of a European war. Knowing his complete ignorance of American affairs and his inclination to believe that the United States, besides being too far away to count, was going Communist anyway, I seized the opportunity to give it to him straight. I pointed out that it was impossible to predict the part we would play in the event of a general European war. Such a war, I said, "will be long-drawn-out affair, and the final victory will not lie with those nations with the greatest ability to strike, but with those that have the greatest capacity to endure." I added: "So far as I am concerned, I look to you personally to do everything in your power to restrain the German Government in the event of a real crisis, inasmuch as your government has closer relations with Germany than any other." He took it all well but made little comment.

On this and many other occasions I would like to have told him frankly that in the event of a European war, the United States would undoubtedly be involved on the side of the Allies. But in view of my official position, I could not properly make such a statement without instructions from Washington, and these I never received.

At all events, I felt confident that Italy would not follow Germany in any hostile move against Czechoslovakia, and should a more general conflict develop, that Italy would remain neutral until such time at least as she was forced to act. Certainly the Italian army was quiescent. There was no sign of mobilization or other military activity. The classes which had just finished their military training were allowed to go home on furlough. Everything supported the idea that Italy was sitting on the sidelines, though anxiously watching the play which was going on between Berlin and Prague.

On September 28, 1938, I delivered to the Duce a message from the President urging him to intervene with Hitler in his threatened action against Czechoslovakia. Ciano took me in his car to the Palazzo Venezia and we went immediately to Mussolini's vast hall-office which, because of the cloudy weather, seemed darker and grimmer than ever.

The President said in part:

I feel sure that you will agree with me as to the destructive and tragic effects of a war in Europe and I therefore ask whether you would not extend your help in the continuation of the efforts to arrive at an agreement of the questions at issue by negotiation or by other pacific means rather than by resort to force.

I read the message very slowly, as Mussolini was beginning to lose his English and afterwards we spoke in French. He asked me to convey to the President his thanks and appreciation, and then he proceeded to tell me what he had just done. He said that the German army had been ordered to move into the Sudeten area at 2 p.m. on that very day, although everyone supposed that there were still three days before the expiration of Hitler's ultimatum. Acting on a last-minute appeal from the British and in the knowledge that a further appeal from the President was about to be delivered to him, Mussolini had induced Hitler to consent to a twenty-four hour delay and to a four-power meeting at Munich. There was no doubt that the Duce played a strong hand at this critical moment. (The President's message was sent in the so-called grey cipher, which was known to all the world. Later I learned that the message had been decoded by the Italian authorities and placed on Mussolini's desk early that morning.)

When Czechoslovakia finally collapsed under Hitler's military might in March, 1939, I called at once upon Ciano for a statement in regard to Italy's attitude on the new and alarming situation. I conveyed to him that we in America were profoundly shocked by Hitler's taking brutal, forcible possession of the areas of Bohemia and Moravia, when the entire country was already in his orbit. Ciano seemed interested in my reference to the reaction of the American public and I drummed it in as strongly as I could. But when it came to pinning him down on Italy's position he became confused, gave me no statement, finally said: "There are no adjectives which can be used." He was evidently upset and so little prepared to give me anything for transmission to Washington that I did not press him further, but left his office convinced that the use of armed force by Hitler had also come as a disagreeable shock to the Italian Government.

During this time the Catholic Church throughout Germany was suffering acutely from Hitler's repressive measures. President Roosevelt, in characteristic fashion, determined on a gesture which would demonstrate clearly American resentment against his anti-religious policy, and would also be a warning to Mussolini. It so happened that Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago was coming to Rome on November 5, 1938, in his capacity of Cardinal Legate on Special Mission and this gave the President his opportunity. He wrote me very definite instructions. I was to call upon Ciano and impress upon him the importance of the Cardinal in the central and western United States. The Rear-Admiral in command of the American fleet then in French

waters had been ordered to Naples in his flagship to assist in honouring the arrival of His Eminence. I was to to to Naples in my official capacity, escort His Eminence to Rome, and turn him over to the Vatican authorities. Everything possible was to be done to show the importance which we attached to the person of the Cardinal. In his instructions, the President added: "At this particular moment, when religious persecution is on the increase, even in Italy, the significance of what I wish done will not be overlooked by the Italians and I think the effect cannot be but salutary."

The ceremonies on the arrival of the Cardinal at Naples were imposing. The Admiral gave an official luncheon on board the flagship. The city authorities honoured the visitor. A band and a squad of soldiers were on hand. At my request, a special train conveyed the Cardinal and his suite and my party to Rome, where officers of the Vatican were awaiting his arrival at the station. We gave a reception for him which was attended by over four hundred people and he was also my guest at an official men's luncheon which included the Foreign Minister and many high ranking members of the Italian Government. Whether our gesture towards the Vatican and the Cardinal affected the course of events I have always doubted, but we did at least give notice to the Fascist government of American indignation against religious persecution.

Racial oppression of the Jews in Italy was just beginning. Ciano had assured me in June, 1937, that because of their small number there was no Jewish problem. Yet now, over a year later, he admitted that Jews in Italy were about to face troublesome times. There would be no persecution, he said, but steps would be taken to segregate them from all "political and social activities" and by the word "social" he meant that there was to be "no Jewish influence upon Italian life", I assured him that this racial move would make a most unhappy impression in the United States.

The State Department was then exploring conditions in various countries with a view to opening new doors to Jewish immigration. The United States was a member of an international group known as the London Refugee Committee, which was set up for a similar purpose. On January 3, 1939, I presented to the Duce a letter from the President together with a memorandum suggesting that the plateau region in southern Ethiopia and Kenya might be made available for Jewish colonization. The Duce said that this suggestion was impracticable, that this particular region in Ethiopia was inhabited by a

people who were wholly unsympathetic to the Jews and that he had already offered a far better region north-west of Addis Ababa, a proposal which the Jews had not received favourably. Thereupon he opened a map of Ethiopia, examined the suggested plateau and showed me vaguely the area to which he referred.

I asked for permission to speak with frankness. He was aware, I said, "of the strained relations between the United States and Germany. This unfortunate situation is partly the result of the methods which have been and are continuing to be employed by the German Government in forcing Jews to leave the country. These methods have greatly shocked public opinion in America".

Here the Duce interrupted me with a tirade against the Jews. In his opinion, there would not be "a Jew left in Germany. Other countries [and he mentioned in particular Rumania and Hungary] are confronted with the same problem and are finding it necessary to rid themselves of their Jewish elements. There is no room for Jews in Europe, and eventually they will all have to go".

I reminded him that this forced emigration from Europe had created an international problem with which we in the United States were vitally concerned. It was not a question solely for those states from which the emigrants departed, but it was also a question of finding them a suitable home.

In reply, Mussolini mentioned Russia or "vast tracts of unoccupied land in North America" which he considered more suitable than the congested areas of Europe. I explained the work of the London Committee and asked him whether he would join with other leaders and states in trying to find a solution. Finally he agreed to do so and I expressed the hope that he would find some occasion to ally himself publicly with the movement. But when I asked whether he could intervene with the German Government, he replied, "The continual public condemnation of Germany's actions has immensely stiffened the German attitude and actually has increased Germany's determination to deal drastically with the situation." He thought that very little could be done with the German authorities unless there was a cessation of these attacks.

I interjected, "In view of the widespread disgust in America with Germany's action, it is impossible to alter the attitude of Americans." During the entire discussion, Count Ciano remained standing and offered no comment or suggestion. He might as well have worn a livery!

APPROACHING CONFLICT

This conversation produced no results, for Mussolini, to my knowledge, never allied himself with the London Committee. He had evidently caught from Hitler the anti-Jewish fever, probably in order to keep in Hitler's good graces.

15

The Fateful Year

THE fateful year 1939 opened pleasantly with a visit to Rome by Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and Foreign Secretary Viscount Halifax. Mussolini and Ciano attended a dinner at the British Embassy which was followed by a large reception. Italian society and the diplomatic world were present in force. In the receiving line were the two distinguished visitors and the Ambassador and Lady Perth. Alone in the centre of the adjoining room stood Mussolini, looking very ordinary in a dress suit instead of his usual Fascist uniform, his bald head shining in the strong light. At a respectful distance were gathered a group of people but only one person at a time approached him. Certainly he was not at ease in his surroundings nor in a particularly amiable state of mind. I introduced my daughter, Beatrice, and she chattered away in Italian for a few minutes about her love of skiing. This seemed to please and amuse him, for he broke into broad smiles and told her that he had been skiing that very morning and had fallen eleven times. At that moment the Duchess of Sermoneta claimed his attention. As he turned away it looked as though he had resumed his less amiable mood.

The visit of the British statesmen improved the general atmosphere without any definite accomplishment, but immediately on their departure the Italian press set savagely upon the French, going so far as to declare that the French should be "spit upon by each of the forty-four million Italians". The Italians apparently thought that by such expressions of anti-French sentiment the French would hesitate to send additional reinforcements to Spain at the moment when the campaign appeared to be ending with a Franco victory.

Presently the United States was the object of renewed Press attacks. In a letter to the President, dated February 10, I said:

My object in writing you today is not to enumerate our problems but to assure you (what you undoubtedly know already) that your armament programme is exercising a steadying influence as seen from this angle. For the

first time in many months, the United States has come within the Italian vision of world affairs, whereas formerly there were daily evidences that we were not given any consideration whatsoever as a possible force to be reckoned with. Our building programme has suddenly focused attention on our general attitude. The Press has been vocal in denouncing us and the personal attacks upon you have been so vicious that I have brought them to the attention of the Foreign Office. They ceased after twenty-four hours. While they were beyond measure disgusting, we must not forget that the Italian character is chameleon and can change over-night. Italians can easily hate one day and love the next, so that we should not regard this vitriolic Press as an indication of the government's attitude towards us in the future. It is rather the Italian method of expressing concern and the realization that there has been a new check, perhaps, to the ambitions of the Fascist regime. In a sense, therefore, I rather welcome the attention which the Italian press has been bestowing upon us because it is a clear indication of the government's realization of your position and of the power behind it.

But it was too late. The dictators were moving on remorselessly towards the abyss of war. Czechoslovakia fell in March. On April 5, 1939, we learned that Italy had made six demands upon Albania: control of finances and gendarmerie; control of the army; supervision of the civil administration; permission for Italian soldiers to guard aerodromes and reclaim swamps; organization of Albanian youth by the Italian military; and finally, a concession of minerals. Italy had, in fact, demanded a virtual protectorate over Albania. King Zog had refused to make any concessions impairing the independence of his country, but had agreed to the organization of the youth by Italian officers, and to the discussion of economic conditions.

On April 7 Italian troops landed in Albania, to the dismay of the Italian public which previously had no reason to suspect any such pending event. Ciano received me that afternoon in flying kit, having made a round trip by air to Tirana that morning, returning to his desk at 10 a.m.

In reply to my request for an explanation, he began by telling me what an impossible person King Zog was, that "of course he would have to go" and would be replaced by a government "in sympathy with the Italian Government". He added that there was "no intention whatever to affect the independence and integrity of Albania". I said that I was glad to be able to inform Washington that Albania's independence was not to be challenged, whereupon he repeated his assurance to that effect. A week later, however, the Press carried appeals to Mussolini from eight Albanian tribal chiefs asking

him to set up a Fascist organization; still other messages asked that the King of Italy accept the crown of Albania. This was no surprise to any of us in spite of Ciano's assurances, for it was clearly Mussolini's intention to absorb the country. On Sunday, April 16, on reaching the Via Nazionale on my way to church, I found lines of troops stretching the entire length of the street barricading the crossing. The street itself was lavishly decorated with Italian and Albanian flags. In a few minutes, a gorgeous cortege of twelve open state carriages passed at a slow trot, the coachmen in curled white wigs and two footmen in smart livery standing at the back of each carriage. Within each were seated four surly, thick-set men, clad in dress suits. I did not see a single happy expression among them. This was the Albanian delegation on its way to present the crown of Albania to the King of Italy.

The crowd seemed to sense the tragedy of the situation for there was not a sound of handclapping or cheering, and though decked out in court regalia the procession passed in absolute silence. Here was yet another example of Fascist methods, one more move in a larger sphere of military developments. I wondered only why Ciano had gone to the trouble of giving me and my other colleagues formal assurances that Albanian independence would be respected, when he knew the contrary was about to happen. Certainly he lost the respect of all of us by this futile and unnecessary deception.

It was an anxious spring. I reported to the President:

... It remains to be seen, of course, whether the Rome-Berlin alliance is going to make matters better or worse, for no one can possibly foresee how the dictators will interpret the articles dealing with continuous "consultation". Personally, I believe that Mussolini is so anxious to avoid war that we may hope for his calming influence upon Hitler, exercised through the permanent commissions for consultation. But whether his influence will have the desired effect upon Hitler at any critical moment is something no one can guess. My latest information is to the effect that Von Ribbentrop told Ciano at the Milan meeting on May 7 that German troops were ready to occupy Danzig within forty-eight hours, that Mussolini was able to call this off, and the alliance, with its consultation requirements, followed in short order. ...

Mussolini is not in a pleasant state of mind with regard to America. At a dinner the other evening at the palace in honour of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, he opened the conversation by asking me why we "interfered" in European affairs when we knew so little about them, although he admitted at the same time that Italians knew very little about American affairs. I gave him the best answers that I could with regard to our hundred and one ties with Europe, and our wish and that of the country to see European problems settled by

THE FATEFUL YEAR

peaceful negotiation. He annoyed me by remarking that the United States was run by Jews, and I gave it back to him straight that he was entirely mistaken in this respect and that it was a very unfortunate mistake to make. . . .

I am taking every opportunity, and I did so again today, to impress upon Ciano his responsibility under the consultative pact in the new German-Italian alliance. I said that I had little confidence in Hitler, but that I had confidence in Mussolini and that he would apply the brakes on Hitler in emergency cases. Ciano laughed and said that he would not attempt to reply beyond taking note of my remarks, but he went on to emphasize his opinion with regard to the importance of this aspect of the alliance. . . .

The President was distinctly worried. In a letter to me, dated June 7, he said:

. . . I hope and pray, every day, that the influence of Mussolini will be definitely against war. But on the other hand I am worried by the fact that both Germany and Italy are maintaining such an enormous number of men under arms and continuing to spend such vast sums. It seems to me that if Germany visualizes a peaceful working out of the political and economic problems, common sense would require the starting of conversations as soon as possible in order to avoid an even worse financial situation.

I fear, too, that both dictators think their present methods are succeeding because of the gains they have made in Albania, Hungary and Yugoslavia. . . .

On July 14 I tried to analyse the situation for the President:

While the Italo-German military alliance made boastful assertions, making it appear that Italian armed forces were ready to support Hitler's every whim, there is throughout Italy no activity in sight which would give the impression of intensive preparation for war. Our Military Attaché, who has just returned from an inspection tour in the north, reports that the principal steel works, and Ansaldo and Breda and the Galileo optical company, are on a peace-time basis, forty to forty-eight hours a week, that the first two are concerned largely with the manufacture of railroad cars, rails and civilian requirements, although Ansaldo is constructing also some commercial and naval vessels but always on a peace-time operative basis.

The reports of the Naval and Air Attachés are not dissimilar in substance, and all of them believe that there is no new increase in warlike preparations.

The government's financial situation is of course appalling and less and less foreign exchange is available for the needed purchases outside of Italy.

However, we must not forget that in the event of a European war, Italy without actually engaging in it can contribute many "nuisance values". She could mobilize her army on the French frontier and so hold a section of the French army. She could do the same on the Tunisian frontier, for already in Libya she has an army of approximately seventy or eighty thousand men. And her air force and submarines could threaten the British and French fleets

in the Mediterranean and so keep important parts of the British and French fleets on the *qui vive* in that area. Italy, therefore, has all these "nuisance values" without necessarily taking part at the outset in any act of aggression committed by Germany. Mussolini, it seems to me, might be able to create his "nuisance values" without launching Italy into a European war on the side of Germany, and if he limits his activities to this extent he might be able to get away with it with the Italian people. . . .

I reported to the Secretary of State on July 6, 1939, that we had recently had an interesting item of information; Mussolini had remarked to the editor of the *Messaggero* an important daily paper, that between then and the end of September certain "minor changes" might be made in the map of Europe but that none of these would generate war. I added that while the general sentiment in Rome indicated no fear of any immediate European conflict, there was constant danger that incidents in Danzig and the Corridor might give Hitler the excuse to take some drastic step which would bring the Polish army into action.

One day an Italian general told me on the best of authority that during the recent Salzburg meeting between Hitler and Ciano, the Führer had insisted that the British would not fight. Ciano took the opposite view, with the result that Hitler lost his temper and called him an "ane" (ass). I felt sure that in view of the German-Russian relations and Ciano's resentment of Hitler's attitude, all was not going smoothly between Berlin and Rome.

It was during the evening of August 24, 1939, that I received urgent instructions from Washington to present an important message personally to the King. At nine o'clock I called upon Ciano at the Foreign Office and asked him to arrange for an immediate audience with His Majesty. While I had not been authorized to show him the message, I nevertheless did so without leaving a copy, as I did not wish to be placed in the position of avoiding the Foreign Office altogether. Ciano read the document and remarked: "This is a most unusual proceeding. It is the first time an Ambassador has taken up a matter of political importance through a channel other than Mussolini. I cannot arrange for an immediate audience as the King is at his fishing camp and it will take at least three days to make the arrangements."

I replied that I was leaving on the night train for Turin (in northern Italy) where I would await His Majesty's pleasure, Ciano hesitated a moment and then left the room to speak over another telephone to the Duce. He returned in a few minutes to say that an audience would

be arranged as soon as possible and directions would be sent to me in Turin. No sooner has I returned to the Embassy than Ciano called me on the telephone and told me that the King would receive me the following day at 2 p.m.

Accompanied by my Secretary, Walter Dowling, I arrived in Turin in time for breakfast. At noon we started by motor on the long drive to the King's mountain retreat. The chauffeur lost his way in the mountain valleys, so we were nearly half an hour late before we turned into a narrow driveway, crossed a turbulent mountain stream and stopped in a circular clearing in dense woods. Rain was falling, the clouds were heavy and dark. Altogether it was a gloomy scene.

The King, dressed in ordinary country clothes and wearing a soft brown hat, was standing alone in the open waiting for me. I understood that the Queen was in camp, but there was no sign of her during my visit. I apologized for being late, on which he assured me that everyone who came to see him got lost on the way.

Around the clearing were four or five small wooden cabins. He led me to one of them, remarking that this was the only place he had in which to receive me. A table and a few uncomfortable chairs comprised the furnishing of the little room. We sat down with the table between us. I read slowly and distinctly President Roosevelt's appeal to the sovereign to act before the cataclysm of a European war was launched.

The President began by saying:

Again a crisis in world affairs makes clear the responsibility of heads of nations for the fate of their own people and indeed of humanity itself. It is because of the traditional accord between Italy and the United States and the ties of consanguinity between millions of our citizens that I feel that I can address Your Majesty in behalf of the maintenance of world peace.

It is my belief and that of the American people that Your Majesty and Your Majesty's government can greatly influence the averting of an outbreak of war. . . .

The friends of the Italian people and among them the American people could only regard with grief the destruction of great achievements which European nations and the Italian nation in particular have attained during the past generation. . . .

The President then referred to his message to Mussolini of April, 1939, in which he suggested in essence that no armed forces should attack or invade the territory of any other independent nation. When

this was assured, discussions should be undertaken to seek progressive relief from the burden of armaments and to open avenues of international trade including sources of raw materials necessary to the peaceful economic life of each nation. He informed the King that if it were possible for the Italian Government to present a plan along these lines for pacific solution of the then existing crisis, it would have the earnest sympathy of the United States.

The President concluded:

The governments of Italy and the United States can today advance those ideals of Christianity which of late seem so often to have been obscured.

The unheard voices of countless millions of human beings ask that they shall not be vainly sacrificed again.

While I was reading, the King was silent; his expression gave me no clue as to his thoughts. When I had finished, I turned to him expectantly.

Very formally the little King replied: "Please thank the President for his message, but remind him that I am a constitutional sovereign, like the King of England and the King of Belgium. All I can do, in the circumstances, is to refer the message to my government." Then, looking out at the grey curtain of rain that hid the mountain from us, he expressed his regret that he could not take me out for a mountain drive.

A silence fell. I thought of his "constitutional" fellow sovereigns in their capitals, so closely in touch with the stirring events. Surely the King of Italy, whatever the difficulties of his position under Fascist rule and the weakness of his own character, would, I assumed, give something more for me to say to the President.

But the silence continued, and I broke it to ask him about fisherman's luck. The constraint ended. He said that it had been quite as good as usual, that he had caught over seven hundred trout, but would remain in camp until he had caught his usual average of one thousand. Would he then return to Rome, I asked. "Oh, no," he replied, "I shall go to my farm near Pisa," and with a faint smile he added, "You know, I hate palaces."

There was nothing more to say. I took my leave but with a heavy heart. The King came with me to my car, and watched us drive away down the tortuous road towards his own capital.

That he should prefer to catch three hundred more trout than to be in the centre of affairs at this most critical moment was an admission

of his own feeble character and the helpless position he occupied under Fascism. It was tragic to find Italy's sovereign so completely, and so contentedly, isolated in his mountain retreat when events were rushing to their dreadful climax.

It is certainly doubtful whether the King could have altered the course of events even if he had been willing to exert his influence for what it was worth. Mussolini was after all the chief power in Italy. The sovereign was a mere puppet, and not even a decorative one at that. The President was, of course, fully aware of the King's position and I assumed that this final appeal was more for the record than in any expectation of helpful results. Having failed with Mussolini, it was a last, desperate shot. But had the King chosen to take an eleventh hour, though possibly futile, stand, he might have gone down in history as a more gallant figure.

The Conflict Begins

FRIDAY, September 1, 1939, was a day of doom in Rome as elsewhere. The German wireless was busy in the early hours, announcing that Danzig had proclaimed itself a part of the Reich and that Hitler had declared it such by law. Shortly after arriving at the Embassy, there came an open telegram from Alexander Kirk, by then our Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin, confirming the above facts. It also stated that Hitler had just issued a proclamation accusing Poland of rejecting a peaceful solution of their mutual problems, enumerating Poland's offences against Germany and concluding that force must be met by force, therefore German territory and honour would be defended in battle. So it seemed that the miracle for which we had been praying had not happened and the world was in for a ghastly period of agony.

That evening the streets of Rome were darkened. At seven-thirty, on my way from the Embassy to the Villa, I passed an endless cavalcade of dimly lighted buses filled with grim young soldiers proceeding to the station to be hurried northward. Italian soldiers customarily sing and laugh, yet that evening there were only occasional bursts of song from a very few voices. But it was curious how utterly indifferent the passing pedestrians seemed to be.

At that moment we did not know what position Italy was going to take. In the face of widespread Italian hostility toward military co-operation with the German army, could the government drive the people into a long war? If Mussolini should decide upon neutrality would the French and British permit it? Our Naval Attaché thought not. In his view, Italian neutrality would be impossible under the present circumstances unless Italy demobilized immediately and took a back seat. But was this likely in view of the parade of words to which we had been listening for so long about Italy's readiness to stand by Germany in any emergency?

At lunch-time a rush message came from the President to the

THE CONFLICT BEGINS

Italian Government, aimed at preventing the bombardment of civil populations. This message was being sent to all possible belligerents, and called for an immediate reply. I drove at once to the Foreign Office, and as I could not get an appointment with Ciano, I handed it to Anfuso, his principal assistant, who looked like a ghost, white and drawn, with the sudden realization that war was upon us. He admitted that it was a "terrible day". I never liked Anfuso. He was an ardent Fascist, an intimate of Mussolini and no friend of the United States.

With great difficulty I secured in writing the Foreign Office's reply to the President's message. In brief, it was that as Italy did not intend to take any initiative in military operations, there was nothing more to be said. This kind of answer would not, I thought, please the President, although if it had been couched in more sympathetic language, it might have had a better reception.

During the day the following message was received by the Duce from Hitler and made public:

September 1, 1939

DUCE,

I thank you most cordially for the diplomatic and political assistance you have recently given Germany and Germany's rights. I am convinced that the task assigned us can be fulfilled with the military forces of Germany. I therefore think that under these circumstances I do not need Italian military assistance. I thank you, Duce, also for all you will do in future for the common cause of Fascism and National Socialism.

ADOLPH HITLER.

Later it developed that this telegram had been written by Mussolini himself; all that Hitler did was sign it. The message therefore was highly revealing. It indicated that the Duce felt his obligations to Hitler, but was not yet ready or willing to throw in his military lot with Germany. We know now that Mussolini, during the last few days of August, had been on the brink of joining forces with Hitler. There were many signs of preparation. Several towns in northern Italy adjacent to the French frontier were suddenly evacuated of their civilian population and even in Rome civilians were advised to move elsewhere. Perhaps the King had some influence after all. Perhaps Mussolini realized the strength of the anti-German sentiment. More probably, it was both together that caused him on September 1 to sit on the fence for a while. But in preparing this telegram to himself, Mussolini did confirm his willingness to co-operate in the future



To William Phillips, very
cordially
Rome 14 aprile 1937. *W. Litvinov*



THE BEAR AND THE EAGLE 'TALK TURKEY'.

Maxim Litvinov, Foreign Commissar of the Soviet [left] in earnest conversation with the Acting Secretary of State, W. P., at the State Department in Washington, November 20, 1933.

"for the common cause of Fascism and National Socialism". That was important.

On the evening of September 1, the British Government presented an ultimatum to Hitler, telling him that unless he ceased hostilities and withdrew his armies immediately from Poland, Great Britain would keep its agreement with Poland. The King of England had signed the order for general mobilization of the army and air forces; the navy had already been mobilized. In France also there had been general mobilization.

The following day, the situation with regard to Italy was still in the air. What would the British and French do in the circumstances? The last message from the department was to the effect that I was to take over the British and French interests if the respective Ambassadors requested such action of the Embassy, and I might add that the department's light-hearted way of saying "take over" this somewhat formidable task, amused me. There was no hint from the department of added help for the Embassy!

One thing was certain; Italy was trying to find some way of keeping out of trouble. I learned from the British Embassy that Ciano had said to both the British and French Ambassadors that Italy did not wish to go to war with either Great Britain or France, which seemed to imply an unexpressed hope that Great Britain and France would help Italy to maintain this position. This was natural but rather pathetic after all the brave words. However, it was very possible the Italian people would not have fought then, if they were told to. They were of one mind in their dislike of laying down their lives for the benefit of German aggrandisement, and who could blame them?

In fact when we learned two months later the exciting news that an attempt on Hitler's life had been made in Munich, I heard many expressions of regret in Rome that it had not been successful. Actually the bomb exploded ten minutes after he had left the hall, killing nine persons and wounding some sixty. It was evidently a close call. Everyone assumed, indeed many hoped, that there had been a violent split within the Nazi ranks, for the bomb had exploded in the Nazi "Holy of Holies" and only the Nazis were aware that Hitler was about to speak.

There were then about two thousand Americans, mostly tourists, who were anxious to get home. Our Paris Embassy thought that American citizens should await transportation from Italy rather than proceed via France. I called upon Ciano to find out whether Italian

THE CONFLICT BEGINS

ships, especially the *Rex* and *Savoia*, then held in Italian ports, would move and thus take care of our American refugees. Later he telephoned to say that everything had been arranged. The Italian Lines would resume their regular sailings immediately. The first ship would be ready to sail for the United States within two or at the very latest three days. I was permitted to communicate these facts to all our consuls in Italy and to our consulates in France, Germany or wherever there were American tourists anxious to secure accommodation. This was most reassuring. Ambassador Bullitt had also commented in his message that there was "not the slightest desire in France to have war with Italy" and inasmuch as Italy reciprocated this attitude, I felt more hopeful that Italy would proclaim and abide by strict neutrality.

On the morning of September 4, I was greeted by the news that a British liner from Liverpool to New York, the S.S. *Athenia* of the Cunard Line, had been hit by a submarine two hundred miles southwest of the Hebrides and was sinking fast. She was said to have over three hundred homeward-bound Americans on board. The news stunned us all.

In discussing the *Athenia* with Ciano, I said that I was astounded that the Germans would perpetrate such a criminal act so early in the war involving American civilians. I drove in as hard as I could what shock this would be to the whole of America and that the torpedoing had already caused a major sensation in our Press. Ciano made no reply.

A few days later, while at the beach, Signor Alfieri, Minister of Press and Propaganda, took me for a twenty-minute row, and for the first time in a year I was able to exchange views with him. He was most polite, in spite of his pronounced pro-German leanings. I had a good opportunity to give him the substance of our official reports of the sinking of the *Athenia*. He wasn't much interested in the *Athenia*. He seemed more concerned with trying to persuade me, and himself, that the war could not last long. He felt that, with the disappearance of Poland, there would be no reason for the French to continue "to war upon Germany", and he could not believe that they would do so merely for the benefit of Great Britain. I differed from him strongly in my belief that France would not release herself willingly from her ties with Britain, and that Britain, if necessary, would continue the war without her. Events proved that I was not correct about the French but sound in regard to the British.

The hostilities inevitably precipitated another crisis with the Jews. Over three thousand Jewish refugees from Poland and Germany had

fled to Italy. Under a new decree these people were now obliged to leave the country by the end of the month or be deported to Germany. This meant for them the horrors of the Jewish concentration camps in German-occupied Poland, where typhoid had already broken out. Representatives of the Italian Jewish Relief Committee made a strong plea for my help in preventing their deportation, and although they were not American citizens I decided to see what I could do for them at the Foreign Office. I explained to Ciano their desperate situation, pointing out that they were not a charge upon the Italian Government but that ten or fifteen thousand dollars a month for their support came from the United States in addition to funds which were being raised in Italy. Many of them were waiting to go to Palestine and possibly some visas for the United States might be available. I hoped, therefore, that their forced departure for Germany could be delayed. Ciano replied that the problem did not come within his department but that in humanitarian matters we were all concerned. He asked me to send him a memorandum of the subject matter by that evening, and this I did.

The following day I was asked to be at the Foreign Office at twelve o'clock. I found that Ciano was at the Palazzo Venezia, but Anfuso took me into his office where I spoke with Ciano by telephone. He was beside the Duce and gave me the good news that the refugees "could stay" and that my appeal had been granted by Mussolini. I came away feeling greatly elated, although notices had already gone out to these poor unfortunates that they must return to Germany, as a result of which two recipients had already committed suicide. But it struck me as extraordinary that Mussolini should apparently change his mind on receipt of a two-page appeal from me. Granted that my plea may conceivably have aroused and fortified a latent humanitarianism in him, and habitually he was totally unmoved by such considerations, none the less his action, welcome though it was, remains a mystery to me.

When I conveyed the news to the Relief Committee they were overcome with gratitude. But the Foreign Office insisted upon no publicity. Their stated view was that if it became known throughout Europe that the refugees could remain, Italy would be flooded by hordes of others. To me it seemed more than probable that the government had Germany in mind, for a sympathetic attitude on the part of Mussolini toward Jewish refugees from Germany might well have infuriated Hitler.

THE CONFLICT BEGINS

We in the Embassy were curiously out of touch with the course of events in the north. The department was not keeping me sufficiently informed of day-to-day developments. Although this was rather typical of its then prevailing attitude toward the Foreign Service, failure to keep the Embassy in Rome properly advised in those critical days, was inexcusable, particularly as we had few reliable outside sources of information. Perhaps the department thought that our Embassy in Paris, then at the centre of the whirlwind, was passing on its information, but unhappily this was not the case. (I learned a few months later that three of the cables connecting Italy and the United States had been cut, leaving wireless and telephone as our only methods of quick communication. Neither of those media being very dependable, our isolation was accentuated.)

For daily news, there was nothing but the radio to fall back upon, and that was mostly propaganda. The London *Times* was five days late. The Paris *Herald Tribune*, shorn of most of its news and heavily censored, came two days late. With the exception of the Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, the Italian press was worthless. Much space was devoted to a speech by Mussolini, in which he had denied rumours of his own ill-health and asserted Italy's desire to localize the war. The Press insisted that reactions to the speech were felt throughout the world. Actually I doubted whether the rest of the world paid much attention in those tempestuous days to what Italy thought or said.

It was revealing, however, that in contrast to their reserved attitude toward the United States since the outbreak of hostilities, four leading Italian newspapers suddenly attacked Roosevelt's proposal to amend our neutrality law as a "very hypocritical document compounded of partisanship, mercantile spirit, and utter disregard for the fate of Europe and humanity". In a lesser degree, most of the papers condemned the American position as prolonging the war and destroying civilization.

During a conversation with Ciano in late September he asked me to tell him what I could of the attitude of the United States on this point. I said that all interest was then centred in the President's programme for repeal of the neutrality legislation, which I was sure would be successful. We were about where we were in 1916, when the United States as a whole had become vitally concerned with the progress of the first World War. It was the same now; in the east, centre and west, Americans were watching developments on this side of the water with

THE CONFLICT BEGINS

intense interest. Briefly, the situation as I saw it was sympathy with the Allied cause, and the capacity for quick and active resentment in case American lives were lost through German military action. Ciano avoided any further discussion of the subject.

There seemed to be a prevalent theory in official circles that war could have been avoided if the Poles had been more reasonable. Under-Secretary Bastianini, who had recently been Ambassador to Warsaw was clearly of that opinion. Just before the hostilities started the Polish Minister of Communications had come to Rome. Bastianini had begged the Minister to carry to Colonel Beck an appeal from him to adopt a more reasonable attitude *vis-à-vis* Germany and so save Poland. There would be no loss of prestige for Poland, so he assured the Minister, but rather a strengthening of the entire Polish state. In the circumstances, Poland would thus be able to obtain any sort of guarantee that it desired.

According to Bastianini, Pilsudski had been far wiser than Beck; he had believed in peace with Germany and been strong enough to enforce his ideas. But now, the principal political strength in Poland lay with a small group of so-called colonels who were firebrands without any international experience. Pilsudski had dominated them, but Beck had been unable to control them and it was they who had been largely responsible for the war fiasco. These views representing, of course, the orthodox Fascist attitude toward the Polish problem, were of interest.

On September 21, the officially inspired Italian press made a strong drive for peace. It pointed out that Poland was finished (although actually there was still sporadic fighting going on and Warsaw was still in the hands of the Poles) and suggested that the countries of Europe should get together before the war spread and all nations were involved. But there was no sign that the British and French were willing to subscribe to this wishful thinking by negotiating on the *status quo*. Curiously enough, that same combination of wishful thinking and aloofness persisted in Italy for some time.

On October 18, 1939, I wrote to the President:

These are very quiet and even dull days here, in spite of our nearness to tragic events. After the first two weeks of the war, the Italians settled back into their customary habits, except for certain unpleasant reminders that all was not well elsewhere, such as the disappearance of private automobiles and coffee. The nation was keyed up to a high pitch at the beginning of September, not knowing in which direction they were being led. The public saw only

THE CONFLICT BEGINS

hasty evacuation of towns near the French frontier, the frequent black-outs and the call to arms, etc. etc. It now seems more probable that Mussolini was planning to defend himself if possible from attack rather than to join up with Hitler, for it was well known that British military circles at that time favoured a swift attack on Italy as the quickest method of getting at Germany. The moment it became evident that no such attack was to be feared, the tension ceased and thousands of recruits who had been called up to the colours have been permitted to return to their homes "on leave".

But this is all of the past. Italy's future is now that which is of interest to us. In my opinion, a complete change of policy has occurred, which day by day is beginning to manifest itself in various ways. For weeks there has been no mention in the Press of the Rome-Berlin axis or alliance; a recent visit of Himmler to Rome has been carefully kept secret, whereas formerly every appearance of important Germans was widely publicized; the openly expressed dislike of the Berlin-Moscow deal, its dangerous consequences to the Balkans; and in particular Ciano's changed attitude towards the Germans.

While the government is not ready to declare its neutrality and the officially inspired Press still maintains its pro-German tendencies in order not to incur German hostility, I believe that Italy will avoid at all cost any trouble with the Allies. Already a French-Italian commission has been organized to deal with economic matters between Italy and France, and I learn confidentially that the British Government, with Italian approval, has decided to do likewise and to leave all questions of trade control and blockade to be worked out by this joint undertaking.

The French are said to have placed large orders in Italy for manufactured articles. Undoubtedly Italy hopes to benefit from the new trade and exchange of which she is sadly in need, and so to improve her own crippled financial position. Mussolini is feeling his way inch by inch. He must realize that the popularity of his regime has fallen, that should the Allies succeed in overthrowing Nazism, Fascism is endangered; that should Germany win the war, Italy would become a vassal state; and that should Communism enter the Balkans, there would be difficulty in keeping it out of Italy. He is, in fact, surrounded by dangers and may be assumed to be "sitting uncomfortable". Perhaps this explains his refusal to receive all foreigners, including *our* one and only Grover Whalen, who has just left us for Switzerland and northern countries. While here Whalen has been thoroughly and expensively entertained in Italian circles, but even with the help of Ciano and the Rome 1942 Exposition authorities, I could not secure an audience for him with the Duce. . . .

I learned later, to my disappointment, that British-Italian commercial negotiations were blocked. Ciano explained that the British request to purchase armament in Italy had been turned down by Mussolini because they asked permission to buy guns, ammunition, and supplies which it was known would be used directly against Germany.

THE CONFLICT BEGINS

On the other hand, he said, sales to the French were proceeding normally because the French contracts did not call for guns and ammunition but rather for materials which were not in themselves offensive weapons.

The Italian peace drive of September 21 overtly ignored, but in fact may have been inspired by the changed situation brought about by Russia's attack on Poland on September 17. The event was not unexpected. The non-aggression pact signed by Germany and the U.S.S.R. on August 24, the same day that I received the President's last message for King Victor Emmanuel, had been widely supposed to contain a secret military alliance clause. Ciano had feared this Russian move and had within the last day or two expressed his fears to the British Ambassador.

I had already gleaned one sidelight on the pact. The Japanese Ambassador, M. Toshio Shiratori, who had been recalled to Japan, told me before his departure on September 8, that there had been a secret agreement between Berlin and Tokyo to the effect that neither of the two governments would sign a non-aggression pact with Russia without informing the other, and Berlin had not formally advised Tokyo of its intention. During his visit to Rome in April, Von Ribbentrop had hinted that if the proposed three-cornered military alliance was not forthcoming, Germany might be obliged to improve her relations with Russia by a new commitment. Shiratori said that he had warned his government continually of the probability of a new orientation between Germany and Russia, but Tokyo had refused to attach any credence to his warning and continued to believe that Ribbentrop was bluffing. When the pact was announced, Tokyo had been profoundly irritated by the lack of any more definite advice from Berlin on the subject, even though Von Ribbentrop, in a sense, had carried out the German undertaking in that April conversation.

Ciano, who was the first to tell me that Russian armies had already crossed the frontier into Poland, wondered what the British and French would do. "Are they bound under their agreement with Poland to proceed against Russia? What will Rumania do, and Hungary? If the conflagration spreads to the Balkans," he asked himself out loud, "what will Italy's position be?" For Italy, although not strictly a Balkan power, was of course deeply concerned with that area. One could not possibly tell what the next three or four hours would produce. In his opinion, the only conceivable hope would be a realistic peace move of a kind to satisfy Germany, but he did not seem to be at

THE CONFLICT BEGINS

all optimistic that this would happen. Then he volunteered the observation that he would not be in the least surprised to see a new undertaking between Berlin, Moscow, and Tokyo, on the lines of a non-aggression pact.

My Polish colleague, upon whom I called, was sure that Russia intended to sweep over the Baltic states of Esthonia, Lithuania and Latvia. Hale, hearty and far from depressed, he expected to leave Rome within a few days to join the Polish regiment being formed in France. I greatly admired his undaunted courage. Ciano had inferred to him that the division of Poland between Russia and Germany had been agreed upon before the German attack. This was a moot point. A telegram to me from the American Minister in Athens reported a conversation between himself and the German Minister, during which the latter denied any such previous understanding between the Germans and the Russians. But I was inclined to believe Ciano, rather than the German Minister and took it as an illustration of the strength of the new entente.

The early morning radio of September 29 explained the Ribbentrop and Molotov meeting in Moscow on the previous day. A new agreement had been signed, even as Ciano had intimated, although in somewhat different form. Japan was not included. It was summarized by the radio as follows:

1. An agreement for close association and co-operation between the two governments.
2. An appeal to the neutral European states to join with the two signatories in an effort to induce the British and French to agree to peace.
3. If this effort is not successful, then the two signatory governments will consult with a view to determining the next step. (This article contained the threat of military co-operation.)
4. An agreement to stimulate trade between the two countries.

The future looked dark indeed for the Allied governments. The cleverness of this instrument lay in its appeal to the neutral states of Europe—that is to Italy and the Balkan states. If Italy, which liked to consider itself the leader of the Balkan states, agreed to respond to such an appeal, and if the appeal were refused by London and Paris, then the Balkan states might well feel committed to the side of Germany and Russia.

One afternoon, on the golf course, Ciano asked me to play with

him. We were about even and both played, as usual, badly. He seemed to be in excellent spirits, although he admitted this was the most critical period of the present war. In a forthcoming Reichstag speech, Ciano was uncertain of the exact date, Hitler would launch his peace proposals. Ciano hoped that these would not be rejected without careful consideration by the British and French Governments, since rejection would mean the beginning of a war more frightful than anything we could imagine. He mentioned under his breath that the Germans had terrible devices which would be brought into action. But Italy, he said, was satisfied with her present position and would maintain it, a fact which was thoroughly understood and appreciated by Germany.

The morning papers of October 6 announced that Hitler would address the Reichstag that day. I arranged to listen in at the office with a German-speaking Secretary to translate for me. It took a torrent of words to say what he had to say and there was nothing, in my opinion, which altered the situation sufficiently for the Allies to consider any move toward real peace.

I learned later something more of the origins of this so-called peace proposal. Ciano, on a recent trip to Berlin, had encouraged Hitler to make a proposal to the British and French, which could be the basis of renewed negotiations, and he had volunteered the services of the Italian Government in furthering any such negotiations. After Hitler's speech, Ciano realized that it did not contain anything sufficiently definite to justify Italian mediation. He was confident that the vague proposals would be rejected; there was nothing, therefore, that Italy could do in the circumstances. Actually I felt sure that he was not surprised at the outcome. In his discussions with Hitler, Ciano had apparently come to the conclusion that Hitler had no intention of withdrawing, for he had become "excited and screamed" when the idea was presented to him of any relinquishment of his gains. The whole concept of an arranged peace at that point was clearly Italian wishful thinking once again.

I gathered also from Ciano that Ribbentrop had been immensely pleased by his reception by Stalin. Both Ribbentrop and Hitler were completely satisfied with their new friendship and were not disturbed by the possibilities of Communist advances into Europe. Ciano said he had been astounded by their casualness and apparent willingness to permit Russia to control the Baltic and to penetrate elsewhere.

The presentiments of Ciano and the Polish Ambassador about the

THE CONFLICT BEGINS

Baltic proved to be well founded. On November 30, my Finnish colleague came to see me. He regarded the situation between his government and Moscow as very serious but he could not believe that the Soviets intended to make war. The Italian attitude towards Finland, he said, was wholly sympathetic, in private as well as in official circles. His government's material requirements, including aeroplanes, had been promptly provided by the Italians. He had been informed on reliable authority that Mussolini had recently made known his whole-hearted admiration of the government and people of Finland in this emergency. But the Minister had no sooner left my office than we learned through one of our Press agencies that fighting had already taken place along the Soviet-Finnish frontier and that the airport of Helsingfors was being bombed.

The following days the Italian press gave the greatest possible prominence to the Soviet aggression against Finland. On the front page of the *Messaggero* in large type appeared the heading "Brutal rejection by the Soviets of President Roosevelt's offer of mediation". (This was in contrast to the Press attitude following the equally brutal Soviet-German assault on Poland.) I called at once upon the Finnish Minister to express my deep concern, and assured him that he had the sympathy of the entire American people.

The Finnish Legation was deluged with applications from Italian youths of fifteen to twenty-two years of age for permission to enlist in the Finnish army. But volunteers were required to find their own way to Finland, fully armed and equipped for service, which put an end to this enthusiasm. As an expression of popular Italian sympathy, a demonstration occurred in front of the Palazzo Brancaccio, where the Finnish Legation was housed. Several hundred Blackshirts assembled, shouting, "*Viva Finlandia! Resita!*" The Minister went down to the street and the crowd carried him on their shoulders, cheering him and Finland. When finally he thought he had had enough, he was promptly carried back to the Palazzo. Earlier in the day there had been a hostile manifestation by the same group before the Soviet Embassy. Later I noticed that the block in which the Soviet Embassy was located was surrounded by lines of Italian soldiers, to "protect" the Embassy from molestation, which was in reality an Italian method of signifying displeasure.

I mentioned to the Rector of the University of Rome, that I was delighted at the way his students were behaving over the Soviet-Finnish affair, for they too had been demonstrating before the Finnish

Legation. He said something to the effect that "all students are very hotheaded". I laughed and said that I was certain that their action had official approval, which he let pass with a smile. All of this was done, of course, to emphasize the importance of the anti-Soviet and pro-Finnish policies of the Italian Government.

The reaction of Moscow was swift. A day or two after these incidents, and actually on the day before his audience with the King, the new Soviet Ambassador suddenly left for Moscow, with wife, bag and baggage. For some time thereafter I had no Soviet Ambassadorial colleague to deal with.

On December 16, 1939, Ciano made his much publicized speech before the Chamber. A good many diplomats were present in the diplomatic gallery and I found myself seated rather uncomfortably between the German and Japanese Ambassadors. He spoke for nearly two hours and it seemed to me that his remarks could easily have been presented in half the time. However, he spoke well; although he read from his manuscript it was cleverly done without giving too much the effect of reading. He took a long time in leading up to the present conflict and paid a tribute to Polish "heroism" and Mussolini's peace efforts. He branded as false the reports that Italy had stayed out of the war on account of unpreparedness, divisions of public opinion, or fear, and insisted that the country was thoroughly prepared and looking after its own interests. He referred to Italy's interest in the Balkans because she was a "Balkan power", although he did not consider the formation of a Balkan block as necessary. When he referred to Hungary, the Hungarian Minister received an enthusiastic ovation and rose from his seat in the gallery in acknowledgement. While Ciano referred to the good relations with nearly all the world including the Latin American countries, he omitted, to my surprise, any reference to the United States. He of course denounced Bolshevism.

Speaking of the preliminary Milan conversations of May last, which led up to the signing of the military alliance with Germany, he remarked that the two countries concerned had decided upon a period of peace in order to "perfect" the work of internal reconstruction and military preparedness, and that in the case of Italy this period would be three years. This was noteworthy, as it was the first official confirmation that Italy was not obliged to go to Germany's assistance before three years. The German Embassy, I heard, was irritated by this statement, which they must have regarded as information to the

THE CONFLICT BEGINS

enemy. It certainly had that aspect, though it could scarcely have been an unintentional slip.

The Christmas message from the President was a remarkable document, and I felt sure it had been drafted entirely by the President himself. It pledged the United States to co-operate with the Vatican as soon as peace was restored and informed us that Myron Taylor had been appointed the "Personal Representative of the President" to the Vatican, with the rank of Ambassador, for the duration of the war. This was highly significant and might, I thought, pave the way to a permanent mission to the Vatican. I welcomed the appointment and looked forward to close co-operation with Mr. Taylor. The Pope publicly expressed his belief that the paths to peace were still open, at an opportune moment, through the "offices of responsible men". He added that the Taylor appointment was "Christmas news which could not be more welcome since it represented on the part of the eminent head of a great and powerful nation a worthy and promising contribution to our desires for a just and honourable peace".

Cardinal Pacelli was elected Pope on March 2, 1939. The College of Cardinals had been balloting for several days when the rumour spread that the choice was about to be made. At 5.30 p.m. I had a sudden urge to see "the smoke" rising from the little tin chimney above the Sistine chapel. After each ballot the smoke would be either white or black, indicating to the waiting crowds the result of the balloting; black smoke meant no result; white smoke would inform the world that a Pope had been chosen.

I found the Piazza San Pietro already two-thirds filled and a tapestry was being hung over the balustrade of the little balcony above the main entrance of St. Peter's. It was evident that I had missed the white smoke and that the announcement of the election was about to take place. Suddenly, loud speakers proclaimed, "We have a Pope," and proceeded to give the name and title of Pacelli as Pius XII. Tremendous enthusiasm burst forth from the crowd. Everybody waved his hat and the Piazza resounded with cheers. All faces were turned toward St. Peter's and then, led by the invisible Sistine choir a slow chanting began. It was an impressive moment. In a few minutes the new Pope appeared on the balcony, and the crowd knelt reverently while he gave his blessing.

Mussolini's Demands

THE new year of 1940 opened with every aspect of being a critical one. My wife and I spent a part of the holidays in Paris, which we found grim in comparison to Rome. At night the boulevards and principal streets were dimly lighted, while the less important streets were in complete darkness. And as all places of amusement had to be closed by 11 p.m. the entire city at that hour seemed completely deserted. I called upon Léger at the Foreign Office, who feared that Mussolini might be planning to bring about a premature peace which would save the Nazi regime and safeguard the Fascist regime. Mussolini, he thought, clung to Germany not only because of the similarity of the two regimes but because only with the aid of Germany could Italy exercise any real influence in the affairs of Europe. Should Mussolini become involved in a premature peace move for the purpose of saving Germany, the French policy, which was a benevolent one, would have to be abandoned. As Léger was regarded as one of the best informed French statesmen on foreign affairs, I was glad to have his views on Mussolini. But a successful peace move on the part of Hitler and Mussolini seemed to me so remote that I did not altogether share Léger's apprehension.

It was always difficult to gauge precisely the relations between Mussolini and Ciano. There were good reasons why they should be close because the Countess Edda was supposed to be the apple of her father's eye. On the other hand, one could never be certain that all was well between Ciano and his wife for they led very independent lives in certain respects. There were rumours in January, 1940, that Ciano was aspiring to succession in the control of the government and was assiduously making friends on all sides with this aim in view, but so far without any split between the two men. I said to him one day that I did not suppose he was aware that rumours were still in circulation

in Rome in connection with his personal affairs (meaning of course his possible transfer elsewhere). Ciano laughingly replied that he was thoroughly informed of them and received a batch of them a couple of inches thick through the medium of the police every morning. Rather jokingly he said that he had now been seven years in office in Rome and was no longer disturbed by rumours. But he also added that seven years was a long time for anyone to hold office.

On February 9 I wrote to the President :

It is only too evident that Mussolini continues singularly sensitive to German pressure, and yet Ciano's star continues to rise and he to become more and more outspokenly hostile to Germany. It is a curious situation. I understand that Ciano refuses to accept invitations to the German Embassy and sends a substitute in his place.

Later I was made aware that a cleavage between them did in fact exist, but whether this was due to Ciano's reported ambitions or because his feelings toward Germany were less warm than those of the Duce, I could not ascertain. My own opinion was that while Ciano may have thought of himself as the "heir apparent" to Mussolini, he never had sufficient popular support throughout the country to risk an open breach; therefore, what went on behind the scenes between the two should not be taken too seriously.

The split was particularly apparent during an unexpected visit of Von Ribbentrop to Rome early in March. Ciano remarked to me that he had no idea of the visit until the German Ambassador had come to inform him the previous afternoon. He was ignorant of the matters which Von Ribbentrop would bring up but he admitted that undoubtedly the visit was exceedingly important. Von Ribbentrop arrived on the following day, accompanied by a group of experts. I noted with interest that Ciano spent most of the afternoon on the golf course, so that whatever the German Foreign Minister was up to did not seem to be of great concern to the Italian Foreign Minister. Ciano maintained an attitude of correct indifference throughout Von Ribbentrop's stay.

After his departure I said to Ciano that I assumed Von Ribbentrop had hopes of persuading Italy to adopt a more conciliatory attitude toward Moscow. The Minister admitted that Germany would view with satisfaction a closer collaboration between Rome and Moscow, although no pressure had as yet been brought upon Italy. He said there would be no change in Italy's policy toward Soviet Russia and

MUSSOLINI'S DEMANDS

confirmed what he had told me some time ago, that the Italian Government would not "take the initiative" in any move with respect to Moscow. He added that I knew very well his attitude toward the Soviets and his policy with regard to Communism.

Ciano's antipathy to Communism manifested itself again over the exchange of telegrams which appeared in the Press between himself and Wang Ching Wei, the Japanese puppet in North China. On January 25, as instructed by the department, I read to Ciano a telegram which had been sent to Tokyo in November, 1939, giving the views of the United States with regard to the so-called Wang puppet government. In brief, we did not believe that the Wang government had the support of the Chinese people, nor, since it was being sponsored by the Japanese Government, would American citizens receive their just rights under our treaties with China. Following the instructions, I added that I did not wish to imply any criticism of Ciano's telegram to Wang but felt that he would wish to be advised of the American position.

Ciano then explained the exchange of telegrams: Wang had been living for some time in an Italian concession and had wired his appreciation of this hospitality. Ciano's message was in reply to this, and Wang's second telegram was in reply to Ciano's message. Both messages had been published at Wang's request. Ciano added that Chiang Kai-shek was known to be pro-Soviet and was co-operating more and more with Moscow. Wang, on the other hand, was strongly anti-Communist, and it was natural, therefore, that the Italian Government should encourage his efforts. At this point Ciano emphasized his own present and continuing anti-Communist policy. He felt that Wang's popularity was on the increase and that he would eventually succeed with the assistance of the Japanese Government. He also stated with definiteness that there was no idea of anti-Americanism in his action toward Wang.

Labelling Chiang as pro-Soviet was certainly a new one on me. I could only conclude that this absurdity was emotional rather than rational in its origins.

In reality the key to Italy's relations with the Soviet Union lay in the Balkans. When I talked to him in September, 1939, Under-Secretary Bastianini had professed himself greatly disturbed about Russian progress into Europe. He thought the next immediate danger was Rumania. The Russians were resuming their imperialistic programme, he had said, and this peril of Communism overrunning

MUSSOLINI'S DEMANDS

Europe through the Balkans was a far greater danger to Italy than the "senseless" British-German struggle.

I often talked over the Balkan situation with my well-informed Turkish colleague. He felt that the general atmosphere between Italy and Turkey was improving. He explained this improvement as follows: (1) The Balkan states all agreed that it was to their interest to preserve peace in south-eastern Europe. This was the whole-hearted desire of the Turkish Government, which had been doing everything possible to further this objective. Before the war, the Italian Government was believed to have ambitions of her own in the Balkan area and for this reason the policies of Italy and Turkey had not run on parallel lines. Italy's realization since the war, that her best interests lay in a peaceful Balkan area, had now brought the policies of the two governments into line as far as the Balkan states were concerned. (2) The British-French-Turkish treaty of alliance was largely directed toward the preservation of peace in south-eastern Europe. There was no undertaking of an offensive character in it but merely an agreement on the part of Britain and France to support Turkey in resisting the aggression of any fourth power in this area. At first, Italy had been offended by the agreement and regarded it as directed against her interests; but since the outbreak of war, the Italian Government had come to accept the treaty as a guarantee of peace, a peace which lay in Italy's own interests.

I asked Ciano one day whether he had any news of interest with regard to the Balkan situation and Rumanian in particular. He called my attention to a resolution approved by the Fascist Grand Council, which stated that "Everything which may take place in the Danubian-Balkan basin cannot but directly concern Italy in view of the common territorial and maritime frontiers which were further extended following the union of the Kingdom of Albania to the Kingdom of Italy". He made it quite clear that this was Italy's formal notice to the world of her intention to resist Soviet aggression should it develop in the Balkan area.

His position on the Balkans was further confirmed in an interview which he had in January with Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick of the *New York Times*, an interview which was arranged with no little difficulty, I might add. For reasons which were never clear to me, Ciano had declined to receive Mrs. McCormick whose request for an interview I had presented to the Foreign Office. Consequently, I sent for Lanza d'Ajeta, one of Ciano's personal assistants, and opened

MUSSOLINI'S DEMANDS

the conversation by saying that I had reason to fear that there was some serious misunderstanding between the Embassy and the Foreign Office. I could only account for it in three ways: (1) a complete misunderstanding; (2) that the Minister had something personal against me; or (3) that he had something personal against Mrs. McCormick. I wished a frank explanation.

I explained the reasons why I regarded it important for Mrs. McCormick to be received. The President, in his last conversation with her, had said certain things about Italy which I felt he intended to have reported by her to Ciano, and a refusal by the latter, in view of the President's interest, would make a bad impression. Furthermore, there was the attitude of the *Times* itself to be considered. In conclusion, I reminded him that my whole purpose in Rome was to try to improve the relations of our two countries but that I had ample responsibilities at home. I asked him whether he understood what I meant and he assured me that he would repeat it verbatim. As soon as I arrived home after church, he rang me up to say that the Minister would receive Mrs. McCormick the following morning at ten o'clock.

While I realized that I carried this matter rather far, it seemed to me highly important, not only for my own prestige in Rome but for much more important reasons, and that Ciano's refusal to receive the lady should not stand.

Having made up his mind to go through with it, Ciano evidently decided to be gracious. Following her call, Mrs. McCormick said that he had been frank and amiable and had appreciated the President's comment on Italian policy since the outbreak of war. He wished to do everything possible to improve relations between Italy and the United States, and mentioned the pending Treaty of Friendship and Commerce. Italo-American relations had suffered not so much on their own account but because of Italy's connection with Germany, he admitted. Italy was doing its best to limit the scope of the war by preserving the *status quo* among the Balkan states. He said that Italy's intention was to keep out of the war, and asked Mrs. McCormick what we would do if France and Great Britain were endangered. She replied that she thought the United States might get into the war, to which he added significantly, "That is also our opinion." On the basis of all these indications it seemed as if Italy intended to maintain her neutrality. The question of course was whether Hitler would exert sufficient pressure on his junior partner to compel him to take a

MUSSOLINI'S DEMANDS

more active part, and also whether Italy was in a military position to do so. In my letter of February 9, to the President, I also said:

While the Italian war preparations are continuing at a reasonable pace, Italy's economic position continues precarious. We hear that her stocks of oil are nearly up to capacity and that some of her oil products (not gasoline) are being shipped to Germany from Trieste. The French are carefully watching these shipments and, if they continue, appear determined to cut off Italy's crude oil supplies. Yesterday I telegraphed the department a long list of articles in which Italy was conspicuously lacking, a figure so impressive that it is proof to me that Italy cannot effectively wage modern war even though its ruler (Mussolini) might not desire to remain passive in the present conflict.

And then came the news of Sumner Welles' projected trip to Europe. I explained to Ciano that it was for information only, that Welles carried no proposals from Washington, but that he hoped to have an opportunity to talk confidentially with the heads of the various European countries.

The Wellese arrived in Naples on February 25. I was on hand to meet them, and escorted them to Rome in a private railway car furnished by the government, which was attached to an afternoon train. We were all impressed by the reception and the courtesies which the government went out of its way to extend. The station in Naples was beautifully decorated with flowers and red carpets, and likewise the station in Rome was in gala array, while outside the station a large crowd had assembled to catch a glimpse of the Under-Secretary of State.

The following morning we drove together to the Foreign Office where Ciano received us most cordially. The talk continued for one hour and a half, over a large range of subjects. I admired the way Welles opened the conversation. He expressed his appreciation of the important contributions which the Italian Government had made toward the preservation of peace in the Mediterranean and Balkan areas. He spoke of the President's satisfaction with the Italian contribution to the New York and San Francisco fairs and our request to Congress for an appropriation of two million dollars for the American representation in the great Rome Exposition then planned for 1942. Ciano, on his part, covered the whole range of European politics and Italy's relation to them in a masterful manner.

In the afternoon, Welles and I were received by the Duce in the Palazzo Venezia. After a short wait we were ushered into his immense

MUSSOLINI'S DEMANDS

office. As he advanced to greet us, I was shocked by his appearance which had changed markedly since I had last seen him. His eyes seemed to droop and there was an expression of fatigue when his face was in repose. Welles opened the interview in an agreeable vein, by handing Mussolini an autographed letter of presentation from the President, which ended with a pleasant greeting and the hope that the President might have an opportunity of meeting the Duce. Mussolini, evidently pleased by the letter, asked Ciano who was also present to clarify two or three words. The interview lasted one hour. The Duce spoke in Italian and Ciano translated for the benefit of the Under-Secretary. I should have preferred that both men speak in French, but Mussolini evidently desired to speak through an interpreter, as this gave him more time to consider his next point. But afterwards, as we were leaving, he turned to me, and speaking in French, mentioned with pride that besides keeping up his riding and swimming, he was playing tennis and had recently beaten his professional 6-2. He asked me whether I played tennis. I replied laughingly that I was much too old for tennis and was reduced to golf, whereas he on the contrary, was still a very young man. This seemed to please him and he roared with laughter, pointing at me and saying: "You an old man!" However, this flaunting of his physical prowess was belied by his worn appearance.

As a result of Welles' visit I had the impression that the official "tap", as I called it, which was turned on or off by Mussolini as he saw fit, had been turned slightly towards a more friendly approach to the United States. I had seen it move so often in the wrong direction that I had become sensitive to its trends. But for a short period, at any rate, I noticed a pleasant change of attitude on the part of the Fascist leaders, which I enjoyed even after Welles' departure.

On March 15, Welles, homeward bound, stopped briefly in Rome, and on the following day I took him to call upon the King, Mussolini, and Ciano. Mussolini appeared more at ease than during the first interview. He told us that he and Ciano were leaving the following day to meet with Hitler at his request at the Brenner Pass.

On their return from the Brenner meeting, Ciano revealed that the conversations had been largely devoted to internal affairs of the two countries (meaning, we assumed, their economic relations). Hitler had seemed "quiet" and had given no intention of any plans for an immediate offensive; he compared Hitler's moderate attitude to the "violent attitude" of Von Ribbentrop during his recent visit to Rome.

MUSSOLINI'S DEMANDS

Nothing had developed to change the policy of Italy in any respect. There would be no Italian *entente* with Russia.

I obtained a copy of the official instructions to the Italian press with regard to the meeting which were to :

Dedicate your entire front pages to the Mussolini-Hitler talks at the Brenner Pass expressing the certainty wherewith the Italian people, forming a concrete block around the Duce and his decisions, greet the event which, notwithstanding the importance of the two heads of government who attended meeting, enters in the framework of the Axis and the pact of Italo-German alliance.

Up-play world reaction and stress the fact that the talks took place on Italian soil.

Eliminate and abolish any whatsoever reference to peace.

Do not mention anything which may indicate a change in Italy's stand towards European conflict.

Do not publish or comment reaction from foreign capitals on an Associated Press report from Berlin that Von Ribbentrop is soon going to Moscow.

It is absolutely forbidden even to deny or refer in any manner to the formation of an Italo-Russo-German block.

On March 30 I said to Ciano that I was calling upon him not in my capacity as Ambassador but rather as a friend who had a liking for him personally. Was he aware, I asked, that American public opinion with regard to Italy had been modified since the beginning of the war? I felt there was in the administration in Washington a growing realization of Italy's difficult position between the belligerents, and an understanding of Italy's balanced position, between the pro-German tendencies of Mussolini on one side and the pro-Allied inclination of the Foreign Minister on the other. Washington fully appreciated his efforts to maintain peace and the *status quo* in the Balkans. He knew, of course, I said, that Rome was filled with rumours; there was to be a reorientation of the position of Italy as a result of the Brenner conversations, moreover, he himself would be affected. I assured him that anything he felt able to tell me would be held in the strictest confidence and only for the information of the President, whom he knew, through Mr. Welles, was sympathetic to Italy.

The Minister seemed to appreciate my concern and to accept my analysis of the situation. "You know," he said, "the Duce is strongly pro-German and feels bound to fulfil his obligations under the alliance." Ciano did not clarify his own attitude towards the belligerents beyond saying that I had guessed it correctly, which I interpreted as meaning that he himself favoured the Allies. And although he said

nothing definite concerning his own position in the government, I was more than ever certain that it was not secure because of his lack of sympathy with Mussolini's subservience to the Germans.

A pronounced pro-German tendency was certainly evident. About this time the British radio announced the sinking by a German plane of an Italian vessel, *Amelia Lauro*. One man had been killed and three injured. Ciano admitted to me that the ship had been bombed by a German plane, but when I asked him point-blank whether this would lead to a protest by Italy he was evidently embarrassed, but indicated that there would be none. Here was unmistakable proof of Italian weakness *vis-à-vis* Germany.

I have always been grateful to Ciano for giving us from time to time information of political and military importance. On February 13 he told me that April would probably be the month for the outbreak of intensive hostilities. His views seemed confirmed by a statement of the German Military Attaché in Belgrade that a German drive would soon take place, that the German army believed in offensive strategy, and that the attack would probably go through Belgium.

In early April, I reminded Ciano that he had once thought a German offensive would begin in April, and asked whether he still held that opinion. He answered that he had no reason to change it. Four days later, on April 9, the BBC announced that at three o'clock that morning the Germans had landed in Norway and crossed the frontier into Denmark. The so-called phoney war had ended.

Almost simultaneously the Italian press, which I realized perfectly was controlled by Mussolini, renewed its violent attacks upon the United States. Later, I called upon Ciano and told him I was advising the State Department not to take the outrageous Press too seriously, that I did not believe it was a preface to war against the United States. He interrupted to say I was correct and that the attitude of the Italian press had been "brutal". He could not speak for the future "on account of the delicacy of the situation". But for the present he could assure me that not only had no decision been reached to alter Italy's position, but that the subject had not yet come up for discussion. Then he turned to me and said in a very direct and sincere manner, "Some diplomats do not fully realize that Mussolini is the supreme power in the land. It is important to keep in mind that members of his government are solely in office to carry out his orders". This I accepted as a useful hint that Ciano's independent influence was nonexistent and I felt grateful to him for revealing the real situation. The

MUSSOLINI'S DEMANDS

Duce was the only dominating influence in Italy. Whatever his personal views might be, Ciano's voice counted for nothing.

On April 16, as Ciano was ill in bed, I called upon Anfuso, and read to him in translation a paragraph from the Sunday broadcast of Ansaldo, a leading editorial writer. It read in part: "All Italians who think that this country can stay out of the present conflict are mistaken; all those Italians who think that Italy can withdraw into herself and think of nothing else are mistaken and self-deceived."

I reminded Anfuso that the Minister had always advised me to follow Ansaldo's comments with great care inasmuch as Ansaldo was, in a sense, Ciano's spokesman. Anfuso replied that the statement was not in any sense official. He said that it represented what many people in Italy were thinking, to which I replied: "Certainly, I am aware of that fact." Anfuso then said, very stupidly it seemed to me, that I could gather from the Italian press that "Italy is very sympathetic with Germany and is following enthusiastically the success of Germany's armies in Scandinavia".

At this point I remarked that half of Germany's navy appeared to have been sunk during the recent naval battle. He made no comment other than to emphasize again that the Press represented Mussolini and that Italians "thought of Mussolini as Italy". He did not deny the significance of Ansaldo's statement, but all I could get out of him was that the attitude of the Press was Mussolini's attitude.

But the attitude of the people toward Mussolini was shown by an incident which occurred on a Sunday evening in the Piazza di Siena, during an exhibition of peasant dancing. As no one was aware of the Duce's arrival, the loud-speaker called out: "Duce! Duce! Duce!" in the expectation that the crowd would take up the usual acclamation. However, there was no response from the crowd and the loud-speaker was obliged to repeat the words, but again with no result. The loud-speaker then told the people to go home, the lights were turned out, and the show ended. A member of our Press who was present thought the incident graphically illustrated the decline of Mussolini's once widespread popularity.

One day in late April, Count Volpi, a close associate of Mussolini, an ardent Fascist and one of the financial powers of Italy, came to see me at my request. I explained to him my difficulty in finding out with any degree of accuracy the attitude of the Italian Government in relation to the war, and said that I would be exceedingly grateful if he could enlighten me.

MUSSOLINI'S DEMANDS

Volpi asked me to keep his name out of all dispatches but gladly agreed to give me his personal impressions. Then followed a long historical summary of Italy's past relations with Great Britain and France, and also with Germany since 1903 except for the interim of the first World War. France and Great Britain had been antagonistic for a long period, and he emphasized in particular, sanctions, their attitude during the Spanish civil war, and now the blockade of Italian trade. He regarded the blockade pressure as wholly unnecessary and infuriating to the Duce.

"Mussolini is a man of the people with highly explosive qualities, but following the explosion he acts with caution and deliberation," Volpi told me. He had been present during a recent explosion. "If you had been there," he said, "you would surely have thought that Italy was about to enter the war." However, immediately afterwards, Mussolini had acted with the coolest judgment.

In conclusion, Volpi did not think that Italy would enter the war at this time, although he warned that if the Allied governments injured Italy in some way or committed some hostile act, Italy might quickly reverse its position. As to the pro-German Italian press, that was the minimum of help which Italy could give to its ally under the present conditions.

As a result of Volpi's assurances, I felt that my reports to Washington had all been justified, in spite of various crises through which we passed from time to time. Another such crisis had occurred the previous week, when it appeared that Mussolini had been about to make an aggressive move and join the Germans in the war. This was no doubt the explanation of the Ansaldo broadcast. Farinacci, who was regarded as Mussolini's closest adviser had persuaded him that it was not the moment to take such action in view of the division of opinion among the party leaders and the attitude of the public and army. It was all too true, however, that Italy "was on the edge of a volcano".

On April 30, I received a long telegram from the department containing a message from the President to Mussolini, together with instructions to present it personally as soon as possible. It was in the form of a letter but at the same time I was asked not to leave a copy of it. The message was hopeful that the Italian government would do everything possible to prevent the spread of the conflict to southern and south-eastern Europe. But it also contained a threat. Roosevelt said that "No man can today predict with assurance, should a further extension [of the war] take place, what the ultimate result might be, or

foretell what nations, however determined they may today be to remain at peace, might yet eventually find it imperative in their own defence to enter the war".

Mussolini greeted me very quietly and with his usual courtesy. I told him I had instructions to read him the message, which I proceeded to do. He translated it into Italian phrase by phrase; in this way I was able to assure myself that he had grasped every point. At the end, he read it a second time, translating it as he went along into French to show me that he understood the English text.

He was glad that the President thought himself a realist. He said that we must approach European problems in this spirit and should settle first of all the political questions and the "various poisons" which were making impossible a European peace. He was confident that Germany would win the war and that Russia was unbeatable. "The news from Norway indicates," he said, "that the Norwegian situation has been liquidated in favour of Germany. With supplies from fifteen countries to call upon, the Allied blockade is ineffective." Germany was willing to have an independent Poland with restricted frontiers and also a Czechoslovakian State.

What were the President's views with regard to the new map of Europe? he asked. As far as he was concerned, Italy was now a prisoner within the Mediterranean, and yet Italy was a great industrial country depending upon international trade. "Italy must have freedom of outlet into the Atlantic, and this cannot be done under the guns of Gibraltar." He spoke also of a necessary change in the control of the Suez Canal in favour of Italy. "Neither Italy, Germany nor Russia desire to extend the area of the war and there is no reason why this should happen unless the Allies take some action in the Danubian area or in Salonika, which would alter the situation."

The following day, Ciano gave me Mussolini's answer, which had already been telegraphed to Ambassador Colonna for delivery to the President. It touched on six points: (1) If Denmark and Norway were brought into the war, the responsibility would not be Germany's but the Allies'. (2) Notwithstanding the fact that Italy's mercantile traffic had been subjected to vexations and continuous control, Italy's non-belligerency assured peace for 200,000,000 men. (3) Both Germany and Italy were against an extension of the conflict. It was a question of whether this was also the viewpoint of the Allies. (4) The only European nation that dominated the great part of the world and possessed a monopoly of raw materials was Great Britain. Italy

MUSSOLINI'S DEMANDS

had no programme in this connection, but declared that no peace was possible until the fundamental problem of Italian liberty had been solved. (5) As for the extension of the war on the part of the three Americas, Italy had never occupied itself with relations of the American republics and the United States, and was therefore in a position to ask for reciprocity on the part of the United States with respect to European affairs. (6) Whenever conditions permitted, Italy was ready to "give her contribution for a better world system".

I asked Ciano to explain the Duce's reference to Gibraltar. He had also mentioned that there were certain problems to be settled with France, and I had regretted that I had not asked him at the time for further clarification. Ciano said it was impossible to formulate, with any definiteness, Italy's problems with the French beyond those which had already been publicly stated: Tunis, Djibouti, and the Canal. It was not the moment to include Corsica. "The point which the Duce mentioned with regard to Gibraltar, however, is of supreme importance. Italy's need to have a window on the Atlantic is to be borne in mind as vital."

In conclusion and with a certain naïvety, Ciano hoped I realized that he had never told me a lie and never intended to do so. He would rather resign his position than do anything of the sort. I assured him that I had confidence in him and that lies were stupid things because they were of no ultimate value and were so easily discovered.

Italy Enters the War

MAY 10 brought the dramatic and terrible news of the entry of Germany into Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg during the night. At once I asked for an appointment with the Minister, which he gave me at 10 a.m. Again he assured me that there was no contemplated change in Italy's position. "The Duce is, of course, ready to carry out his obligations under the Italo-German alliance, but nothing has happened as yet which requires any alteration in Italian non-belligerency."

On walking to the office that morning I noticed bitter anti-British posters, conspicuously placed, an ominous sign. The Press, too, published in the most prominent manner a report to the Duce from the head of the office of "Economic War", enumerating a long list of British control measures against Italian merchant shipping. The publication of the report, which was ten days old, at that moment undoubtedly was intended to foment anti-British feeling. And as I drove out to Ninfa for lunch with friends I was surprised to notice that all the little towns through which we passed were also plastered with the same anti-British posters, a typical and shocking method of arousing the people. That evening the radio announced the resignation of Chamberlain in favour of Churchill.

Two days later I asked Ciano to speak frankly about the situation. "A week or ten days ago," he said, "the chances were about 50-50 that Italy could maintain its present position. Now the chances are about 90-10 in favour of Italy's entry into the war. Because of the reported rapid headway being made by the Germans in Holland and Belgium, and Hitler's reports to the Duce have always proved to be correct, the Duce has practically made up his mind to join with Germany." But when this step would be taken, Ciano did not know; it might be soon, it might be in some weeks. "There is still a very slight chance that the step will not be taken at all."

I reminded him that I felt great responsibility toward my com-

patriots in Italy. The last time I had mentioned the subject he had indicated it was wholly unnecessary for me to urge them to depart. However, this morning he expressed no opinion, which I accepted as a reversal of his previous position. He mentioned the various warlike manifestations that were going on as indicating an enthusiasm for participation in the war. A large majority of the people desired it and only a small minority held opposite views. Did he, I wondered, really think that I believed him? At the end of the interview I said that I was leaving his office thoroughly depressed and discouraged for the first time since my arrival in Rome. He offered no comment.

Meanwhile, in one of the most pathetic developments of the day, bands of boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen had been parading through the streets of Rome shouting for war. One parent told me that all the boys in her son's school were instructed to go out and take part in the processions, although three-quarters of them did not want to do so.

The British, I learned, were greatly perplexed. In spite of all the war talk, their negotiations for a new clearing agreement with Italy had been completed in the utmost amity, and the agreement was to be signed the following week. Moreover, Italian aeroplane manufacturers, with the apparent approval of the Duce, were offering to sell to the British Government one hundred planes, provided only that the sale should be made through a third government. It seemed that there were two conflicting policies, one conducted by high and bellicose Fascist officials; the other presumably by the permanent officials of the government who were anxious to continue trade relations with the British and French.

Immediately on receipt of the report of my last conversation with Ciano, the President sent me a rush message for Mussolini dated Washington, midnight, which I was instructed to deliver at once. I telephoned for an appointment with the Duce and then hastened to the Foreign Office, where Ciano was ready to receive me. He told me that he had already communicated with Mussolini, who had asked him to receive the message. I expressed my regret that I could not carry out my instructions to present the message in person. Ciano explained that it was to avoid undue publicity and sensationalism, which he said had been the result of my last call on Mussolini. Undoubtedly the Duce was fearful of his German master. He then read the message and assured me that it would be in the hands of the Duce within a few minutes. The message contained the following paragraphs:

ITALY ENTERS THE WAR

Forces which slaughter, forces which deny God, forces which seek to dominate mankind by fear rather than by reason, seem at this moment to be extending their conquest against one hundred million human beings who have no desire but peace. . . .

Therefore, I make the simple plea that you, responsible for Italy, withhold your hand, stay wholly apart from any war and refrain from any threat of attack. So only can you help mankind tonight and tomorrow and in pages of history.

Later in the morning Ciano telephoned to say that Mussolini desired me to thank the President, adding that for the present Mussolini had no further comments to make. A few days later, he handed me the Duce's reply. After saying that the President's views were worthy of the greatest consideration, Mussolini stated that "Italy was, and intended to remain, allied with Germany and could not disassociate herself at a moment when the fate of Europe was at stake".

On May 24 disquieting news came to me that the sailings of two Italian liners, the *Neptunia* and the *Rex*, scheduled within the next three days from Genoa, had been postponed. We also had another ominous report from British sources that the Japanese mission then in Rome, had asked Mussolini whether he would have any objection to a move by Japan on the Dutch East Indies, and that he had replied he was "indifferent".

The next day new posters appeared on the streets of Rome reading: "Long Live Italian Corsica", and the Press published a letter from someone who had fled from Corsica to Italy, which concluded with the words: "Rise to your feet, my people! The moment of redemption is close at hand!"

On arrival at the office on May 27, I found a third message from the President to Mussolini, which I was again instructed to present orally. It was still another attempt on the part of the President to keep the war from spreading to the Mediterranean. The message was marked "Secret" and was an offer of mediation, asking Mussolini to state Italy's demands which he, the President, would undertake to communicate to the British and French Governments. I informed Ciano that I would like to deliver it in person. He explained again that Mussolini would be unable to see me but that he himself would receive the message, and he began to read it forthwith, taking pencil notes as he went along. It was only too apparent that in view of his subordinate position with the Germans, Mussolini was no longer able to receive the American Ambassador.

The President said :

I would communicate such a message from you with the understanding that if an agreement were arrived at, it would involve an assurance to me by the French and British Governments that such an agreement would be faithfully executed and that those governments would welcome Italian participation in any eventual peace conference with a status equal to that of the belligerents and, finally, that you would in similar fashion assure me that the claims of Italy would be satisfied by the execution of this agreement and that the agreement so reached would avoid the possibility of Italy entering the war.

The President further stated that the proposals of the Italian Government or possible counter-proposals from the French and British Governments did not, of course, concern him nor was he in a position to undertake any responsibility other than that already indicated. He concluded :

My sole desire in making this suggestion is to make a practical effort towards avoiding the extension of the war.

When Ciano had finished reading I asked whether he could give me an idea of the nature of the reply. He said promptly and without any hesitation it would "certainly be a no". He went on to explain that the situation had two angles: Italy's position comprised not only the need of securing her legitimate aspirations, but also Mussolini's definite obligations under his alliance with Germany.

As I was not satisfied that Ciano appreciated the importance, indeed gravity of the President's message, I asked him frankly whether he did realize its full significance. He said that he did, but that "it is now impossible to change the situation". He did not mean that Italy would enter the war at once, it certainly would not be for a few days, but he impressed upon me that "it will happen soon".

Again he asked whether I could tell him anything about the attitude of the United States. I reminded him, as I had done before, of the President's vast defence programme which Congress had already approved. He asked how many American planes had been shipped to the Allies, but I preferred not to go into this and merely said that I had no definite information on the subject. The interview ended when Ciano remarked, "I assume that the United States is in sympathy with the Allies just as Italy stands with Germany." I indicated that that was about correct.

At one o'clock the Minister's personal secretary called me on the telephone to say that the Minister would receive me at once at the

ITALY ENTERS THE WAR

Foreign Office. There Ciano informed me that the Duce had confirmed the statements which he had already made to me. He mentioned Mussolini's desire to preserve his "freedom of action", meaning, I assumed, that Mussolini was not disposed to enter into any negotiations which might limit his "freedom of action". And then Ciano emphasized again that Mussolini had the responsibility of the "fulfilment of an engagement—of words given". As I was taking pencilled notes of his language, he said that I might add that "any attempt to prevent Italy from fulfilling her engagements would not be well regarded".

It was a complete rejection of the President's proposal. The news that the combined British-French-Belgian forces had been partially surrounded in the vicinity of Lille and were unable to fight their way out to join the French armies west of the Somme may have strengthened Mussolini's conviction that the war was nearing its end with Germany the easy winner. We learned shortly of the Belgian army's surrender to the Germans, which spelled certain defeat of the British and French forces unless, by a miracle, they could cut through and join the French army, which proved impossible. The epic withdrawal from Dunkirk was the sequence.

On the afternoon of May 29 I heard that Ciano, on the golf course, had said to an Italian friend that "things would happen" between June 10 and 15, and I accepted the report as well founded. Two days later, I wrote to the President as follows:

. . . It is, indeed, an appalling situation; and when one considers that as early as August 25 last, the French had expressed their willingness to settle amicably their problems with the Italians, and had repeated this desire at least twice; and when one considers that the British, in spite of all the mistakes they have made, have at long last declared their willingness to relieve the strain of the blockade by new control measures, and when the rest of the world including the Balkans desire only to remain on good terms with the Italians, the picture presented by this country, out for what they can get anywhere and against anyone, is horrible to contemplate. The regime here seems to be mad territorially. Mussolini undoubtedly has the Caesar complex of adding to the Empire by hook or by crook, and he has not the slightest consideration for anyone in reaching this end. The German Ambassador, Von Mackensen, is reported to have been saying recently that Germany was bringing no pressure to bear upon Italy to enter the war, which seems to me not unnatural from the German point of view, in view of the fact that everything is going Germany's way without Italy's assistance. His statement, however, is not in line with Ciano's assurances to me to the effect that Mussolini

ITALY ENTERS THE WAR

was determined to carry out his obligations under the treaty of alliance with Germany. We live in a maze of rumours in regard to the point at which Mussolini will strike first. The streets of Rome, and I presume elsewhere in Italy, are covered with new highly coloured posters showing a pistol in French colours pointed from Bizerta at Sicily, intending to indicate to the gullible public that Italian Sicily is seriously threatened by French Tunis. We hear that large numbers of troops have been sent during the last day or two to Libya; that Egypt is becoming alarmed; and that for the moment Yugoslavia seems less so. And there are all sorts of reports that the Italians have their eyes on Savoy and Corsica. I will have to admit that this government has diabolic cleverness in being able to keep even the best informed Italians completely in ignorance as to where Mussolini will strike. Ciano has at least been franker with me than with any other of the colleagues, in letting me know the shortness of time left before the zero hour. . . .

One thing is certain, and that is that you have done everything humanly possible to dissuade Mussolini from aggressive action. Unfortunately we are dealing with an Italian peasant who has all the good and bad qualities of a son of Italy, and who cannot possibly grasp the significance of the United States and what it stands for, and what it can mean in the future of Italy. He is too much of a "realist" and has not the imagination to see beyond the overwhelming power of German armaments. And therefore your appeals to him have, I fear, not sunk very deep into his soul. . . .

Having received on the morning of May 31 still another urgent telegram from the President, his final effort to induce Mussolini to alter his fateful course, I was again received by Ciano, who went over the message carefully as on the occasion of the delivery of the previous one.

The President said that:

Through the extension of the war to the Mediterranean region and the inevitable destruction of life and property resulting therefrom, the legitimate interests of the American people will be gravely curtailed and such a possibility cannot be viewed with equanimity by their government. . . .

In conclusion, the further extension of the war as a result of Italian participation would at once result in an increase in the rearmament programme of the United States itself and in redoubling of the efforts of the government of the United States to facilitate in every practical way the securing within the United States by the Allied Powers of all of the supplies and material which they may require.

The President then referred to the particularly close and friendly feeling which has always existed between the American and Italian peoples. For these and other reasons he believed that entire frankness

on his part in moments as grave as those then existing, would be construed by the head of the Italian Government as an indication of the President's greatest desire to maintain and promote good relations between the two countries.

Ciano thereupon proceeded to express his own views. "All the points raised by the President have already been carefully considered. The Duce has made his decision to enter the war, and this will occur within a short time, a matter of a few days."

I remarked: "I hope you fully realize the change that is bound to occur in American public sentiment towards Italy if your country enters the war." To which he replied that this point also had been given full consideration. Everything would be done, he added, to avoid as far as possible any injury to Americans. I hastened to inform Washington.

On the following day, Ciano gave me Mussolini's reply. The Duce confirmed Ciano's statement that the decision to enter the war had already been taken. He turned aside the President's warning that the entry of Italy into the war would mean a redoubling of American efforts to help the Allies, by saying that that was our business and was of no concern to him except, he added, that it was additional proof that the United States had "chosen the Allied side". He reminded the President that he had his own obligations to fulfil with Germany. And in conclusion he said that it was not Italy's aim "to enlarge the conflict in the Mediterranean". There was one further unpleasant comment; he "preferred not to receive any further pressure, which would only stiffen his attitude".

After he had finished delivering the reply, Ciano repeated his usual question whether the United States would enter the war. I said that Italy's entry would go a long way in leading us in that direction. He interrupted by saying that he had a very definite opinion on the subject, which was that the United States would enter the war. He had great admiration for the American soldier, with whom he had come in contact in China, and he realized the immense power of the nation, which was the first time that any high Italian official had indicated to me an appreciation of the fact. So it was now clear that Italy was about to embark on this terrible venture, realizing the probability that it would result in war with the United States and that Ciano's evident appreciation of the danger to Italy had had no effect on Mussolini's ambitions.

That the Duce had already made his decision was confirmed by a

story I heard that afternoon. Signor Freddi, the head of the motion picture studios, had been called to military service and sent for by the Duce. While standing by Mussolini's desk waiting for him to finish some work, Freddi examined a photograph of a cat. The Duce looked up and asked if he liked cats. Freddi said that he did, and that he had several of his own. The Duce called attention to the position of the cat, which was ready to spring with teeth and claws bared, and said, "That is the position I will be in in a few days, ready to spring on my prey." He then added, "But not many people will be hurt."

We soon heard on good authority that the war aims of Italy were to take Nice, Savoy, Corsica and Tunis from France; and Malta and Cyprus from Great Britain. Egypt, Syria and Iraq were to be Italian Protectorates and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan an Italo-Egyptian Protectorate. Germany and Spain were to divide Morocco. France was to retain Algeria.

Washington informed me that the Italian Government had placed Italian interests in neutral countries in the care of Brazilian representatives. In advising me of this step, the department commented that the Brazilian Government would assume charge of Italian interests "with reluctance".

On June 7, I told Ciano of the desire of the United States Line to send the S.S. *Washington* to Genoa and Naples to pick up more Americans desiring to leave. The ship was to arrive shortly in Lisbon and had planned to enter the Mediterranean about the thirteenth or fourteenth, but I had advised against any such procedure. Ciano replied that I had been right in counselling the *Washington* to stay out of the Mediterranean. He himself was preparing to join his regiment at that moment and Anfuso was then to be in charge at the Foreign Office.

June 10, 1940, will go down in history. There were rumours current through the afternoon that fighting had already begun. At five-thirty the British Ambassador called me on the telephone to say that at four-forty-five Ciano had handed him the declaration of war which was to take effect at midnight. A similar communication was handed to the French Ambassador. At six Mussolini addressed the multitude from his balcony on the Piazza Venezia and announced that the declaration of war had already been handed to the Ambassadors of Great Britain and France, and that Italy was entering the battlefield "against the plutocratic and reactionary democracies of the west which at all times have opposed the advance and frequently

plotted against the very existence of the Italian people. Italy has done everything humanly possible to avoid the storm which is devastating Europe. But all was in vain. . . . We mean to break the territorial and military chains which are strangling us in our sea because a people forty-five million strong is not truly free if it has not unhampered access to the ocean. It is the struggle of poor and many-armed peoples against the starvers-out who fiercely hold a monopoly on all the riches and gold of the earth; it is the struggle of young fecund peoples against sterile peoples headed towards decadence". He then solemnly declared that "Italy does not intend to drag other nations having land or sea frontiers with Italy into the conflict. Let Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey and Egypt take note of my words. It depends on them and them alone as to whether these words will or will not be strictly confirmed".

And so the die was cast and our period of waiting was at an end. In some ways it was a relief, for we knew the worst. But we had yet to learn where the Italians would strike first. The BBC indicated that the battle line was holding in the north but the Italian papers, which obtained their information from German sources, stated that the Germans were pushing forward slowly but surely towards Paris.

That evening there was a forlorn little dinner-party at the French Embassy which included the British Ambassador, the Polish Ambassador and his wife, the Turkish Ambassador, the French Chargé to the Vatican and myself. Everyone was in the depths of gloom. At times conversation did not rise above a whisper. Occasionally it fell away altogether, leaving each of us to his own thoughts. The French were utterly discouraged by the expansion of the German front to the Swiss border, a distance of nearly two hundred kilometres, which had forced the French army to over-extend itself to an alarming degree.

Just before midnight I tuned in on the President's speech delivered at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. He spoke of his messages to Mussolini and his efforts to preserve peace in the Mediterranean. He expressed the concern of the government of the United States because of the fact that any extension of the war in the region of the Mediterranean would result in great prejudice to the ways of life and government and to the trade and commerce of all of the American republics, he added:

The government of Italy has now chosen to preserve what it terms its "freedom of action" and to fulfil what it states are its "promises" to Germany.

ITALY ENTERS THE WAR

In so doing, it has manifested disregard for the rights and security of other nations, for the lives of the people of those nations which are directly threatened by the spread of the war; and has evidenced its unwillingness to find the means through pacific negotiations for the satisfaction of what it believes are its legitimate aspirations. On this tenth day of June, 1940, the hand that held the dagger has struck it into the back of its neighbour. On this tenth day of June, 1940, in this university founded by the first great American teacher of democracy, we send forth our prayers and our hopes to those beyond the seas who are maintaining with magnificent valour their battle for freedom.

It was a magnificent speech. The "dagger" was an appropriate epithet for the sudden Italian thrust into French Savoy.

The Embassy's New Role

I AWOKE in the morning to a continual roar of planes overhead and to the realization that this was the first day of actual warfare. There was but little mention of the President's speech of yesterday in the morning papers. The lack of comment was, of course, the tip-off as to the government's attitude; the speech was to be ignored.

My staff immediately placed notices on all the British and French property in Rome, to the effect that it was under American protection. Telegrams went to our consuls throughout Italy informing them that they were to take over British and French interests at once. To my British and French colleagues I sent messages that I was entirely at their service and would come to see them, if there was anything in the world I could do to help.

There was only one redeeming touch to the closing of the Allied missions. The Foreign Office, to its credit, went out of its way to be gracious in speeding the parting guests, and far outdid the British and French Governments in arranging for the departure of the Italian missions from London and Paris. The luxurious transatlantic liner, the *Conte Rosso* was to take the British Embassy and consulate staffs from Ancona to Lisbon, to meet a British vessel bearing the Italian personnel from England. From there the two parties would proceed under their respective flags. The French were to have a special train and, as in the case of the British, each person was to have a first class compartment to himself. Later Ciano confessed to me that he had personally directed every detail in order to make sure that all possible courtesies should be extended.

In the evening I gave a sad farewell dinner to Sir Percy Loraine, the British Ambassador. It was served in the garden under dim blue lights in the trees, which only emphasized the darkness of the Rome black-out. At nine-thirty I went to the station to take leave of the François-Poncets. The special entrance had been opened for the occasion and Celesia of the Foreign Office was acting as master of

ceremonies, accompanied by the entire staff of the Foreign Office ceremoniale. A large group of colleagues and friends of the Ambassador were there to bid him good-bye. Between the black-out and the emotional stress, the gloom in the station was indescribable. The train was late in starting which added to the strain. Ambassador François-Poncet asked me to cable Washington for communication to his government that no effort had been spared by the Italian authorities to add to the comfort of his departure and journey.

I was again at the station at 11.45 p.m. and went through the same moving scene with the British party. The train was again long delayed in departing and I made my final adieu at about 12.45 a.m. at the Ambassador's request. He, too, asked me to convey to Washington for transmission to London his appreciation of the courteous treatment extended to him and the British nationals throughout Italy. "And so to bed!" Rather worn out myself with the events of June 11.

The next few days were occupied with similar farewells. D'Arcy Osborne, British Minister to the Vatican, dined with me the following evening before going into residence at the Vatican, from which he would not be permitted to stir. The eight little rooms which had been set aside for him were not ready for occupancy. Meanwhile he and two of his colleagues were to be thrown together "higgledy-piggledy" with only one lavatory between them and no bath. I did my best to cheer him up. Thanks to the help of good wines, I felt satisfied with the results. The Norwegian Minister called to thank us for taking over Norwegian affairs. That evening at the station there was a repetition of the depressing scenes in semi-darkness, when I said good-bye to him and to my Polish and Dutch colleagues.

In the early morning of June 14 we experienced our first air raid. Shortly after the air raid signal, there were several heavy detonations followed by frantic anti-aircraft guns. Caroline and the children had returned to America several weeks earlier, so I did not have them to worry about.

On June 17 it was announced that France surrendered. The French Government had submitted through the Spanish Embassy a request for negotiation of an armistice with Italy. It was made to appear in the Press that Italy had beaten France to a standstill—in seven days! I wondered how many Italians were hanging their heads in shame!

On June 23 I was obliged to go to the airport to meet a friend, and

there I found a group of Italian officers, several Foreign Office representatives and a large number of government cars, all awaiting the arrival of the French delegation coming to sign the French-Italian armistice, having signed with Germany two days before at Compiègne. I was thankful to get away from the airport before the French arrived, so as not to witness their humiliation. To make matters worse, while the French delegation was suing for peace in Rome, the Italians were fighting their way across the French-Italian frontier at certain points in a dastardly effort to lay their hands on a part of Savoy before the armistice was actually signed. On the following day Marshal Pietro Badoglio, Chief of General Staff, signed the armistice for Italy; General Huntsiger signed for France.

One would imagine that after the termination of a "highly successful war" against France, there would have been some public expressions of enthusiasm, but none of us saw evidence of anything of the sort. There were a few flags displayed in the city, but remarkably few. Presumably the people felt relief and nothing more.

A special broadcast that afternoon announced that Marshal Italo Balbo and his whole plane crew had been killed during an enemy bombardment at Tobruk and flags were to be flown at half-mast. There was a mystery about his death. With him in the plane were a number of prominent Italian civilians which would indicate that he was not on a military mission, and rumours were immediately current in Rome that he was shot by his own escort plane. His death was a great loss, for he was undoubtedly the outstanding Italian next to Mussolini, and the one man perhaps capable of leading Italy in the event of Mussolini's death.

But Ciano, who had returned to take part in the armistice arrangements, offered a credible explanation of the accident. It appeared that the British had just completed an attack from the air on Tobruk, and their planes had barely left when Balbo's party arrived from the opposite direction. The anti-aircraft guns, which had only a few moments before ceased firing, mistook the two Italian planes for returning British bombers and opened fire. Balbo's plane was riddled and the escort plane escaped only by a sudden dive away from the anti-aircraft range.

At the end of the interview Ciano asked me about Wendell Willkie. "Was he an isolationist?" I said that I had not observed any particular difference between his views and those of the Roosevelt administration in that respect. Willkie, like Roosevelt, had declared in favour

of assistance to the Allies and, like the Democrats, had spoken against the entry of the United States into the war.

An improper series of questions followed concerning our armament programme: Were we prepared to manufacture on a large scale? What were the conditions in which we might eventually come into the war? Assuming that we had a capacity for a vast fleet of aeroplanes, where could we find pilots, etc.?

With regard to general armament, I reminded him that Congress had approved appropriations on a scale never known before in peacetime. And as for pilots, I told him that I could not give him definite figures, but I could assure him that we had already thousands of magnificent pilots who were in active service on the commercial airlines. Ciano interjected, "In that case there might be already tens of thousands of trained pilots." I let the remark pass without comment. He added that in his own experience, pilots who were trained for commercial flying made the best kind of army pilots.

Social life in Rome went on as usual. A great German fête took place in the gardens of the German Academy. The German Embassy had brought the opera troupe from Munich for a performance of Richard Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos*. It was beautifully done and the setting was most artistic. Various members of the government were present, a sprinkling of the diplomatic corps and a crowd of several hundred. I had hesitated a good deal about going, and certainly did not accept with pleasure. But I thought on the whole that my absence might create an incident, whereas no one would notice one way or the other if I attended, and I was glad I went. The Mackensens were both most cordial, and so were other members of the German Embassy.

I held the usual Fourth of July reception that year: four hundred and thirty people attended, as I had invited the entire staffs of the Latin American missions. The weather was perfect, the gardens looked particularly well, and everyone seemed so glad to have an occasion to get together, that the party did not break up until a few minutes before nine that evening.

Four days later, I was obliged to transmit a tragic communication from the British Government to the Italian Foreign Office. It related to the torpedoing by a German submarine of the *Andora Star*, a British vessel en route to Canada with five hundred and sixty-six German and seven hundred and thirty-four Italian prisoners of war and civilian internees. Only two hundred and sixty-four Italians and three

hundred and twenty-two Germans were saved. I heard later that the greater proportion of Germans survived because of the brutal manner in which they used their greater strength in fighting their way to the life-boats. I was anxious to see just what the Italian repercussions would be, for if they took the position that the British Government had neglected to advise the International Red Cross, which I was given to understand should have been done, then there might be an unfortunate reaction on British prisoners in Italy. Two days later we were informed at the Foreign Office that the Italian Government had decided to adopt severe retaliatory measures against Britishers in Italy and would not even permit American consuls to visit their places of detention.

There was a disposition at this time to belittle the British anyway. Bastianini, until recently Italian Ambassador in London, while calling upon me one day, spoke very highly of Lord Halifax, whom he described as a "perfect gentleman"; he spoke much less well of Chamberlain, who had "no elasticity left in his system but who was undoubtedly honest". Stressing the ignorance of the entire personnel of the Foreign Office with regard to European affairs, he described a conversation he had had with Halifax, in which he had pointed out the mistakes that the British had made. They had not realized that France was a crumbling nation and no longer occupied the position it had when the *Entente cordiale* between Britain and France was created. They had not realized the new power and vitality of the young Italian nation, otherwise they would have adopted a more friendly and constructive attitude. The imposition of sanctions had been a grave mistake and had driven Italy into the arms of Germany. He said that Lord Halifax had accepted his comments with such remarks as, "Perhaps you are right; we have indeed made mistakes."

Then Bastianini mentioned what he considered the indifference of the English to the war, describing theatres, cinemas and restaurants crammed with young men who were not in the services. Life in London seemed to him to be going on much as usual. He thought the English were soft and no longer capable of making sacrifices. It was clear that he did not understand the British character, with its casualness, understatement and apparent indifference concealing determined and stoical qualities. He had accepted the lighter side of London life as representative of the morale of the people. What a mistake he was making and I told him so.

During another conversation with Ciano, who had recently re-

turned from Berlin, he said that Hitler was quite ready to make peace with the British or to make war upon them, whichever they desired. On this occasion, to my surprise, he blandly described the Führer as "a very reasonable man who looked at things from a just and high-minded point of view!" According to my recollection, this was the only time that Ciano referred to Hitler in such complimentary terms.

Ciano was certain that "if the British choose to continue the struggle they will be smashed to pieces very quickly, for they appear to have no idea of the immensity of the force which will be employed against them". He was definitely of the opinion that there was no possibility of determined resistance to Germany's military might. I commented that Hitler's so-called peace offer was merely the terms laid down by a victorious nation before the victory and Ciano evidently did not desire to pursue the subject.

In late June, I listened to a slightly different account of Hitler's state of mind. A well-known American author Karl von Wiegand, just back from Berlin, the war zone, and German-occupied Paris, had had long interviews with Hitler, Von Ribbentrop and many of the principal German officers. Hitler had permitted von Wiegand to release for publication his answers to a number of questions. Among other things, Hitler had said that it was a matter of complete indifference to him whether or not the Bermudas and the Bahamas should fall to the United States. Frequently he made the point that "the Americas are for the Americans, Europe for the Europeans". This reciprocal basic Monroe Doctrine, if mutually observed, he declared would not only ensure peace for a time between the old and new world but be the ideal foundation for world peace. He denounced with indignation the "lies" that he had ever "dreamt or thought or had the faintest idea" of interfering in the Western Hemisphere by any manner or means, and he characterized America's fears of him and of Germany as most flattering but "childish and grotesque".

He denied vehemently that he aimed to smash the British Empire, but declared with bitter anger, "I will destroy those men who are destroying that Empire." He spoke warmly of Mussolini and welcomed Italy's "comradeship in arms". With regard to the fifth column, Hitler said with sarcasm, "the so-called fifth column conveys nothing because it does not exist, except in the imagination and fantastic minds or phantoms created by unscrupulous propaganda for obvious purposes." His opponents were going to lose the war, not because of any fifth column but because "they are led by corrupt,

unscrupulous and brainless politicians". Continuing, Hitler said, "I asked nothing of England beyond that Germany should be considered and treated as an equal, and that England would protect the German coast if Germany became involved in war, and that I be given German colonies. And I will get them, too."

On the whole, that summer of 1940 was dull. With France out of the war, Hitler spent the interval gathering his resources for the grand offensive against Britain, which had rejected his phony "peace offer". But I did learn one or two things of interest.

The Greek Minister, I found, was disturbed about the Balkan situation. He told me that in late June three Italian divisions had been moved from the Greek frontier to the Yugoslav frontier. A fourth motorized division remained in the centre of the country. In addition, he had information that the five Italian divisions in Albania had been considerably strengthened from some seventy thousand to one hundred and ten thousand.

He had reason to be disturbed. On July 17, I discovered from an absolutely reliable source something of Russia's future intentions. I was told that the Soviet Government had already given its approval to the "rights of Italy" in the Mediterranean and had received from Italy recognition of "Russian rights" in the Black Sea. Russia had acquiesced in Hungarian and Bulgarian claims with regard to Rumania. If the German-British war showed signs of continuing, it was possible that the Russians would take advantage of the situation and move quickly towards the Dardanelles. With this accomplished, there would be a second move through Persia as far as the Persian Gulf. Plans for both of these coups had been thoroughly prepared, so my informant said, and were only waiting for the proper moment to be put into effect.

Mussolini's health was still a matter of international concern. An American correspondent gave me an entertaining account of a breakfast Press conference which Mussolini had recently held for the foreign correspondents at his residence, the Villa Torlonia, at seven-thirty in the morning. He appeared in riding togs and undershirt, showing muscled arms and well-developed chest. He rode several times around the riding ring and made a number of low jumps, and then trotted up to the German group, but not to the American, and said: "Am I sick or weak? Am I tired?" Afterwards he shook each correspondent by the hand and disappeared. The correspondents ate alone in the garden.

In the autumn I was granted a leave of absence to return to the United States and I left Rome very uncertain in my mind whether I should resume my Ambassadorship. Italy and Germany were then a unit and Italy's policies were being directed from Berlin. For many months we had had no American Ambassador in Berlin and it seemed to me scarcely appropriate, in the circumstances, that an Ambassador should be continued in residence in Rome. There was certainly nothing an Ambassador could do from the Fascist stronghold to affect the progress of the war, so I informed the department that I thought it best to return to Boston. The department appeared to acquiesce.

But I had some misgivings. Finally the week before Christmas I dropped into Washington for the night. I reminded Secretary Hull and Under-Secretary Welles that while I had offered my resignation (which had never been accepted) and did not desire to return to Rome, but since the President was not free to appoint a successor, in view of the non-recognition of the Italian Empire, I would return if it was felt that an Ambassador was needed there. When I arrived in Boston that evening I found a message waiting for me from the President saying that he "gladly accepted my offer" and asked me to proceed immediately after Christmas.

After a long and arduous trip by plane from New York to Lisbon, by train from there to Barcelona, by motor to the Spanish frontier, where I met my own car and chauffeur, thence by motor over icy roads through southern France to Milan and finally by train to Rome, I arrived on January 15, 1941. Alexander Kirk, who during my absence had been Chargé d'Affaires, drove me to the Embassy Offices where I held a Press conference and explained that I was returning in routine fashion and was not the bearer of any special message to the King or Duce. The villa seemed large and empty without my family, but everyone, including Italian friends, appeared so glad to have me back that my return was a happy one.

Ciano, back in Rome for a brief interval, greeted me with his customary cordiality. With regard to the Italian situation, he observed that from the beginning I had been aware of his real feelings and that they were unchanged. An indirect question, evidently for the purpose of ascertaining whether the United States was heading towards war, enabled me to inform him of the marked change in sentiment in America after the elections. Roosevelt had now assumed

leadership and had the solid backing of the country. I hoped he, Ciano, did not agree with the scurrilous references in the Italian press to the United States. He laughed heartily and asked whether I was putting a question to him. I replied: "Certainly not; I am merely expressing a view, for I know there is no point in asking any such question."

I told him of twenty-eight billions of dollars which were to be spent for the defence of the United States, whereupon he tried to translate that vast sum into lire, but gave it up as hopeless. I made it plain that the United States was determined to give the British every aid short of entering the war and that I felt confident that the British would hold out until supplies from the United States could be sent them in the enormous quantities contemplated. In my opinion one of the principal causes of the change of attitude throughout America had been the magnificent spirit of the British themselves. Ciano interjected: "Yes, their attitude has been true British spirit."

Some of my Italian friends were afraid that with the British attacking Italian East Africa from four different angles, and the probability that the native troops would add to the disorders within the country, the Italian women and children in Ethiopia would be in imminent danger. It occurred to me that in the circumstances we Americans might perform a useful piece of diplomacy by helping to extricate them from their perilous situation, so I cabled the department for its views. In due course I was authorized to present my offer of help to the Foreign Office, although I was not to commit myself to the chartering of vessels for their relief. If the Italian Government desired our aid, I was to contact the Brazilian Embassy in Rome, because Brazil, which was caring for Italian interests in Allied countries, would have to take up the matter with the British Government through its London Embassy.

When I approached Anfuso, who had not the best of manners, he looked as sour as usual and did not volunteer a word of thanks, saying merely that he would communicate my message to Mussolini and would give me a reply in a day or two. Evidently Mussolini was not ready to respond to our suggestion, as I heard nothing more on the subject from the Foreign Office.

Later in the spring, I again forwarded to the Foreign Office a communication, this time from the British Government, offering to guarantee the safe evacuation of Italian women and children from Ethiopia. Unlike Anfuso's previous attitude, Ciano sent me a message of

appreciation and asked to see me. The Italian Government was very grateful, he said, for my intercession in behalf of the Italian civilian population in Ethiopia and accepted the British Government's offer to repatriate these people. A committee had been formed and was studying the question. He suggested that someone from the Embassy should immediately get in touch with Vitetti, of the Foreign Office, who was in charge of the matter, and, he added, his government would furnish the necessary ships. It was an encouraging response to my request.

As I began to meet Italian people I was astonished at the freedom and violence of their criticism of the government. This was something refreshingly new, although nothing was said to indicate that their feelings went beyond mere criticism. There was not a sign of any organized opposition to Mussolini and I did not look for any in the near future. The disaster of the Greek campaign, which had been started during my absence in October, 1940, appeared to be the principal factor in the change of sentiment. There was widespread censure of Ciano, who was supposed to be its author.

On the morning of February 9 the BBC announced that at dawn "heavy and light units" of the British fleet had bombarded Genoa. Presumably the Italian warships in the harbour and the Ansaldo factories along the waterfront were the objectives of the attack, which took the Italians completely by surprise. It was not until six hours later that Italian air squadrons appeared on the scene in search of the British fleet, which by that time had retired. During the bombardment there was no Italian anti-aircraft activity, although British planes were circulating overhead, informing the fleet about the targets. The people of Genoa, I learned from our consul, appeared more outraged by the lack of defence measures than by the bombardment itself. They bitterly criticized the government for having gotten Italy into war and realized that this bombardment was a natural consequence of the government's fatal mistake.

The Germans were swarming into Italy. Gossip had it that as many as forty or fifty thousand troops were in the country headed south for Libya. But of even greater consequence was the fact that Germans were already occupying many key positions in the government. Mussolini's former popularity had vanished; whatever authority he exercised was due to the presence of German support. On February 23, Mussolini broke his silence at a meeting of Fascists at the Teatro Adriana and talked for fifty minutes. Perhaps he had at

last discovered that public opinion was getting away from him and decided a speech was a necessary tonic.

Earlier in the month we were informed orally by the Foreign Office of new regulations concerning the movements of diplomatic and consular officers. There were three new war zones, Salerno, Naples, and Littoria, where diplomats were not permitted. Furthermore, diplomats were requested not to leave Rome without previous notification and, added the Foreign Office, "it would be better for them to remain in Rome for the present". Consuls were not even permitted to circulate in their districts (outside of their immediate cities) without previous notification. The following day I called upon Anfuso and told him that I did not think an oral statement by a subordinate was an appropriate way of communicating to me the new regulations, and I desired to have them in writing. I was surprised, I said, at the limitation of the movements of the Embassy staff and of the consuls. Anfuso promised to let me have the new programme in writing and explained that it was entirely for our "protection", which was a most unsatisfactory answer, for I knew full well that such "protection" was a symbol of Italian displeasure.

I was not even permitted to bathe at my customary beach at Castel Fusano. Fortunately I was still able to move about Rome freely. But one day my butler informed me that I was always followed by a member of the Italian secret police on my walks to and from the Embassy offices. When I asked him where he had got this information, he replied that the man himself had complained to him that "the Ambassador walks too fast!" Could it be that I was regarded already as a declared enemy? More likely all this surveillance was simply another indication of the steadily increasing German domination.

On February 17, I wrote to the President:

. . . For some reason or other, Mussolini has decided that all the members of the government should go to the front. The "talk" seems to be fairly widespread that he discovered a secret meeting had been held by members of his government to decide upon a triumvirate to rule the country in certain eventualities. There may well be truth in this report, but I cannot vouch for it.

Having summoned Grandi, who is Minister of Justice and President of the Chamber, he ordered him to leave for Albania within twenty-four hours. When Grandi asked who would carry on the work of the Ministry, he was informed that an aeroplane would be sent to him every day with papers to sign. It happens that Grandi holds two military ranks, a captaincy in the regular army and a generalship in the militia, and when he asked in which

capacity he was to go, Mussolini replied that he could take his choice. The Minister of Finance has escaped only temporarily on account of an operation which he is now undergoing. You can imagine the confusion that is resulting from this exit of the Ministers, especially in this government where everything is pyramided through them to the Duce, the subordinates within the government having no authority whatsoever. The situation is of interest and indeed of importance because, in the absence of the Ministers, the doors to German control of the government are thrown open even wider. The Germans are moving with their usual cleverness, and the public is largely unaware of what is taking place. And meanwhile an anaesthetic is being administered to the people in the daily war bulletins extolling the glorious achievements of the Italian army, navy and air forces. . . .

Italians everywhere appear to be aware that they are in a hopeless position, but so far they are doing nothing about it but talk. One hears that a military government is needed but that German pressure and influence prevent anything of this nature. The King is regarded as an old man afraid to do anything because of the possibility of bringing about a civil war. There are no outstanding personalities among the military leaders except Badoglio, who has been deprived of his command and who is said to be playing a waiting game. He alone, with the King and army behind him, might cause a change in the government, but with the German army across the Brenner and powerful German air bases in southern Italy, the Germans could probably nip in the bud any prospective *coup d'état*. For it is to be remembered that, while Hitler probably holds Mussolini and his government in contempt, he will wish to keep in power for the present.

And on March 4, I wrote again :

. . . We have been aware for some time that Germany proposes to dominate the entire heavy industry of Italy and is applying pressure upon the Italians to bring this about. In confirmation of these facts comes a report from Milan indicating that the Germans are actually acquiring ownership or control over the iron and steel industries, which in due course will be completely subordinated to German interests. Our Consul-General in Milan informs me that the German authorities are acquiring the entire ownership or a majority of the stock of the iron and steel mills, and the payment is to be made therefore in "Italian Reichsmarks", a currency about which we know very little as yet. It is said to be similar to the "French Reichsmarks" with which the Germans are buying up supplies of every kind in France. After the ownership passes into the hands of the Germans, the mills are to be supplied with raw materials from Germany and there is the inference that, if the owners of the mills refuse to sell, they can expect no raw materials from Germany or German-controlled territory. Therefore, unless they yield, the owners will be compelled to close their mills, or at least to reduce their activities to such raw materials as are obtainable in Italy and these are becoming fewer and fewer.

While the Italians are invited to name the amounts of raw materials which

they desire to have from Germany, in return they receive from the Germans a list of skilled workers whom the Germans demand immediately from Italy, and I am told that there is no hedging permitted the Italians in this respect.

The tightening of German control all along the line is becoming more evident week by week, and I understand from military sources that the direction of affairs in the Ministry of War is almost entirely in the hands of the Germans. Italians have begun to suffer from the activities of the Gestapo. Whereas formerly there was a great deal of laxity on the part of the Italian police with the result that freedom of speech to an astonishing extent was beginning to manifest itself, now the situation is reversed and the Gestapo is undoubtedly bringing about a change in this respect, for everyone is becoming fearful and hesitant to express his or her views. . . .

The situation, as I see it from here, is terribly serious for the British Empire. Already Italy has passed under German domination. One hears on all sides that the Germans are in Sicily presumably to stay, and now that the movement through Bulgaria to Salonika has begun, one does not expect Greece to last long as an independent nation. When that moment is reached, Yugoslavia's turn will come, as one by one the European nations have fallen into the Axis basket. It is not a cheery moment, and there is very little optimism to be found in this part of the world in anti-Nazi or anti-Fascist circles.

For a short time there appeared to be a slightly warmer attitude toward me among Italian officials. The Haitian Minister and his wife gave a luncheon on March 12, which I suspected was intended for me; at least, it was I who was asked to set the date. I found there a large and distinguished company, including several of Ciano's officers, Celesia, Prunas, Del Drago. Celesia mentioned that he saw little of me, and I said rather pointedly that I was leading a quiet life. Del Drago insisted upon my lunching with him and his wife the following week, which was something he had never done before. Even the silent Prunas said he hoped to see me. It almost looked as if an appreciation of "Uncle Sam's" position in the world was at last penetrating Foreign Office circles.

But this friendliness was short-lived. Two weeks later a Foreign Office official remarked to a member of my staff that the American Embassy in Rome was in an infinitely better position socially than the Italian Embassy in Washington. The Italians in Washington, he said, were completely ostracized and saw no one except their German colleagues. Consequently, although there had been no orders against associating with us, the members of the Foreign Office had taken it upon themselves to rule that they and their respective wives would not come to the houses of members of the Embassy, all of which struck me

as perhaps a natural but none the less interesting development. It seemed a rather sudden change of attitude since their cordiality to me at the Haitian lunch-party.

The officially inspired Press maintained its intense hostility. One of our correspondents who had attended a Press conference at the Ministry of Popular Culture on March 15, reported to me that a group of Italian newspaper men had been outspokenly of the opinion that very shortly, within a few days perhaps, the Axis partners would declare war on the United States. I was certain that Mussolini was not then in a position to declare war against us as his own prestige was too shaky. Having failed so far in all his campaigns, the Italians would literally regard him as demented, if he took on the United States. If, however, he achieved enough military success to re-establish his own prestige, he would be better able to follow Hitler's orders should the latter declare Germany in a state of war with the United States.

Matters were not improved by the news on March 31 of the attempted sabotage by their crews of twenty-eight Italian and two German merchant ships in certain Latin American and United States ports. All the ships in our ports were immediately taken over by our government for "protective purposes", as according to our statutes it was a crime to destroy American or foreign vessels in our ports. This I knew would be strongly resented by the Italians and, sure enough, the following day brought forth protests from both the Italian and German Governments through their Embassies in Washington. The *Messaggero* carried the most violent article that had yet appeared against us, following the temper of the German press. It alleged that the seizure was without excuse and designed solely to get possession of the ships. There was no mention of sabotage on the part of the crews.

Virginio Gayda, editor of the *Giornale d'Italia* and Mussolini's mouthpiece, the next day described our action as "arrogant and piratic". His article was legalistic and gave the impression that it might have been prepared in the Foreign Office. Our action violated the Hague Convention of 1907, the Havana Agreement of 1928 and the American Neutrality Proclamation of September, 1939, it was argued. The law of 1917 (against the sabotage of ships) was passed and applied when the United States was already at war with Germany, and Washington had deliberately applied it in the present case. Furthermore, no act of sabotage had in fact been committed by Italian or German crews. In both the Italian and English language "sabotage" meant criminal action against the property of other parties. The

Italian action therefore was only against their own property and refrained from any damage which might obstruct or jeopardize the security of American waterways. It was known, said Gayda, that the seized ships would be used either in the direct service of England or in the place of other British ships and that the Italian protest "deserved respect among all citizens of the world capable of honouring their country and realizing that patriotism does not exist for themselves alone".

At the first opportunity I explained to Ciano the necessity of our action under our laws, and left with him a copy of the department's position. He glanced through it and said the whole question was "very serious", that Mussolini was in touch with Hitler with regard to the next step. Without saying so, he hinted that there might be retaliation on the part of the Axis. Throughout the discussion he showed surprising ignorance of our laws. When I reminded him that the ships were in our jurisdiction and subject to our statutes, just as Americans and American property were subject to the laws within Italy, he remarked: "You have your laws, but these are our ships." However, he seemed to excuse himself from all responsibility. for in the end he said that he was not dealing with the matter himself and that it was entirely in the hands of Mussolini.

I regretted, I said, that he was leaving Rome again so soon; from time to time incidents of varying importance would come up to disturb the relations of the two countries and in his absence there was no one with whom I could talk in an atmosphere of complete frankness. The Duce would not receive me, Ciano admitted this by a nod of his head, and Anfuso, while sometimes amiable, was not in a position to talk freely.

Ciano did not deny this, but merely reminded me that he had to obey orders. As he had so often done, he referred to the hostility of the American press and radio against the Fascist regime and in particular against the Duce, who was incensed by it. At the same time he seemed childishly gratified that he himself had not been singled out for attack. He mentioned with particular satisfaction the pleasant reference to him in Claire Booth Luce's recent book. I laughed and said that he was certainly the hero of the book and that she had given him widespread publicity, for the book was on sale in every bookshop in America. Furthermore, he must not think that the American people were hostile to the Italian people. Rather, the Italians were regarded with pity, because Mussolini was thought to have been personally re-

sponsible for dragging Italy down to its present unfortunate level. It was natural, therefore, that there should be widespread criticism of him. Ciano said nothing but showed no signs of displeasure.

I mentioned the reports circulating in the German-Swiss press that the Italian Government had been using its good offices to prevent a war between Germany and Yugoslavia, and asked whether they were true. He replied that they were entirely untrue, that the Italian Government had taken no initiative in the matter. The Yugoslav Government had in fact approached the Italian Government with regard to mediation but the terms offered had been so unimportant and insignificant that the government had found it impossible to comply. In reply to my inquiry as to whether there would be war between Germany and Yugoslavia, he said that the situation today was "exceedingly grave". Clearly, he felt that war could not be avoided. Germany actually declared war on Yugoslavia the next day (April 6, 1941).

We then turned to more general subjects, and Ciano seemed anxious to secure my opinion with regard to the British capacity for continuing the struggle. I said that the British had already been thoroughly tested. I was certain that they would continue to bear the strain, although no one including themselves believed that the war would be quickly won by them. Ciano could not imagine that the British really expected to win and said that already in Cyrenaica the Italian-German troops had driven the rapidly retreating British back almost as far as Derna. I acknowledged that this might be so, but the situation in Ethiopia seemed to be somewhat the reverse, which Ciano admitted.

Again he pressed me for my opinion about the American attitude and again I repeated that the country was determined to lend every assistance to the British short of war, and hoped he fully appreciated this fact. He commented: "The time may come when the support which you are giving will have to be regarded as hostile to the Axis." I replied that of course we were prepared for such an interpretation, but I stressed the point that we would not take the initiative in entering the war.

Although many anti-democracy posters had appeared in the streets of Rome, April 8 produced the first genuine anti-American poster, portraying a large hand grabbing ships, with the text: "Scratch an American and you find a thief, a pirate and a gangster!" On that day we had our first genuine visitation by so-called students and also more

"protection". The streets in the neighbourhood of the Embassy were heavily guarded, in some places by double lines of soldiers, allowing only a space for one automobile to pass. About one o'clock I heard childish noises, and as we drove to lunch I caught a glimpse of part of the procession. When someone asked the boys what they were yelling about, the answer was: "We don't know." But others heard them shouting occasionally the words "America" and "Yugoslavia". When the young rabble arrived in our vicinity there could not have been more than a hundred children, and yet we were "protected" by a force of at least six hundred fully armed men. It was so utterly silly that I could not conceive how the authorities could make such ridiculous gestures for the purpose of indicating the temper of Mussolini. To add to the joke the demonstrators mistook a near-by government building for the Embassy offices and proceeded to tear up its garden and shrubbery.

Retaliation over the sabotage episode manifested itself finally toward the end of May. I received a message from our consul general in Genoa to the effect that the Questura (local police) had confirmed reports that the Italian authorities intended to require all Americans in the province of Genoa to leave for other parts of Italy in the near future. Similar rumours were in circulation in Florence and Rome. Upon formal inquiry, Ciano replied that, so far as Florence was concerned, it was the decision of Mussolini himself that all British and Americans must leave the city. This did not apply, he said, to other foreigners. Mussolini's action was in response to the treatment accorded the Italian sailors taken into custody by the United States in March.

I left no doubt in Ciano's mind that I was astonished at Mussolini's action and resented it acutely. Fortunately Mussolini reconsidered his attitude a few days later and we were informed in writing that all Americans in Italy, including those in Florence, were to be treated as other neutrals.

It was always hard to know precisely what was going on in the Italian-Greek war. A fearful battle raged for some time in the neighbourhood of Tepelene. The Greeks had not been able to capture this high fortified point, so essential to them if they were to proceed up the coast and take Valona. On the other hand, the Italians apparently incurred enormous losses. There appeared to be a continual change in the leadership of the Italian army in Albania; it was difficult to keep step with the names of the new generals, although General Ugo Cavallero, was still in supreme command.

Early in March, Mussolini went to Albania for a meeting with General Cavallero, who explained why, in his opinion, an all-out attack on the Greeks would be dangerous. Italian guns were inferior to the Greek guns both as to make and position; Italians had not command of the air; there was no will to fight in the army, although it would still follow orders. But the Duce insisted upon the attack because he thought it necessary for his prestige. The Germans, on the contrary, were not enthusiastic about it and would have preferred to overawe the Greeks in other ways, such as seizing Salonika. However, Mussolini had his way and the Italians made another tragic blunder.

It was whispered that Mussolini had planned to return from Albania in triumph to celebrate the glorious victories of the Italian armies against Greece and that the demonstration had been scheduled to take place on March 23. However, the celebration was called off for obvious reasons. The Italians, generally speaking, seemed wholly unaware of what had been taking place in the campaign. The BBC was declaring that Italian offensives had been beaten back by the Greeks. And yet in Rome nothing was said in the Press or radio to indicate it. Presumably, reports of the Italian dead, wounded and prisoners would trickle back into Italy and would have some effect. But I wondered whether anything, even an earthquake, would disturb the Italians or cause them to walk a little faster through the streets. The general apathy was unbelievable in view of what was happening to Italy within and without.

An American correspondent who had just returned from Albania, gave me a vivid description of Italian losses. At the point between Clisura and Berat the Italians had lost fifteen thousand men in three months' struggle. During the entire Greek campaign, the Italians suffered about one hundred and fifty thousand killed and wounded. At certain high points in the mountains the trenches were not more than three feet deep, so the soldiers were obliged to sleep on the snow in these trenches, which caused many casualties from frozen legs and feet. The Italian officers were all complaining bitterly against the campaign, but the soldiers themselves seemed too apathetic and ignorant to form any judgment of their own. No wonder Mussolini had abandoned his plan for a triumphant celebration!

Even though Mussolini was badly disappointed, he was prepared to continue the attack as soon as the rains stopped and he could move his mechanized army. The Germans were not enthusiastic about waiting for Mussolini to clean up the Greek campaign, because the British

meanwhile were strengthening themselves in Greece. But we all knew Mussolini did not want the Germans to enter Greece until after he had redeemed his own prestige. Consequently the situation had its humorous as well as its terrible side. Presently the Germans refused to wait any longer and poured in their troops.

The whole picture in Greece was thereby changed again. While the British broadcasts gave no indication of serious trouble for the British forces in Greece caused by the influx of the Germans and developments in North Africa, a representative of our Press brought us very disquieting information which he had obtained from the German Embassy, that the British were in full retreat from Volos in north-eastern Greece, and were endeavouring to reach Egypt in time to save Alexandria and the Suez Canal. They admitted that it constituted a race against time, since the German forces in Egypt were numerous although not well equipped. The German Embassy believed that when the war was over in the eastern Mediterranean, Hitler and Mussolini would have another meeting to "divide the spoils". That this was the darkest hour of the war was confirmed in speeches by Lord Halifax and Secretaries Knox and Stimson.

Although the Axis powers conquered Greece virtually by default, almost immediately the tyrants fell out among themselves. In early July, members of the American Legation and consular staff, arrived in Rome by plane from Athens. They reported that there was no real government, no Foreign Office with which foreign representatives could do business, consequently nearly all the foreign Legations were withdrawing. While nominally the Italians were in control of Athens, actually German forces had remained and a German Minister, equal in importance to that of the Italian, remained also; administrative confusion was appalling.

Terrible conditions had evidently followed the arrival of the Germans; every shop had been stripped of its wares. The whole German army was being fed off the Greeks and the crops were going largely to Germany. The Italian army was supplied from Italy and so for the moment, at least, the Italians were preferred to the Germans. Hatred between the Germans and Italians was said to be greater than between the Greeks and Italians or the Greeks and Germans. There were incidents every day of Germans publicly insulting Italians; no German would sit with Italians at the same table in a public restaurant. An Italian officer was seen to remonstrate with a Greek child who tried to cross the street against the signals. Two German officers thereupon

attacked the policeman for interfering with the child and finally beat him up, merely to show publicly their contempt for the Italians. Everywhere the Germans were displaying the utmost disregard for Italian military prohibitions and open fighting in the streets between soldiers of the two armies was not an uncommon sight.

The King, who had been touring Albania "in triumph" had been called back to Rome ahead of schedule for the purpose of considering the acceptance of the crown of Croatia. Mussolini and Anton Pavelich had reached an agreement whereby since Pavelich could not maintain his power as leader of Croatia without the inclusion of parts of Italy's Dalmatian coast in Croatian territory, the Italian Government would not oppose the transfer provided the King of Italy became also King of the new and enlarged Croatia. If, however, the Italian King refused to accept the crown, then the Croatian state would be set up under a protectorate of Italy, a neat device for giving the Italians complete control over Croatia regardless of the King.

The King, of course, did as he was told, accepting the crown and appointing the Duke of Spoleto as the future King of Croatia. It was not a popular choice, in view of the Duke's unfortunate playboy reputation. A member of our Press who was present at the Quirinal on May 18, gave me an account of the reception of the Croatian delegation and the appointment of Spoleto. The throne-room was filled with high Fascist officials and officers. The King entered with Mussolini, Ciano, Spoleto, and the Prince of Piedmont, and stood in front of the throne with Piedmont on his right and Spoleto on his left. At the King's nod, which was described as cynical, the Croatian delegation entered, preceded by Pavelich, who read his three-minute speech. The King responded briefly, whereupon, as the only formal indication of his new rank, Spoleto moved from the King's left to his right, thus exchanging places with the Prince. The ceremony was over, having lasted less than ten minutes. Conditions within Croatia soon became so tumultuous, however, that Spoleto decided it was no place for him. He never assumed the crown.

20

Nearing the End

WHEN Ciano returned for good to his desk at the Foreign Office at the end of April, he asked again whether I really thought the British would win. I replied that I was absolutely certain they would win, even though for the time being the Axis was having some brilliant victories, for the heart of the struggle was in the Atlantic and not in the Italian theatre of war. It seemed to me certain that the war would continue for several years, because it appeared to be extending to the point where the whole world might eventually be involved, in which case, Italy would surely be a terrible sufferer. Ciano looked very grave and seemed to agree, adding that two years of war had already passed.

The following day I received valuable and heart-warming instructions from the Secretary of State, outlining for my benefit the position of our government and asking me and all the other members of the Foreign Service staff to spread the word throughout Italy. We were all to be responsible for making it clear to everyone that although the United States was sitting on the sidelines, it was, nevertheless, determined to oppose the forces of aggression. In conversation with Italians we should emphasize the significance of the American position and stress our complete and absolute conviction that aggression could be and would be defeated. Every American citizen in Rome was expected to reflect this attitude. Furthermore there should be no hesitation in expressing ourselves in the strongest terms.

I cabled my gratitude for this guidance and assured the Secretary that every one of us would do his utmost along these lines. We set to work at once. I immediately called a meeting of all the officers in the Embassy and consulate. Twenty-two were present as I read the Secretary's instructions. We discussed ways and means for each of us to do our respective parts; everyone present seemed impressed by his responsibilities. All of the principal consular officers in Italy came to

Rome at my request and I also called a meeting of the American press representatives for the same purpose.

The message completely changed the atmosphere as far as I was concerned. It gave me the necessary tonic to go through with whatever lay ahead. I regretted only that I had not been authorized earlier to explain our position. Even in conversation with Ciano two days previously, I could only say that we were determined to support the British, but hereafter, with the Secretary's stimulating words in mind, I could, and did, give him a very different picture of our position.

Our new line had one serious repercussion. To my intense annoyance, I learned that a member of the Foreign Office had stated openly at a luncheon table that American consular officers in Italy were spies. According to his story, the sinking of two Italian transport vessels between Naples and Tripoli some time ago was the work of a United States consular officer in Naples. The Foreign Office had proof that the consul had communicated advance information to the British.

I asked at once to be received by Ciano and to see the alleged proof. Ciano maintained that he had never heard of any such report. He seemed bewildered that this particular official, whom I named, should have made such a statement. A few days later he sent for me and denied the story completely. Although I was far from mollified, I had to accept his denial and said merely that if the subject came up again I would quote him publicly and freely; so ended a disagreeable incident.

On May 17, I wrote to the President:

Since my last letter it appears that public opinion in Italy is becoming even more certain of the Axis victory. The general morale had slumped to a new low with the defeat of the Italian forces in Albania and in Libya, and in many parts of Italy, notably in the north, there was a growing hope of British victory that would deliver Italy from her present unhappy bondage with Germany. With the active participation of German troops in the Balkans and in Libya, there has been a decided change in the public morale, a change which of course has been fostered by the Press and propaganda to such an extent that Italians may well believe that they are coming out on top after all. I hear that the Duce is no longer downcast and is again in good spirits, confident of the final outcome. . . .

There is, however, one heavy cloud in sight, which is causing deep concern except perhaps among a limited Fascist group, namely the danger of a conflict with the United States. The Italians feel that there is every reason why Italy should not go to war with the United States and that, therefore, the

NEARING THE END

conflict should be avoided. They are thinking of the vast numbers of Italians in America and of the numberless ties which these people have with the home country. They feel that they have never done anything against us to justify a war and that whatever unfriendly acts have been committed, have been done against them and not by them. It is true that the Italian press and radio succeeded in creating a great deal of bitterness against us following the seizure of the Italian ships in our ports and the penalties imposed upon the officers and crews, but already the bitterness is passing and I feel that fundamentally the hope of almost everyone is that in a war between the United States and Germany, Italy may somehow be permitted to keep aloof. I have heard it said that there is a precedent for Italy in this connection, since Germany remained at peace with Greece during the first terrible weeks of Italian-Greek struggle, and therefore Germany could not rightly demand from Italy a state of belligerency against the United States. There is also the thought that possibly the German Government might prefer that Italy remain in a state of non-belligerency with the United States and so preserve contacts with us through Italian diplomatic and consular staffs in the United States. But perhaps the more general impression is that Italy and Germany are so closely tied together in a military sense that this government must respond to any orders emanating from Berlin.

In my letter of April 28, I put the question as to whether, in your opinion, we might do something along these lines. Could we at the same time make it clear that we have nothing against any form of government which the Italians in their judgment desire for their country, but rather that it is the spirit of aggression against other states to which we are fundamentally opposed? I do not think it does any good to denounce Mussolini, as Churchill does from time to time. The better way, it seems to me, would be to put on record our purposes in entering the war against Germany and that Italy's problems will have our sympathetic consideration at the end of the war, and then see what happens. . . .

I realize of course that should we come to blows with Germany, the military demand will become predominant and that Italy is the weak link in Germany's armour. But personally I would hate to see us in war with the Italian people, who are so unutterably opposed to Germany and to the growing German influence in their country. For the moment they are living in the confident hope that the war is nearing its end, and yet they are fearful of what the future has in store for Italy under German domination of Europe.

The President wrote to me on May 24:

I have received your letter of April 28, 1941, with its suggestions regarding a trend of possible relations between this country and Italy and the possibility of distinguishing by public utterance between the German and Italian rôle in the war. Should events so develop as to make some definite pronouncement regarding the position of this country and its relation to the peoples of both

Italy and Germany it would not only be possible but probably desirable to make a distinction between the National Socialist-Fascist governments and their peoples, with whose development after the war this government would have a sympathetic understanding; but at the present time there appears to be little possibility that the Italian people are willing to do more than passively accept the ignominious position which their alliance with Germany has forced upon them; there would be little support in this country for a declaration of this sort.

I fully appreciate the difficulties of your own position and the impossibility of accomplishing much as an American Ambassador in Italy at this time. Your reports, however, from Rome have been, and continue to be, of great use to us and I still believe that there is a certain importance of maintaining at least this one link with Rome. Its severance moreover just now would clearly be misunderstood, not only in Italy, but by the bulk of public opinion here.

Thanks to an alarm clock set for 4.20 a.m. on May 28, Caroline, who had joined me earlier in the spring, and I listened to the President's fireside speech given the previous night from the White House. It came through clearly and was a magnificent statement, largely for domestic consumption, but informing Hitler very clearly of precisely what we intended to do. Mussolini was completely ignored; his name wasn't mentioned except in the reference to the "Axis powers" and another time to the "dictators". I wondered whether my letter to the President, suggesting that he treat the Italians and Germans separately, might have had some influence. At any rate, I was glad that the whole weight was thrown upon Hitler and his Nazi programme of aggression.

Later that morning, Ciano referred to the President's speech, a copy of which, in translation, was lying on his desk with certain passages underscored in red. He had not had time, he said, to read the whole speech, but he did not find as far as he had gone, that Italy had been singled out in particular. I said this was true, although the President had referred in one or two places to the "Axis" and to "dictators". He then asked me when we were going into the war. I repeated again what I had told him so often: I did not know of any intention on our part to "go into the war", but we were more determined than ever to see that our supplies were delivered to Great Britain regardless of results. It might well be that Hitler would attack our ships, and I assumed there would then be a state of war. I cited the last Gallup poll, which gave fifty-nine per cent of the votes in favour of the President's war programme and twenty per cent in

criticism, because he had not gone far enough. He could take it from me that this eighty per cent represented the country.

June 10, 1940, had seen the entrance of Italy into the war. June 10, 1941, saw the torpedoing of an American merchant ship, the *Robin Moor* in the south Atlantic. Twenty-three of the crew and passengers were missing, eleven survivors having been picked up by a Brazilian ship and landed at Pernambuco, Brazil. Bound for Capetown with assorted merchandise, of a wholly non-military character, she was sunk after the German submarine commander had learned her nationality and cargo. This was the beginning of the German submarine campaign against us. The Germans, I believed, would claim that since the ship was carrying foodstuffs, which were by them regarded as contraband, they had a right to sink her, although the vessel was not in any military zone.

On the afternoon of June 10, Mussolini made a speech in the Chamber in celebration of the anniversary of Italy's participation in the war. I was sure he would make unpleasant remarks about the President and the United States and decided not to attend or be represented. He said: "American intervention would be tardy; it would not give Great Britain the victory, but would prolong the war; it would change the government of the United States into an authoritarian and totalitarian regime in comparison with which the European precursor regimes, Fascist and Nazi, would feel themselves far surpassed and improved upon. . . . When one wishes to recall a dictator in the pure classic sense of the term, Sulla is cited. Well, we find Sulla a mere amateur in comparison with Delano Roosevelt." He added that Italy was already in a *de facto*, although not *de jure* war, with the United States. In referring to Greece, he said, that in accordance with agreements with the German command, "Almost all Greece, including Athens, would be occupied by Italian troops", and that "Greece re-enters into Italy's Mediterranean vital space".

Since the head of the government had stated publicly that he regarded Italy's relations with the United States as already "*de facto* warfare", was it possible that Washington still regarded me as of any use in Rome? I could not help feeling that while there should be no severance of relations with Italy, the position of an Ambassador in Rome had now become futile.

On June 11 the President wrote to me:

Your letter of May 17, 1941, with its analysis of public opinion in Italy is of particular interest at this time when it seems more clearly established

that the German willingness to permit further acquisition of territory by Italy in the Balkan area may be intended to offset the German refusal to permit Italian expansion at France's expense and thus enable the Germans to continue playing with Darlan for further collaboration on the part of Vichy. For whatever purpose this expansion is permitted, it can, however, only have served to bolster up Italian morale.

As I wrote you earlier, I fully appreciate the importance of making a distinction between the German and Italian position in the event that a conflict should arise between us and their governments. On the other hand, the situation in this country as regards the activities of German and Italian agents is such that it would be very difficult for this government to separate one from the other. In fact, our information is to the effect that the diplomatic and consular representatives of both countries are required to consult continually regarding their position and attitude *vis-à-vis* ourselves. The continued presence in the United States of the Italian diplomatic and consular staffs should we have severed relations with Germany, would seem undesirable. In any event, the extent of Italian participation in possible hostilities would probably be determined by orders from Berlin and our attitude governed accordingly.

The BBC on June 14 reported that all Italian and German funds in the United States had been frozen and that the President had approved regulations ordering a census of all foreign-owned property in the United States. I knew this would cause a furore from all American wives of Italian citizens, of whom there were a number in high places in Rome. It was not unexpected that the Italian Government replied: "In consequence of the blocking of Italian and German funds and the taking of a census of all foreign property ordered by the President of the United States, the Fascist Government, besides having immediately adopted suitable measures of retaliation, has ordered the immediate taking of a census of all American-owned property in Italy."

Two days later the Secretary of State informed the German Embassy in Washington that "It has come to the knowledge of this government that agencies of the German Reich in this country, including German consular establishments, have been engaged in activities wholly outside of the scope of their legitimate duties. These activities have been of an improper and unwarranted character, inimical to the welfare of this country." In consequence, the German Government was asked to remove all German nationals connected with the consular establishment and other German agencies. I was glad that the Italians had not been included in this enforced exit, because it showed that Washington had differentiated between the two

governments. But Mussolini reacted at once. Three days later I received a note from the Foreign Office accusing our consular officers of improper reporting and requesting that we close our six consulates in Italy by July 15. As the Foreign Office had never until then intimated that there were complaints against our consuls, it was clear once more that this retaliation was German-inspired. The following day the Italian press, completely ignoring the fact that the Italian consuls in the United States had not been asked to leave, reviled the United States and the President for taking the initiative against Italy. The State Department in turn denounced the Italian charges of improper reporting against our consular officers. Day by day the situation became more tense.

In a conversation with Ciano, I told him how badly I felt that he and I were engaged in arranging for the removal of our respective consular officials. "It is inconceivable to me that our two countries should ever come to hostilities in view of their historic friendship and the fact that there are no problems whatsoever between them. Should, however, it come to pass, which I earnestly hope will not happen, it would indeed be a tragedy."

He then referred to a speech of Churchill's in which there was mention of "the coming of American men and ships". I said that so far as I knew, nothing of this kind had happened yet, but if Hitler desired the entry of the United States into the war, he could not have hastened it more effectively than by the sinking of the *Robin Moor*. "This action may have been taken in the hope of terrorizing the American people, but," as he, Ciano, well knew, "it has had exactly the opposite result. All Americans, no matter what their political views, have been greatly incensed."

In parting, I mentioned the new war between Italy and Russia and hoped that the Italians would not have to come in contact with the Russians. The Minister merely said disinterestedly that he had no knowledge as yet of any of Italy's military plans. During the entire interview he was uncommunicative, although when I mentioned that Ambassador Colonna and I would soon be the only official links left between our two countries, he said something pleasant about my position as the link in Italy.

The following typical banner headlines from the Italian press reflected the attitude which was developing towards the general situation. "Axis Powers at War against Blackmailing and Faith-Breaking Russia"; "Stalin Betrays—He Will Pay"; "Axis Struggle

for European Civilization"; Axis Fighting U.S.S.R., Which with Aid of Anglo-Saxon World Was Preparing Attack on Reich and Italy." Following the announcement of American aid to Russia, the scope of the attack was increased, and headlines appeared including "Plutocratic Degeneracy"; "Axis War against Pluto-Democratic-Bolshevik Coalition"; "Solidarity of European Peoples against Pluto-Democratic Bolshevik Combine," and "A Crusade on Behalf of Christianity".

I had some doubts that year, especially since Caroline had already returned to America, about giving a Fourth of July reception similar to the 1940 one, which had included the entire Latin-American corps. So I asked my Ecuadorean colleague whether the Latin-Americans might be embarrassed to attend, because such a gathering might possibly be interpreted as an anti-Italian demonstration. A few days later I received word that they would all be delighted to come. It was an impressive turn-out of Americans from North, South and Central America. The garden was a perfect setting as usual, the weather was ideal, and as everyone seemed to consider it a great success, I felt well repaid for the effort.

By the end of June the work at the Embassy had ceased except for the care of foreign interests and plans for the departure of the consular corps. I should like to have had more excuses to see Ciano, but as there was nothing for me to handle of a political nature, I had now nothing to take up with him.

However, on July 9, I had a remarkably outspoken conversation with a high official of the Foreign Office. He began by denouncing the American occupation of Iceland in strong terms as a highly unwarrantable and unjustifiable act. Whereupon I observed that as he was probably aware, we had received a note from the Iceland Prime Minister responding cordially to the desires of the United States in this respect. I emphasized the determination of ninety-two per cent of the American people that our supplies should reach Great Britain, and naturally this could not be done if the Germans had unmolested movements in the north Atlantic. Our bases, therefore, in southern Greenland and Iceland would make it possible for us to dominate the movements of supplies from the United States over the route called the "great circle". He must realize, I added, that we could not merely sit down and close our eyes to the possible loss of the results of all our efforts on behalf of Great Britain.

He made no comment on that point, but said that we were "making

a great mistake in trying to divide the Axis partners". I expressed surprise that he thought we were trying to do so. Surely he realized the extent of the bitterness in America against Germany, which did not apply with regard to Italy. There was no plan to divide the Axis, but rather totally different sentiments on the part of Americans towards the two countries. Again he did not comment beyond insisting that neither the President nor the United States as a whole understood the problems of Europe in their deep-lying philosophical sense. The German military machine was unbeatable, and Europe already was united.

I said that while it was true in general that we Americans did not fully comprehend the European problems, it was equally true that Europe had very little knowledge of the United States or the American people. Very few Europeans appreciated that the British Empire and the United States were closely knit together because of the intimacy of American relations with Canada, the most powerful Dominion in the British Commonwealth which had the greatest future. During the years when I was Minister in Ottawa, the trade between the two countries exceeded the trade between the United States and either all of Europe, or all of South America, put together. Canada had therefore become a powerful magnet which drew us to the support of Great Britain.

Again he made no comment other than to mutter some remark to the effect that there was no desire anywhere to destroy the British Empire. "But," he added, "there must be an end to British meddling in Italian affairs." I replied that throughout history and until the question of Ethiopia had arisen, the British had been the foremost friend and supporter of Italy.

He complained bitterly that, with the entry of the United States in the war, the struggle would necessarily be prolonged indefinitely, with the consequent terrible sufferings of the entire European population and that this would be one of the greatest of all the tragedies resulting from our participation. I replied, "Yes, it would be a terrible tragedy, for undoubtedly the people would suffer acutely. But after all, war was war and that meant general suffering which could not be helped."

I felt sure that the struggle might last for three or four years, but that in the end Germany would break. He disagreed entirely, saying that with the occupation of Russia and the oil wells, the Axis would be in a position to continue indefinitely. We parted at this point. But

I remarked: "Although I have been in Italy for five years this is the first time I have had such a frank exchange of views with any high official of the Italian Government and I welcome the opportunity."

Much prominence was being given at this time to the "bellicose" attitude of the United States and particularly of the President. Italian papers emphasized his desire to enter the war and referred to a statement attributed to Willkie, that the President was ready to "shoot on sight". These reports printed under Berlin date lines, were more conspicuously displayed than any similar comments in the past. I could not help feeling that an effort was being made to prepare the ground for the ultimate break, particularly as the Italian press became more and more outrageous in its slanders. Presently the papers published what was called "a secret photograph" supposed to have been discovered in Norway. It was a picture of the President taken at the Masonic Lodge in New York, together with his sons James and Franklin, and Mayor La Guardia—"practically all Jews."

Finally, on the day following the publication of the Atlantic Charter, the *Messaggero* and *Popolo Di Roma* contained articles denouncing it in violent terms. Apellius, a prominent writer of editorials, referred to the Charter as "monstrous hypocrisy seeking to perpetuate their hegemony. . . . Moreover, the boundlessly stupid pride of the two plutocrats, regarding the world as their fief was demonstrated by their hope of impressing the world with such a document".

As a revealing sidelight to all this abuse, I learned a few weeks later some details of a secret meeting between Mussolini and Hitler, which had taken place somewhere in the Ukraine between August 25 and 29. The Press described the meeting of the two great men "with guns blazing around them, whereas Churchill and Roosevelt had met in a well-sheltered bay". "Indeed of the eight points" reviewed by Roosevelt and Churchill, a Stefani note affirmed, the meeting had "only one ideal: world progress". And all accounts insisted upon the enthusiasm with which the Duce was received by the Italian and German troops.

According to an Italian who had accompanied Mussolini to the meeting on the "Russian front", the rendezvous actually took place eighty kilometres behind the front. Hitler's rooms at headquarters were massed with flowers. It was reported that Hitler had requested Mussolini to send the Italian fleet through the Dardanelles into the Black Sea to support the German drive into the Ukraine, but Mussolini had declined on the ground that he could not leave Italian

coastal cities without protection at this time. However, four Italian divisions were said to be already on duty in the Ukraine, though well behind the German front and more were being requested by the Germans for additional police duty.

To meet these growing demands, Mussolini had been insisting upon another million men for active service outside of Italy, to be divided between France, the Russian front, and Yugoslavia. The Germans, it appeared, desired to withdraw as much of their forces in Yugoslavia and France as could safely be spared, so as to swell their numbers in Russia. However, the high Italian command strongly disapproved of sending further Italian forces out of Italy and had been resisting the Duce's demands. At a recent meeting of the Ministers, the budget item in connection with the dispatch abroad of such forces was introduced by the Minister of Finance. In doing so, he stated that the Italian budget could not stand the required expenditures and requested that the matter be discussed further. The Duce ruled from the chair in a peremptory way that a Fascist budget was not open to discussion and that it stood. As a consequence there was great tension between some of the Ministers and the chief of government; party ranks showed the first signs of breaking. This was encouraging.

In spite of the active Press campaign to arouse sympathy for Mussolini over the death of his son Bruno in early August, there was little if any nation-wide pity for him. Rather there was a feeling that it was not inappropriate that he too should suffer as so many other Italian families were suffering. I was told that the colonel in command of Bruno Mussolini's air division called upon the Duce by appointment to express his condolences and that of his associates. When he entered Mussolini's huge office in the Palazzo Venezia, the Duce was seated at his desk, leaning his head on one hand and completely motionless. As the colonel advanced, the Duce suddenly raised his head and said: "I know what you are here for. I know that you and everyone are pleased that I have had this loss. I do not want to hear anything from you. You can get out!" The colonel did not have a chance even to open his mouth and quickly retreated.

Another story was also circulating widely. Curious signals were rumoured to be descending from Heaven. They were "AB—AB—AB". The Italians interpreted them thus:

Arnaldo Bene—Arnaldo is well. (Mussolini's brother Arnaldo, had just died, also.)

Arrivato Bruno—Bruno has arrived.

Aspettiamo Benito—We are awaiting Benito.

In farming circles there was keen dissatisfaction because of the price-fixing of summer crops; many of these prices were held so low that while the prices of other commodities had gone up, the farmers found themselves in a pitiable condition. As a result they were refusing to send their stocks to market. Even in Rome it was difficult to buy potatoes. The general apathy which had been so evident during the last months had given way to a public opinion decidedly unfriendly, if not hostile, to the regime.

Owing to the growing discontent throughout Italy, the Duce decided that there must be some sort of dramatic victory. Knowing that a British convoy was moving through the Mediterranean, he gave orders that the battle should be written up in advance. This was done, but when the account was submitted to him it was requested that publication be delayed until after the battle. The document came back with the word "Must" written on it, and thereafter appeared in print before the battle returns had been received. This made a good, if slightly incredible story, as the results were not as foretold.

But by this time Mussolini's influence was at zero point. The reins of government were already in the hands of the Germans. Meanwhile, he was spending more and more of his time with his mistresses, the Petacci sisters, and was appearing less and less in public.

The evening broadcast of September 1 from London carried extracts from the President's Labour Day address. Towards the end of the speech he came out stronger than ever against Nazism. He said:

We are engaged in a grim and perilous task. Forces of insane violence have been let loose by Hitler upon this earth. We must do our full part in conquering them. For these forces may be unleashed on this nation as we go about our business of protecting the proper interests of our country.

I know that I speak the conscience and determination of the American people when I say that we shall do everything in our power to crush Hitler and his Nazi forces.

What a strange position I was in! An Ambassador accredited to the military partner of the Axis, while my country was determined to "crush" the Axis and all of their forces! In another speech on September 12, the President after referring to an attack upon an American war vessel, the *Greer*, said:

From now on if German or Italian vessels of war enter the waters, the protection of which is necessary for American defence, they do so at their own peril. The orders which I have given as Commander-in-Chief to the United States Army and Navy, are to carry out that policy at once.

This left us pretty close to the breaking-point. For I could not imagine that Hitler would withdraw his ships from that part of the Atlantic which *we* might consider, but which *he* did not consider, waters vital to American defence.

As was to be expected, the afternoon Press carried a violent attack on the President's speech. Gayda called it a "deliberate unprovoked act of aggression against the Axis powers. It is evident that after the precise statement given by the White House, every Italian and German man-of-war, knowing that it will be exposed to the deliberate aggressive action of North American men-of-war, ought to attack for its own defence, if it does not have the possibility to escape the attackers". Other writers followed the same condemnatory line.

A day or two later Gayda said: "It is no longer a question of war of words but a war of guns, even if undeclared. The hope that the Axis would allow itself to be intimidated has today vanished." And everywhere the words "American bellicosity" were used. The guns were already upon us. On September 10, Turin and Genoa were severely damaged by waves of British heavy bombers, which crossed the Alps for this purpose. It was the first real attack on northern Italy. Great destruction and enormous fires were reported, especially in and around the manufacturing plants of Turin; the Fiat works were mentioned in particular.

This raid made a considerable impression on the people. In spite of the bold and confident language which they were being fed by the Press, most Italians had at last become seriously worried about Italy's position and were beginning to realize that the war was to be a long one. Undoubtedly the immensity of our own defence programme had begun to trickle into their consciousness.

Two weeks later I went to Fregene, the only beach I was permitted to visit, and was surprised to find the change that had taken place since my last sea bath. A machine-gun with a ferocious-looking soldier behind it was placed on top of the shower pavilion. There was no one on the beach except soldiers who were sporting in the water. When I took my usual walk down the beach, I passed two military observation posts, and screened by the bushes in the neighbourhood where I always left the car, was a new military camp, the size of

which I could not ascertain. This was interesting in connection with recent reports of "Anglo-Saxon talk" of an invasion of Italy. The Italian press had always dismissed such talk as "idle boasting", but I wondered whether the Italians were now really concerned about a British landing in central Italy?

On August 26, I had written Secretary Hull that in view of my isolated position in Rome, it was necessary for me to renew contacts with the President and the department in order to carry any weight in my conversations with the Foreign Office. I conveyed my desire to return home for good, but made it clear that if the President still felt the need of the Ambassadorial tie with Italy, I would willingly go back to Rome. In due course the department instructed me to return for consultation, but to "emphasize" at the Foreign Office that I would return to Rome.

A message came from the Foreign Office on September 23, saying that Ciano would receive me at once. He had just returned to Rome after nearly two months' absence. As usual, he was most affable and greeted me with an expression of warm appreciation for my "friendly interest" during his recent and painful illness. He had been confined with a serious throat infection. I duly informed him that I had received instructions from the State Department to return to Washington for consultation, that I planned to leave Rome about October 6, but my stay in the United States would be short. The Minister agreed that it was well to keep in touch with home, but he was insistent that I should return without fail to Italy. When as usual he asked my opinion with regard to American sentiment towards the war, I reiterated our conviction that the war would be won by the British with our assistance. I said that I should be glad to have further talk before my departure on the sixth, and that if he or the Duce had any views which either cared to have me relay to Washington, I would of course be glad to transmit them. He intimated that neither he nor Mussolini would send any message, but asked me to come in to see him before I left.

During my final call on Ciano, I reminded him that I would talk with the President and the Secretary and, with his permission, I would like to tell him the line that I would probably take in reporting the Italian situation. He replied: "Go ahead."

I said: "My impression is that the morale of the Italian people is very low, that they are praying for one thing only, an early termination of the war, no matter which side may be the victor. This is partly

due to the realization that the Italian army, navy and air forces are not sufficiently strong to continue effectively against the enemy, and with the increasing aid from the United States, the enemy is becoming day by day more powerful. Furthermore, as there is widespread apprehension that war with the United States may be forced upon Italy from Berlin, their concern is augmented by the serious food shortages throughout the country. On our part, we are now certain that Hitler cannot win the final victory, for he has already lost the battle of the Atlantic. He must, therefore, accept the fact that supplies and war material will continue to flow in ever-increasing amounts to Great Britain, thus keeping the British Empire in a position to continue the war indefinitely. The United States is well able to maintain that arsenal of supplies and if there is any doubt about it, one has only to study the vastness of the military machinery which has already been created."

Then, looking Ciano straight in the eye, I added: "As an ardent friend of Italy, I can assure you that war between the United States and Italy will be a disastrous step for Italy. Assuming that the present war ends without American intervention, Italy will need a powerful friend to help in the adjustment of her problems, and she will have to look for that friend among those with whom she has not been engaged in war. Who else but the United States can help her?"

I asked him whether he had any comment. He denied my impression in regard to the low morale of the Italian people. "One must not take too seriously reports current in Rome in a small circle of people. Speaking generally, the country stands solidly behind Mussolini and is as prepared as ever to accept his leadership in all matters."

I felt strongly, I replied, that so far as their real attitude toward the war was concerned, my impression was not inaccurate. In conclusion, I reminded him that I would be in Rome for several more days and repeated my previous offer to convey a message to Ambassador Colonna or to anyone else in Washington. He asked me only to be sure to give his kindest remembrances to Sumner Welles.

Leaving George Wadsworth, the new counsellor, in charge of the Embassy, I left Rome for Lisbon by air on October 6, and caught the next Clipper out of Lisbon for New York. Little did I realize the stupendous events that were about to occur, and that the glimpse from the air of the fading hills of Italy was the last I should see of that unhappy country until after the war.

Because of the critical negotiations between the Secretary of State and the special Japanese commission, I delayed my return longer than I expected. My return passage to Rome was secured for December 12, when on the seventh came the surprise Japanese air attack on our Pacific fleet at Honolulu.

Four days later the Axis partners, undoubtedly satisfied that with a war on two fronts our power would be greatly lessened, jointly declared war against the United States. As we anticipated, Mussolini had docilely followed Hitler's lead to the bitter end and the feeble little King of Italy, thinking only of preserving his seat on the throne, had completed the criminal act.

As the march of events had prevented my return to Rome, I resigned forthwith my office of Ambassador. But my thoughts continued to turn instinctively to those true Roman friends who during the last trying months of isolation had, at the risk of official displeasure, in various ways expressed their friendship, the Bassianos, Sennis, and Barbarinis, Donna Diana Bordonaro, Countess Martin Franklin, the Tomasettis, Dorias, Hercolanis and courageous young Detalmo Pirzio Biroli who insisted on coming to see me at the villa against my advice. For them I shall always have a deep sense of gratitude and affection. Among the many happy memories were my visits to La Foce, the residence near Siena of Marchese Origo, whose wife was Iris Cutting, the daughter of my friend and classmate, W. Bayard Cutting. She has already won for herself a rare and enviable position in Italy as author and public-spirited philanthropist.

Looking back over my five years in Italy, I realize that I was privileged to witness the fall of an extraordinary personality. I had seen the Duce in his golden days when the world looked to him as the one influence powerful enough to check Hitler's mad designs. I had observed his steady decline, mentally, morally and physically, as his destiny became more and more linked with that of Hitler. I had seen the Germans move in and virtually take over Italy, while Mussolini sought solace with his mistresses. In the end, deserted by his followers, reviled and slain by his own people, he will be remembered only as the Duce who, with less vanity and more humility might have been revered as a great Italian leader and statesman.

Ciano died equally ignobly. But his brutal execution before the firing squad, on orders from his father-in-law, was a great sorrow to me. For in spite of his dissipation and conceit, he had remained helpful, even friendly to me during the difficult months of 1941, when

most Italians had avoided me following Mussolini's declaration on June 10, 1941, that Italy and the United States were in a *de facto* state of war.

Presumably it was the Italian victory in Ethiopia that started Mussolini on his downward path, for it convinced him that Italy's destiny lay in military prowess. He had been angered by the imposition of sanctions against Italy by the League of Nations. The British sanctions hurt him particularly, for rightly or wrongly he, and indeed a large section of the Italian people, thought that Italy's need for territorial expansion to ease her over-population had been tacitly recognized by the British. Often Italians, even liberal Italians, spoke of the devious ways in which the vast British and French colonial empires had been created and they bitterly resented the hostile attitude of the League to what they regarded as Italy's natural rights.

A warning of possible sanctions came too late. By then Mussolini's prestige was involved; he could not retreat merely upon the orders of foreign states from a position publicly taken. So he pursued the adventure to its inglorious conclusion, and this easy military success turned his head. Had he not defied the League and the United States? The new title of Emperor of Ethiopia was given to the King to show the world that Italy was now to be reckoned a great power, and that he, Mussolini, was the source of that power.

At this moment, 1936, Mussolini was at the height of his prestige. The dangerous fact that all power was centred in him did not then seem to disturb the people unduly. They appreciated his interest in their welfare, his success in promoting their self-respect, the grandiose spectacles he staged for their pleasure. There was pride in an Italian resurgence under Mussolini's dramatic leadership. But in 1938 it became evident that Ethiopia had not satisfied the Duce's territorial ambitions. He became obsessed with the vision of himself as a modern Caesar, restoring Italy to her former greatness under the ancient Roman Empire. "The Mediterranean must become once more an Italian lake with a window opening on the Atlantic." All the while his vanity was being assiduously fanned by Hitler, for Italy had a definite rôle to play in Hitler's grand design for world conquest. The Italian navy must dominate the Mediterranean and thereby immobilize a substantial portion of the British fleet in that region, while Germany proceeded to conquer Europe and Great Britain.

Roosevelt understood the German strategy and the importance of preserving Italy's neutrality. For while Italy remained inactive,

British supply lines through the Mediterranean to the Middle East would not be molested. That he did everything in his power to induce Mussolini to preserve his independence is now a matter of record. While at first he certainly hoped that his influence and the growing military power of the United States might effectively counteract Hitler's hold on Mussolini, his later appeals to the Duce were, in my opinion, written merely for the sake of the record.

The first three and a half years of my mission to Italy had been hopeful and happy years. But with the departure of the Allied Embassies from Rome in 1940, our relations with the Italian Government declined steadily. Whether it was worth while or even desirable after Mussolini's June 10 declaration for me to continue at my post was certainly debatable, for a *Chargé d'Affaires* was all that was really necessary to preserve the contacts.

My mission failed. Italy entered the war, against the western Allies and against the United States. However, my sympathy for the Italians, helplessly bound as they were to the ambitions of two remorseless dictators was profound. My liking for them and my admiration for their many great qualities were never diminished by the war; it is a satisfaction to see the courage and hard work with which the Italian people have lifted their country to a position of renewed respect among the democratic nations of the world.

In the Office of Strategic Services

IT was in early July, 1942, that I received a cable from Colonel William J. Donovan (later Major-General), asking me whether I would head his new London Office of Strategic Services. Actually, I knew next to nothing about the O.S.S. except that it had been created by the President, about a month earlier. Before replying definitely I wrote to the President that I would not accept it without his approval, and received a telegram from him saying that he was "delighted with the idea".

Thereupon I went to Washington to consult the Colonel, who had returned from London. We met at breakfast in his Georgetown home. My old Foreign Service friend, Hugh Wilson, former Ambassador to Germany, and now an important member of the O.S.S., was the only other guest. I felt at once drawn to the Colonel. His knowledge of world affairs, his contacts with the State and War Departments, his immense vitality and conviction that O.S.S. would play an important rôle in our military programme convinced me that here was a man after my own heart; I accepted his offer with enthusiasm. He told me of his plans for enlarging the London office and that he had taken a building on Grosvenor Street to house it. He thought that it would be desirable for me to have an office in the Embassy as well as in the new building, on the theory, I supposed, that my connection with the Embassy would add to the prestige of the O.S.S. set-up. Then we drove to O.S.S. headquarters in Washington which already occupied several buildings, where I met all the principal officers. I was deeply impressed by the fine spirit pervading the entire organization and by the high type of men and women whom the Colonel had gathered around him. Under the guidance of Hugh Wilson, I spent a week in consultation with the sections dealing with secret intelligence, secret operations, and research and analysis. The latter section was composed largely of members of the faculties of various universities, who were analysing and evaluating the reports received from all parts of

the world and from them preparing special studies for the Chiefs of Staff. The O.S.S. was in fact an appendage of the Chiefs of Staff, operating under its directive.

I boarded the Pan-American Clipper for England, on July 18, accompanied by David Williamson, my special assistant, and Miss Evangeline Bell, my private secretary who is now the wife of David Bruce, the former Under-Secretary of State. On the platform at Paddington to welcome me was a group of those who had been for some weeks in the embryo organization of the London O.S.S., almost all of them new faces to me.

The skeleton staff was occupying two overcrowded rooms in the Embassy building as the new office in Grosvenor Street was not yet ready to receive us. However, in less than a month we were installed in our permanent headquarters which at first seemed to me far too large for our needs, for I did not then realize that the many empty and bleak rooms would soon be overflowing with personnel that began to arrive almost daily. As requested by Colonel Donovan, I retained a small additional office in the Embassy.

The London office was to contain branches of all three sections of O.S.S. Each branch was to collect information of military value which would be passed to Washington for evaluation and distribution. In addition, we were to have a special responsibility and relationship to the European theatre commander. My task was to build an organization which would be responsive and responsible in different ways and in different degrees to two different commanders. Fortunately, all my senior staff officers were aware of the difficulties of this command problem, and soon the office was running as smoothly as possible considering the constantly increasing staff. But it took some time for me to feel at home in the new organization, so different from the diplomatic missions to which I had become accustomed, and without the help and guidance of the few able, loyal, and efficient O.S.S. men who had preceded me to London, I would have fared badly.

The pressing difficulties which originally confronted O.S.S. in London concerned its working relationships with other government agencies, both United States and British. I conceived it to be my chief function to adjust the external relations of O.S.S., leaving the internal administration of the office to others. Fortunately, I had been given the rank of Minister, which helped to establish the position of O.S.S. among the officialdom of war-time London.

IN THE OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES

Ambassador John G. Winant, upon whom I called the day after my arrival, very definitely desired co-operation with my office, which I assured him he would have. Winant, whom I had known pleasantly during the unemployment crisis of 1931, seemed glad to have me within reach.

Shortly after my arrival General Marshall, Admiral King and Harry Hopkins came to London for military conferences with the British. I thought it might be politic to ask Marshall to say a word on my behalf to General Eisenhower who was then the Commanding General, European Theatre of Operations. Naturally, one of my foremost duties was to be in close and harmonious contact with Eisenhower, and a word of commendation from General Marshall would be the best of introductions. Accordingly, I sent word to his aide that at the conclusion of the meeting I would be happy to pay my respects. Time permitted only a brief exchange of courtesies with General Marshall, but when a few days later, I called on General Eisenhower he received me with genuine warmth. I explained that our office was entirely at his service at any moment. As though acting on my assurances he asked me to convey to Colonel Donovan his hope that all future assignments from O.S.S. in Washington to the field should go through my office and from my office to him, instead of having such matters handled in Washington through the British connections there, which had been the previous practice. I arranged at once to have this done.

One morning before he left, Harry Hopkins asked me to join him at breakfast, and from his conversation it was clear that he regarded the war situation as very grave, especially on the Russian front. On the Egyptian front the British had made no real advances, remaining chiefly on the defensive, but he admitted that it was too soon to tell whether or not General Rommel, then in command of the German forces in North Africa, would succeed.

Difficulties regarding the division of responsibilities in the conduct of psychological warfare soon developed between our office and the London branch of the Office of War Information, known as O.W.I. Psychological warfare is, in brief, the systematic process of influencing the will and directing the actions of people in enemy and enemy-occupied territory, in conformance with the needs of high military strategy. Its function is to break the will to war of the enemy nation, to promote disaffection, resistance, and active revolt amongst the enemy's military, civil and industrial populations. Its further aim is

to assure that, in conjunction with military intervention, organized elements of resistance and disruption will hasten the collapse of the enemy's forces. Many of its operations are naturally conducted with the greatest secrecy, but it also operates openly with the distribution of leaflets from planes, and with radio broadcasts.

O.S.S. maintained that psychological warfare was of military concern, and therefore within the scope of our organization. O.W.I. considered psychological warfare as propaganda, and therefore within its jurisdiction. The British, sensing disagreement between the two American organizations, were nonplussed as to which they should co-operate with on psychological matters. Eventually the sphere of activities of the two organizations were resolved by a directive of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington which gave to O.S.S. what was known as the black or secret activities, the insidious planting of false rumours in enemy countries. O.W.I. was to direct the white or overt activities, which were limited to the dissemination of official governmental propaganda. It took time, patience, and many conferences to straighten out this highly technical matter, for in war as in peace every branch of government desires to reserve for itself as much range of activity as possible. It is only fair to say that the origin of the difficulties between O.S.S. and O.W.I. arose in Washington and not among the representatives of either organization in London, who, while following instructions, did their best to reach agreements.

There was also a controversy between the O.S.S. and the Washington Board of Economic Warfare (B.E.W.) as to their respective relationship with Military Economic Warfare (M.E.W.). On August 27 I held a conference between representatives of both agencies and opened it by saying, "I don't care a hang how much fighting goes on in Washington, but in London there is to be no sign of a dispute between the two organizations." The bone of contention was which of the two had the paramount interest in economic target warfare, that is, the economic evaluation of points in enemy territory which might most effectively be bombed. This required an immense amount of study of economics and transportation within enemy territory and it was therefore a matter of considerable importance to decide which agency would do the necessary research. At the meeting we finally reached a merger of the capabilities of the two organizations which, when accepted by our Military Economic Warfare Unit, solved the problem. Thereafter, a united front was assured whenever target bombing was under consideration.

Necessarily we had to have intimate contacts with our counterparts in the British agencies of war, and I wanted the English people whom I would meet to feel that I understood the tragic experiences that they had endured. So as soon as I could, I arranged to visit the City to see the devastations caused by the terrible blitz of 1940. The scenes were far more heart-rending than I had anticipated, yet the great Church of St. Paul's standing with an air of proud defiance almost unscathed in the centre of complete ruin, was an inspiring embodiment of the spirit of British resistance. Presently the experience became personal. On the night of July 28, I had my initiation in enemy night bombing. The combination of noise from exploding bombs and from anti-aircraft, certainly disturbed one's sleep. But this was a period of comparative lull between the two big London blitzes, and the night visitations which occurred from time to time were not very serious in themselves, although they made one realize how nerve-shattering a prolonged air attack could be. Each time that one occurred, I felt a renewed respect for the stamina of the British people.

When I called on Brendan Bracken, head of the Ministry of Information (M.O.I.) which corresponded to America's O.W.I., he was not only most cordial, but offered me more than I intended to ask. He said that I could not only receive his reports but that he would welcome a representative of O.S.S. sitting in his office. In this way I could be kept in the closest touch with his personal views.

I was particularly anxious to secure the confidence of the British engaged in the same type of work as O.S.S. I was invited to meet them in small groups at luncheons and dinners. In all these circles, I found only the most agreeable response, for the men who were handling these activities were at the top of their professions. Apart from these remarkable men (and even now I believe they would wish to remain anonymous), I saw much of Admiral Godfrey, General Davidson, Air Vice-Marshal Medhurst, the respective heads of British Naval, Army and Air Intelligence, and to a lesser degree, of Bruce Lockhart, head of the Political Warfare Executive (P.W.E.). They went out of their way to be helpful and hospitable.

The British welcomed the establishment of our London office. At a time when subversive warfare and intelligence were among their principal military activities, an ally in this field was doubly welcomed. In secret operations, the British generously gave us full information of their specific technique and training facilities, and in return O.S.S. furnished them with much-needed supplies, material

and personnel. Among our Secret Operation responsibilities, in association with British Secret Operations, was the establishment of schools for training agents who could be dropped by parachutes and infiltrated into enemy countries. They had to be taught the terrifying technique of sabotage with weird types of explosives. Another function was to establish and maintain communications by land or sea so that O.S.S. agents could pass to and from enemy countries as spies.

But while it was essential for us in the London office to work closely with our British friends, we had also, in certain instances, to overcome British eagerness to absorb our functions. One of the first objectives of O.S.S. was to begin to establish a world-wide intelligence service. My duty in London was to carry out that policy by developing independent American sources of secret information. We did, in matters of intelligence, succeed in standing on our own feet, resisting all efforts of the British Secret Information to gobble us up—although we did in fact integrate to a great extent with British Secret Operation, as joint operations were constantly undertaken by both services. To use expressions from the world of diplomacy: in Secret Operations we worked jointly, in Secret Intelligence we worked on parallel-lines.

As a quasi-civilian agency O.S.S., in the early stages, did not immediately fit into any type of theatre organization. There was no place for it in the army set-up, and it would have been a burden to the Embassy. And perhaps because of its unorthodox make-up, our military leaders took a long time to avail themselves fully of our services. For example, it soon became apparent that the British military were working in far closer contact with their secret agents than our military officers were working with us. Before a particular military action was undertaken the British High Command would consult with their Secret Operation officials to ascertain precisely how much assistance of a sabotage or other character they could give to the enterprise.

At first our military leaders disregarded this section of O.S.S. activities and favoured those of the British, perhaps not unnaturally because we were beginners in this work of sabotage. But as time went on it seemed to me that our military offices never fully understood the national importance and even the necessity for the United States to have independent, long-range intelligence and information services capable of providing for American needs, as circumstances offered, information regarding the American point of view and objectives in the war. Our good friends of the military seemed to

regard O.S.S. as a "fly by night civilian outfit headed up by a wild man who was trying to horn in on the war". Ultimately, however, in all theatres of operations the world over, except that under General MacArthur, understandings were finally reached with the American commanding generals; and their official commendations at the end of the war of the work done by O.S.S. within their areas of command, were lavish and whole-hearted.

Fortunately, before too long, two of the principal officers of the O.S.S., Colonel Edward Buxton and Dr. James Phinney Baxter, came to London to look over the new establishment and I was grateful for their advice in helping to unravel these various snarls which were consuming much of my time. In turn, both men returned to Washington with a clear picture of our problems and efforts to solve them.

The exiled Allied governments in London were proving extremely valuable sources of information. The Polish, Dutch, Norwegian, and French exiled governments in particular had left behind in their respective countries, loyal "Intelligence" groups, whose secret reports would find their way to London and be made available to the British and to our office. However, in order to consolidate the benefits of their Intelligence Services, it was necessary for me to become acquainted with the heads of those governments. Accordingly, accompanied by our efficient Ambassador, Anthony Drexel Biddle, who was accredited to all of them, I began at once a series of calls.

After my formal call upon Benes, the exiled President of Czechoslovakia, he invited me to lunch with him alone in a private room at the Ritz Hotel. He could not have been more friendly. We spoke first of mutual acquaintances: the Masaryks, father and son, both of whom I had known and admired; the late Charles M. Crane and his son Richard who had been the first American Minister to Prague. Then he turned to more serious subjects. He appeared optimistic about the final outcome in the Russian-German conflict, even though at that time it was conceivable that the Caucasus and Stalingrad might be lost by Russia to Germany. Without expressing the slightest sympathy for Communism, he was, nevertheless, certain that the Soviet army and regime would stick together and retire, if necessary, behind the Urals. He had full knowledge, he said, in early February 1941, of the German intentions to make war on Russia, and had so reported to both the British and Soviet Governments. Again, in April, he had received definite information of the approaching German

invasion of Russia and had again communicated it to both governments, neither of which believed it. Two months later, on June 22, 1941, his predictions had been realized and the Germans had crossed the frontier into Russia. On leaving him after an excellent luncheon he promised that his associates would co-operate with my office in every possible manner.

The exiled Yugoslav Prime Minister, upon whom I called next, gave me a vivid description of the massacres in Yugoslavia. He said that the Germans and Italians were not themselves committing the outrages but were pushing terrorists to do the job for them. For instance, a group of Serbian terrorists would be assembled and sent into a Croatian village which was surrounded temporarily by Germans and Italians. The terrorists were instructed to shoot up the village which they were happy to do, since the feeling against the Croats was intense. While the slaughter was in progress the diabolical Axis partners would photograph the scene in order that at the Peace Conference they would have eyewitness proof that the Serbs and Croats could never live together in one nation. This unpleasant method of massacring a population was also applied in Serbia where Croat terrorists were put through the same exercises in Serbian villages. The Prime Minister thought that roughly half a million people had been killed in this manner. Naturally I could not vouch for the accuracy of these statements but the Prime Minister evidently believed them.

I also called by appointment on General de Gaulle, head of the French military units in England. I was struck by his appearance, and his coolness; he was way above average height, with a strikingly high and narrow head. He greeted me perfunctorily without the ghost of a smile. In his expressionless eyes I thought I saw myself reflected as a "mere civilian", while he was the foremost French leader. Without doubt he looked the part, though it was not altogether an agreeable part. Without preliminaries he mentioned the "misunderstanding" which our continued diplomatic representation in Vichy was causing among the French people. In forcible French he said it was leading the French people to believe that America was condoning the German occupation of France; that it was a great mistake to believe that continued relations with Vichy would affect in any way the future of the French fleet. He insisted that even Admiral Darlan was strongly against turning over the fleet to the Germans. Referring to the second front, he believed that occupied

France was ready for an Allied invasion, unoccupied France was less ready, and North Africa was not ready at all. He complained that the British were not helping him as much as they should in maintaining his communications with his agents in France, which was of supreme importance, in order that he might encourage the spirit of revolt against the German occupation. I learned then and later that De Gaulle was never without complaints. But his principal grievance that day against Great Britain and the United States was their failure to recognize his political as well as his military leadership, in view of "the fact", as he called it, that ninety per cent of the French people accepted him in both capacities. I realized when I left him that he was a difficult man to deal with.

During the summer months, relations with De Gaulle did not improve. At a luncheon given by him in the Dorchester Hotel, one of De Gaulle's principal associates, André Philip, turned to me and said with great emphasis: "If you don't support De Gaulle you destroy the co-ordination of the resistance movements. It would seem," he added, "that the United States does not realize the hatred throughout France of Vichy. When the proper moment comes, the General will say, 'I am the Provisional Government of France and I will call back into existence all the local elected authorities of the various departments who were in office in 1940, except those who had collaborated with Vichy.' De Gaulle could not become a dictator," continued Philip, "because the French people hate dictatorships, but he is destined to play an important part during the transitional period and until national elections are held."

President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill shared the view that without further knowledge of the wishes of the French people it would be highly improper to appear to force upon them a Provisional President residing outside of France by granting him official recognition merely because of his claims to that office, although De Gaulle was demanding to be so recognized. In the early stages Roosevelt and Churchill were probably right, but two years later when the invasion of Normandy was pending, I felt that further delay in giving De Gaulle recognition was unwise and detrimental to our own interests.

The principal energies of London O.S.S. had from the beginning been devoted to assisting the secret preparations for the North African invasion, known as "Torch". These were naturally of a military nature, and although I was kept informed of their progress I preferred to have the details handled by my military officers. My chief contribu-

tion was eventually to deal with a lack of understanding at our army headquarters in London concerning the part which O.S.S. was to play in the operation, and General Jacob L. Devers who had replaced General Eisenhower had to be straightened out and satisfied. This was finally achieved, but it took months of my time, and months of the time of my successor, David Bruce.

For several months O.S.S. agents had been busily engaged in North Africa and in London in planning for the invasion. An economic agreement in February, 1942, between the Americans and the French in North Africa had paved the way. Twelve United States "vice-consuls" had been dispatched to North Africa nominally to oversee the distribution of American commodities allocated to North Africa but this was in reality a cover to give these O.S.S. agents access to and knowledge of North African ports and shipping. Working under a chief agent who operated under the cover of an American Naval Attaché, it was their duty to collect intelligence, to disseminate propaganda and prepare for a campaign of subversive warfare and sabotage. They immediately set up a secret radio network to relay the intelligence gathered to London. French radio operators were trained and soon a large radio network was in operation. Information was obtained and relayed regarding the location of airfields, port installations, beaches, tides, defences and the disposition of defence forces of every category.

Substantial numbers of French and Arabs were recruited and trained as resistance groups for the purpose of assisting the invasion whenever it occurred, and thousands of Moors and Riffs were instructed and armed. O.S.S. agents had also the responsibility of ascertaining which of the French in North Africa were loyal to the Allied cause and which would be against American intervention.

It happened that because of the extremely bad relations at this time between the British and French, largely because of De Gaulle, British activities were practically non-existent and therefore a great responsibility fell to our O.S.S. officers, and the efficiency and relative ease of the initial Allied landings which began on November 12 were certainly due in large part to the activities of O.S.S. men. Indeed, for a brief period after the invasion the *only* communications between the landing forces and our army headquarters at Gibraltar were those of the O.S.S. network.

During the fall there were various demonstrations of goodwill between the British and Americans in London which were particularly

gratifying, as the Axis was at that time doing all in its power to create discord between us and our British Allies. September 2, 1942, was an American day in London. A contingent of American forces assembled in Grosvenor Square during the morning and marched to the Guildhall for the luncheon given in its honour by the Lord Mayor. Ambassador Winant and most of the British Government were also present. I found myself seated between Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, and Ernest Bevin, then Minister of Labour. Eden has great charm. He discussed with me several points in the speech which he was about to deliver. Major-General John L. Lee, representing the theatre commander, responded to the Lord Mayor's toast of welcome and did it with a military touch suitable to the occasion. This was the first time since the great blitz of 1940 that the Guildhall had been used. A new roof had replaced the old destroyed roof but little remained of the beautiful council chamber. I was proud of the fine appearance of our soldiers. After the luncheon they were shown around the Guildhall and displayed genuine interest in the historic building and in its ruined parts. I was glad to note that their sympathy and intelligence were thoroughly appreciated by our hosts.

In October, Eleanor Roosevelt arrived in London and was met at the station by the King and Queen, who took her to Buckingham Palace, where she remained as their guest for two days. Groups of people, and among them our own G.I.s stood for hours outside the gates of the Palace, hoping for a glimpse of her. Later she toured the British Isles, visiting countless American Army camps, speaking to our forces. She went through this heavy programme suffering from a severe cold which would have kept most people confined to their beds, but the response she received from both British and Americans must have been the best of cures. One evening I accompanied her to the theatre and the moment she entered her box, she was loudly cheered.

On Thanksgiving Day, the British paid our forces a handsome tribute. It began with a great Thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey, conducted entirely by Americans. When I arrived at 10.15 a.m. the Abbey was already packed with men in khaki and a long double line of soldiers awaited admittance. No orders had been given for them to attend; every man came of his own volition. Red Cross uniforms were also conspicuous. Only a few distinguished English guests had been invited by our high command. The procession started at the west end of the Abbey, headed by a soldier

proudly bearing the American flag. Ambassadors Winant and Biddle and three army chaplains of different faiths followed and the flag was then laid lovingly on the altar, which I thought a fine gesture. Mr. Winant read the President's Thanksgiving proclamation and Mr. Biddle read the day's lesson. An army chaplain delivered a rather tedious sermon from the pulpit, which seemed to me singularly lacking in fitness since he omitted any reference to the great compliment which the Church of England had paid the American forces by giving them the exclusive use of the Abbey. However, the impressive event spoke for itself.

After the customary Thanksgiving banquet, given by the American Society in London, Mr. Winant drove me to Buckingham Palace where the King and Queen received about three hundred American officers. A few civilians including the Ambassador and myself, the Prime Minister, Lord and Lady Mountbatten, and the Duchess of Northumberland, assembled in the reception-room. Their Majesties entered punctually followed by the two little Princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, and greeted us individually. Then the doors opened to admit a long line of officers headed by the generals. They made a dashing appearance. A table loaded with refreshments had been set up in the adjoining gallery which was soon packed with American uniforms. When the line had passed, Their Majesties and the Princesses joined us in the gallery and mingled for one and a half hours with their guests. The entire day had been a splendid tribute to our forces.

When I finally took leave of my associates, about Christmas time, I felt that the London office of O.S.S. was in every way a going concern. It was well on its way to harmony with its British counterparts and with our own service commanders, and I could properly leave its direction to other hands. I believed, too, that Colonel Donovan was satisfied with its development, and that was for me my reward.

The Indian Venture

WHILE still in London with the Office of Strategic Services a bomb struck me on October 31 in the shape of a telegram from Colonel William J. Donovan saying that the President and Secretary of State would like me to go to New Delhi, India, as the President's Personal Representative with the rank of Ambassador. Four days later came a message from Secretary of State Hull saying in part, "The department earnestly hopes that you will undertake the assignment which is viewed as one of profound importance because of the political and military problems related to the current situation in India." I cabled my acceptance and asked for instructions.

The reply (after pleasantly expressing gratification at my acceptance), authorized me to "discuss cautiously the Indian situation with appropriate British officials". It recalled the views of the President and Secretary of State "favouring freedom for all dependant peoples at the earliest date practicable", and it drew a parallel between the Philippine and Indian situations.

The instructions continued: "We cannot bring pressure, which might reasonably be regarded as objectionable, to bear on the British, but we can in a friendly spirit talk bluntly and earnestly to appropriate British officials so long as they understand that it is our purpose to treat them in a thoroughly friendly way. A settlement arising from such friendly and non-partisan conversations with both sides or with either side would probably be most practicable as well as most desirable. . . . The terrible complexities of the Indian situation are difficult to analyse and understand. With your great experience and fine common sense, you will well understand how to preserve thoroughly agreeable relations with both countries and how to say or do anything, in a tactful way, that might encourage both sides or either side in the way of a practicable settlement." The reference to a "settlement" struck me as slightly naïve. After all, hadn't the world been hoping for one for years? How could I be expected to effect one in a matter

of weeks? Yet I knew this sentence was the heart of the instructions. At the same time I was warned not to carry "such informal discussions to the point where it might be charged by the opposite side that you and this government were attempting to intervene and on our own initiative to put up plans and proposals for them to accept".

Lastly, it was explained that "we have an added interest in the settlement of this matter by reason of its relation to the war". American forces were then pouring into India. Their principal objective was the province of Assam close to the Burma frontier, from where our military supplies to the Chinese armies could be transported over "the hump" into Chinese territory. The Burma Road into China was then under construction; meanwhile the dangerous air route was the only communication which we had with our Chinese ally. Not only was it necessary to transport a large part of the supplies by rail across India to Assam, but vast assembling and repair centres had been constructed in Karachi and at other points farther east and south. Peaceful conditions within India were therefore necessary to the success of our operations.

But with the growing Indian hostility to British rule, reports from India had become extremely disturbing. There was apprehension in Congress and elsewhere of widespread resistance, violence, and sabotage, with a consequent threat to the supplies for our forces. I assumed, and correctly, that it was because of these conditions the President had decided to send a representative to India to report to him personally. So I wrote in reply to Mr. Hull that I now saw clearly the great importance which he attached to my mission, and that I would do the best I could to carry out the President's and his directive.

During my remaining two months in London I discussed the Indian situation with many British experts. Mr. Eden said he knew all about my projected trip and welcomed it. He thought that British officials in India had been unable to realize in the past the importance of enlightening American visitors to the actual situation, with the result that Americans as a whole did not grasp the terrific problems. He hoped that I would get the whole picture and report it to the President. He did not make any suggestion as to whether or not I might help solve any of these problems, nor did I think it wise to inject any thoughts of my own beyond saying that I was ready to help if assistance was in order. He did suggest that I might well spend a day or two in Cairo on the way out and have a look at the Indian forces. This would be highly appreciated in India he thought and he offered to arrange it.

The Prime Minister was dressed in his "zipper" suit when I lunched with him and Mrs. Churchill at No. 10 Downing Street on December 16. He radiated vitality. Despite a cherubic expression and a rotund contour, I felt at once his dynamic power of leadership; his every word had a hammerlike quality. The only other guests present were Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, later British Ambassador to Washington with the new title of Lord Inverchapel, and Mr. Richard Casey, formerly Australian Ambassador to Washington. The luncheon was at one-thirty and we broke up at two-forty-five, the Prime Minister talking continuously.

Wendell Willkie's name came into the conversation. Churchill launched into a severe criticism of him, evidently keenly resenting what he believed to be Willkie's attitude toward the British Government. Both Clark Kerr and Casey defended Willkie and felt that at heart he was well disposed. But Churchill would have none of it and insisted that Willkie was not a man to be trusted. I reminded him that Americans liked to criticize all political leaders from their President down, and that oftentimes caricature and criticism were given in a friendly background. However, this did not mollify Churchill. Instead he said that Willkie 'reminded him of a Newfoundland dog in a small parlour, which had wiped its paws on a young lady's blouse and swept off the teacups with its tail'. We all laughed for the simile was not inappropriate. Having just returned from his round-the-world flight, Willkie had been making a number of speeches in America, criticizing the British with respect to India and the State Department for various errors. But I realized that once Churchill had made up his mind nothing could change it. Later I was to discover the same uncompromising attitude about India.

By contrast, Churchill talked at length about his relations with the President, and said that he would follow F. D. R. in everything that he had undertaken in the North African campaign. He referred to the President as the greatest spirit in the world today. Stalin was also discussed. Churchill described how he had stood up to him boldly. He knew that Stalin could not possibly grasp the problems of ocean transportation, and so could never understand the difficulties of the Anglo-Saxon nations in transporting the large numbers of troops necessary for the opening of a second front in Europe. Stalin merely had to move his men across his own country.

When the Prime Minister got around to the subject of India, it was difficult precisely to fathom his mind. In one phrase he reiterated his

public assertion that he would never part with any portion of his Empire. Yet in another phrase he referred to the offer of freedom which had been made to the Indians, meaning, I suppose, the ill-fated Cripps mission to India. But what an outstanding personality Churchill is!

He seemed aware that India had an important if passive rôle to play in the war, for he mentioned the great importance of doing something about freeing Burma before the monsoons began, and it was only by going to Assam that one could realize the terrible problems involved. He was full of respect for the fighting abilities of the Japanese. But clearly if India was to be useful as a base for the Burma offensive and other operations, her internal political situation was of some concern. Before I took my leave he spoke with great earnestness about my undertaking and said that "much might come of it".

A few days later I was touched and flattered by receiving from him a somewhat tattered copy of a delightful book entitled *Twenty-One Days in India*, together with the following letter:

10 Downing Street, Whitehall
December 15, 1942.

DEAR MR. PHILLIPS,

There are serious things beneath the surface of this old book. When I went out as a subaltern to India in 1886, I was advised to read it by one of the wisest Civil Servants in India, who had been a friend of my family. I thought it might interest you to read it on the journey out, as it is a book famous in a small circle and supposed to give very briefly a sweeping glance at a vast, marvellous scene.

Pray do not however suspect me of anything but literary taste. The author deals with a world that has passed away, and this is the only copy I could get.

All good wishes for your journey,

Yours sincerely,

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

It was a courteous and much-appreciated gesture, but I could not help thinking that the Prime Minister and Eden expected a good deal of me and might be disappointed.

With a feeling of eager anticipation I boarded a Pan-American plane at Foynes, Ireland, three days after Christmas, accompanied by my assistant in the O.S.S., Major Richard P. Heppner, whom General Donovan had most kindly released temporarily from his duties, and by an incompetent sergeant whom army headquarters in London had foisted off on me as a secretary. Major Heppner helped me in

innumerable ways. He was not only a most agreeable and efficient companion but a splendid representative of America. I owed him a great deal for his devoted service.

We spent the night at Lisbon and the following night at Fisherman's Lake, Liberia. New Year's Day, 1943, we parted company with the Pan-American clipper and continued the journey in a primitive army plane, fitted with bucket seats. Comfort had been ignored in designing this model; after a few hours the iron bucket seats asserted themselves in no uncertain manner. A one-night stop at Kano, an American army post in Central Africa, and a second long day of flying brought us to Khartoum, where I was again the guest overnight of the American commanding officer.

Following Mr. Eden's counsel to review the Indian troops in Cairo as a sympathetic preface to my work in India, we continued our flight the next day down the Nile. About half-way to Cairo our plane ran into a dust-storm so dense that our young army pilot did not dare to attempt a landing at the Cairo airport. For an hour or more we circled Cairo, hoping for a chance to land. It was a most unpleasant hour, as our supply of gas was nearly exhausted. Suddenly, by a miracle, the dust clouds parted for a moment and below us appeared a small unused landing field to which we dropped in safety, eventually arriving in Cairo by motor. We learned later that Lady Tedder, wife of the Air Marshal, and her companions were killed that very afternoon trying to land at the Cairo airport.

My friend and our Minister, Alexander Kirk, who had been with me in Rome, put us up for two nights. I reviewed in their camp beyond the Pyramids, the huge, magnificent Sikhs from the Punjab, and I spoke with some of them. Indian photographers busily recorded my movements and eventually produced a film which appeared all over India, serving as an excellent introduction of me to the Indian people. Mr. Eden's suggestion proved to be a happy one.

A comfortable British amphibious plane carried us over the Dead Sea, across the wide desert to the upper waters of the Euphrates, and after a hot night at Basra we reached Karachi late the following afternoon. General Joseph Stillwell, United States commander, Burma and India, had sent an army plane known as "Uncle Joe's Chariot" to conduct us to New Delhi. I was astonished to observe, before our take-off, the immensity of the American air base in the outskirts of Karachi, so little had I realized the importance and scale of our operations in India. Coming with the plane and returning to

the capital with me were George Merrell, head of our official representation in India, a mission which ranked below a legation, who was to prove a most helpful associate, and Brigadier General Ferris, Deputy Chief of Staff of the United States forces in India.

It had been arranged that on arrival in New Delhi I should spend a few days as the guest of the Viceroy and Lady Linlithgow. Our plane was met by an aide-de-camp of His Excellency, by the personnel of the United States mission in Delhi, and by a group of the American and Indian press. After the general greetings, an Indian correspondent asked for my impressions of India. Considerably amused at the abruptness of this inquiry, I replied that as we had been flying high I had seen very little of the country but what I had seen I liked. This comment inspired a clever cartoon which appeared shortly thereafter in the Hindu press. The representative of the President was pictured looking down from the plane, trying to observe India, but spread below him and concealing the ground was a cloud which was held in place by two winged cherubs. Their faces were those of the Viceroy and Leopold Amery, Secretary of State for India in London.

After an informal luncheon with Lord and Lady Linlithgow, His Excellency and I adjourned to the library, where I presented my credentials in the form of a letter from the President apprising him of my appointment as the Personal Representative. Linlithgow was a towering, six-foot-six Scotchman, disposed to be friendly in spite of a certain austerity of manner. He assured me that India was wide open to me and that I could go where I willed and talk to whom I wished. My first contact with the ruler of India was exceedingly agreeable and reassuring, although I doubted that in his heart he welcomed the intrusion of an official representative of the President.

In the evening the Viceroy gave a magnificent and ceremonious dinner of thirty-eight in my honour, which included many members of the government of India. As the representative in India of the King Emperor, Linlithgow had obviously adopted the outward forms of royalty to a pronounced degree, perhaps too pronounced from the Indian point of view. On the other hand, his wife while equally regal on such formal occasions, was disarmingly gracious and charming.

As we entered the dining-room, footmen dressed in crimson and gold lined both sides of the long table, one for each two guests; with the superb floral decorations they made a spectacular tableau. At the appropriate moment five Indian bagpipers twice circled the table,

causing all conversation to cease abruptly. This, I assumed, was in recognition of our Scotch host. After dinner I was taken to a drawing-room, seated on a sofa, and informed that each member of the government was to be presented to me for a "seven minutes" talk. Was I being mistaken for royalty? Certainly the whole evening was conducted in a most formal and regal manner.

In due course I moved to our own headquarters at Bahawalpur House, which was part office and part residence for me and my assistant. Surrounded by lawns and flower-beds it had ample office space, but the living quarters for Heppner and me, while comfortable enough, were not suitable for more than two unattached men.

My first concern was to hold a conference for the Indian press, for there was much curiosity as to the purpose of my assignment. It appeared that my rank had engendered considerable speculation, for there had been no previous envoys of ambassadorial rank in India. Both Hindu and Moslem press representatives appeared in droves. I read to the gathering the following brief, prepared statement:

I come to study and to learn as much as I can of the India of today—the India of the future which has such an important rôle to play in world affairs, and I shall report my findings to Washington.

We Americans together with the people of the United Nations are determined to carry on the war to final victory. That victory is now assured. Our troops are proud to be associated with the magnificent soldiers of India, some of whom I had the privilege of visiting in their desert camp in Egypt.

We all of us have much to learn from one another, Americans from Indians, Indians from Americans, and I am confident that I shall find here the friendly guidance so necessary to help me to understand and co-operate, and thus to fulfil my mission for the President.

In view of the delicacy of the political situation, it was necessary to be extremely wary in answering the ensuing barrage of questions, but according to my associates I got away with the ordeal without any dangerous blunders.

After this came a round of official calls upon the important local figures. Among others, I paid my respects to Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, the Commander-in-Chief, who later succeeded Lord Linlithgow as Viceroy. The Field-Marshal received me in the upstairs study of his large and commodious official residence. Though reserved in manner he was unassuming and forthright. I took an immediate liking to him, but felt that he was depressed, and perhaps tired. I could not help wondering whether he was in sympathy with the

Viceroy's stern policy towards Gandhi and the imprisoned thousands of his followers.

I also met and quickly admired General Claude Auchinleck, who at the time was suffering from Winston Churchill's displeasure, having been relieved of all command and forced to live in New Delhi without a job and without assurance as to the future. My admiration sprang from the uncomplaining way he accepted the situation, when it was generally recognized that, with his long experience and popularity in India, he could have been of great service.

Presently I was literally deluged with callers. The members of the government upon whom I had made the first call made lengthy visits in return; members of the Indian press including Devadas Gandhi, the son of Mohandas K. Gandhi, known as the Mahatma or leader; Hindu and Moslem leaders; prime ministers of various states and representatives of Indian life from all parts of the country came to see me. These conversations expressed a wide divergence of views, giving a many-sided picture of the general situation, which I conveyed to the President in a series of letters.

The official British position was not unreasonable. Britishers had been in India for one hundred and fifty years, and except for the Mutiny in 1857, generally speaking internal peace had been maintained. They had created a smooth-running civil service. The great cities of Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras had been built up largely through their initiative. They had acquired vast vested interests in the country and believed that their withdrawal from India would not only jeopardize those interests but would also open the doors to a bloody civil war. Furthermore, they had guaranteed the regime of the ruling Princes, who controlled territorially about one-third of India and one-fourth of the population. Although they realized that forces were gathering which affected their hold over India, they believed they had gone out of their way to check any possible aggression by offering freedom to India as soon as it was certain that the Indians themselves could form a secure government.

But certain inconsistencies were apparent. The British insisted that the Indians show a willingness and ability to get together, yet they were holding incommunicado the Hindu leaders, Gandhi and Jawarhalal Nehru, the two spokesmen of the all-India Congress Party, the most important political party in the country. The news from India, as read in England gave people the impression that an impasse had been reached, that no agreement was possible between the Hindus

and Moslems. Yet it was the British themselves who were permitting the impasse to continue rather than using their good offices to bring the opposing parties together.

The Indians on the other hand, had eagerly adopted the concept of freedom for oppressed peoples, as proclaimed in the Atlantic Charter, and endorsed by the President of the United States. British offers of post-war freedom, providing always that the Indians could agree among themselves to form a government, had fired the Indian intelligentsia's dreams of independence as never before. Yet Hindus and Moslems alike took no stock in London's promises of eventual freedom for India. They insisted that to prove its good faith the British Government should grant a degree of freedom without further delay.

The present Indian Government, they pointed out, was not representative of India since all its members were mere puppets selected by the Viceroy without consultation with the party leaders. They demanded that a truly representative all-Indian Government, with limited power if necessary, should be set up at the centre and that Gandhi should be released so that discussions between him and Ali Jinnah, the Moslem leader, could be reopened.

References to the Cripps mission were passed over without serious comment. Mention would be made that the mission was suddenly withdrawn before it had been able to accomplish anything, but apparently its departure had not caused profound regrets. There was a belief, which I never fully substantiated, that Cripps in his eagerness to effect an understanding between Hindus and Moslems, had exceeded his instructions and so was asked by Churchill to return to London. I wrote the President in part on January 22:

New Delhi, India

. . . In all this confusion resulting from religious, political and caste differences, four men stand out who dominate the scene; Churchill and his Viceroy, Gandhi and Jinnah. The Viceroy represents England of the old school, of the tradition of Empire, of British responsibility to govern backward peoples. Behind him are the six hundred British Indian Civil Servants who are devoting their lives to India and who know little of what is going on in the world outside and who in their hearts want to preserve the *status quo*, since their livelihood depends upon it. Undoubtedly their views must have some influence on the Viceroy.

While in London I got the impression that the English people were ready and even eager to grant dominion status to India if only the Indians would

agree among themselves with regard to the form of their government. I cannot say as much of Churchill, but certainly several members of his government with whom I have talked feel that way and have it much in their minds. The British press too is moving along more advanced lines in this respect.

But here in India the situation appears to be the reverse. The British whom I have met seem unaware of the changing attitude in England and cannot really envisage a free India fit to govern itself. They point out that eighty-five per cent of the country is illiterate, that the great mass of the people are utterly indifferent as to who governs as long as there is a government to which they can look for food and relief in times of stress. They see the antagonism of the Hindu and Muslim political parties and feel that it is hopeless to expect them to reach any practical agreement. They speak of civil war the moment England departs, *et cetera*, *et cetera*. Naturally these views are reflected in the Indian leaders, and convinces them that British promises are worthless.

Gandhi is the third great personality, the god whom people worship. If he could be convinced that the British are sincere in their desire to see India free, there is hope that he might be unexpectedly reasonable in his approach to Jinnah and the League. . . .

Jinnah is the fourth person who has to be reckoned with. He and Gandhi distrust each other and are bitter political enemies. Jinnah's Muslim League, which in fact represents the great bulk of Muslim India, stands for Pakistan, that is, a complete independent Muslim State free from any interference whatsoever from British and Hindus alike. Recently it has been growing in power and influence, and is therefore a formidable opposition to the Hindu claim. But Jinnah's well-known vanity may come in usefully, if Gandhi would be willing to offer him a high position in an Indian Government. . . .

And so there seem to be four men who hold in their hands the destiny of three hundred and eighty-eight million people; Churchill dominates the Viceroy, the Viceroy dominates the government of India, Gandhi controls the Congress and Jinnah the great mass of the Indian Muslims. . . .

Of these 388,000,000 people some 255,000,000 or sixty-five per cent were Hindus and 94,000,000 or twenty-four per cent were Moslems. The other eleven per cent of the population was made up of Sikhs, Parsis, Christians, Buddhists and other minority religious groups. The Hindus were again divided according to caste including 48,000,000 of the so-called Scheduled Castes, or Untouchables.

The Indians themselves did not minimize the enormous and almost impossible barriers which separated these various castes and creeds. In fact one of my callers told me that if he, a Moslem, went into a Hindu confectionary shop and touched a sweet, there would be the utmost consternation because according to the Hindu religion, he would have polluted the entire supply of sweets. These would have to be thrown

away and he would be asked to pay for the damage: In a bazaar the Hindu salesman would probably regard as polluted merely the tray containing the object which had been touched. Such extreme views made compromises very difficult. Frequently I had occasion to express my opinion that conservative Englishmen might well take advantage of the apparent impasse to hold on to India until the Indian people could themselves find a solution. India's social and religious divisions were thus playing directly into the hands of the British Conservatives.

That the overwhelming mass of India's people were ignorant, could also not be denied. I recall a delightful story told me by the Governor of Madras. Two Indian women were contesting an election for a provincial office in the United Provinces. One was highly successful in her campaign, the other was much less so. The supporters of the latter in desperation resorted to drastic measures. They announced to the public that their candidate was a goddess. When this failed to create a good impression, they announced that the following morning at a certain spot the goddess would speak to them from above. At the appointed hour a vast crowd assembled under a banyan tree. Sure enough, the goddess's voice was heard speaking from Heaven. The crowd was convinced and the less popular candidate was duly elected with a big majority over her opponent. No one saw the phonograph which was carefully hidden in the heavy foliage of the tree.

However, the fact that these conditions existed did not mean necessarily that they would always exist. I hoped that some day a united India would assume the responsibility for improving the lot of her own people.

I was anxious by this time to get out of the capital and away from the interminable callers, and I chose the Punjab Province in northern India for my first visit, the Governor already having invited me to be his guest. Indian provinces were ruled by British governors whereas Indian states were nominally subject to native rulers, although a British Minister Resident was present and acted as a close observer and adviser on behalf of the British Government. The Punjab, a Moslem province, was then the centre of the Pakistan movement. I knew that Pakistan was the battle cry of the Moslem League, but I was interested to see whether there was an undivided demand for its creation.

Major Heppner and I were provided with a reserved compartment on the night train to Lahore, capital of the Punjab. As we lumbered

along through the darkness, making lengthy stops at every station, the platforms swarmed with noisy and ragged mobs struggling to find places on the already crowded train. The door to our compartment was frequently attacked, but thanks to Heppner's military uniform the mob refrained from entering. None of the train officials was in the least concerned with our predicament, assuming only too evidently that since our compartment was marked "Private" they had no further responsibility.

At an early hour we arrived at Lahore, where the Governor's aide was a welcome sight. He drove us through the streets of a fine city to the Governor's residence, a large rambling house situated in a beautiful garden with giant trees. His Excellency and Lady Lancey greeted us with a delicious breakfast, which dissipated memories of an unpleasant night. As usual, I was expected to hold a Press conference, and I foresaw that here in the capital of the leading Moslem province embarrassing questions could be asked. Twenty correspondents assembled and we sat around an oval table in a room which had been loaned me for the purpose. Finding at last that I was not a mine of information on Indian politics a cross-fire of questions and answers began between the Hindus and Moslems with regard to their own political views. I listened to this exchange with great interest although I learned nothing new from it. Finally it grew so heated that I had to intervene, and seeing there was a photographer present I suggested that we adjourn to the garden for a group photograph. Indians enjoy being photographed, so peace was again restored.

At the dinner given for me that evening, there was far less formality than in Delhi. The Governor seemed at ease and in close contact with the mixed group of Hindus and Moslems which comprised his Cabinet.

The next day, accompanied by George Abel, the remarkably versatile secretary of His Excellency, we visited Amritzar, the principal city of the Sikhs. Its famous shrine, known as the Golden Temple, is situated in the middle of an artificial lake, the water of which is regarded as sacred. Men were bathing before entering the glittering, sun-drenched temple for their prayers. The swirling crowds in holiday array added lustre to the spectacle. The scenes in the temple were even more kaleidoscopic—strange music, strange chanting, intensity of respect and prayer mingled with confusion, colour, and movement. In an alcove an old Sikh priest with a long grey beard was reading aloud from the Sacred Book while a servant stood behind him fanning

off the flies. The entire book must be read every forty-eight hours by one priest, then another priest would begin reading. And so taking turns day and night in this perpetual muttering of the sacred lines, the solemn service went on and on.

On the return to Lahore, at my request we stopped at a typical native village, a mere collection of mud huts situated at some distance from the main highway. In the centre of abject poverty and misery stood a magnificent banyan tree, nature's only adornment. Abel, who spoke the language fluently, had no sooner made himself known than three chairs were set out for us under the great tree and the inmates of the village gathered before us. Following a lively exchange of questions and answers about crop conditions, Abel asked if anyone could tell him whether America was in the war, and if so on which side she was fighting. There was a long pause. No one knew the answer. The explanation lay in the fact that not a single inhabitant of the village knew how to read or write, and according to Abel this was typical of thousands of villages throughout India.

The local head of the Moslem League invited me to tea to meet a group of Leaguers, all of whom were young fanatics in the cause of Pakistan. I was astonished to find how little they had studied the subject and how indifferent they were to the economic and financial conditions of an independent Moslem state. Their attitude was clearly emotional rather than rational. In all such gatherings I was careful to say that I had come to listen and to learn. This was all that was necessary to start a ceaseless flow of words, for Indians are adepts at talking when there is a good listener.

I called also upon the Vice-Chancellor of the Punjab University who took me to a large room where the faculty was assembled apparently awaiting my arrival. We sat in a big circle and discussed college affairs. Fortunately, I knew enough about Harvard's administration and curriculum to keep up my end of the conversation. Oddly enough, no mention was made of politics. From there I visited the Forman Christian College, lunched with the American principal and his wife, and met a large assemblage of students in the garden. Forman was said to be one of the most advanced educational institutions in India.

The Punjab had been previously heralded as a model of progressive, united, local government. It was an example of how Hindus and Moslems could work together given the opportunity. A new constitution was supposed to be in the making; the present government

was theoretically a provisional coalition for the interim. However, at the end of my visit I came to the conclusion that the much vaunted "constituational government" was in reality a coalition loyal to their late chief, Sir Sikhandar, for many years the strong man of the Punjab. I could find no enthusiasm for a constitution, nor any really progressive approach to India's social and economic problems. But the Hindu minority did seem to get on amicably with the Moslems.

On the Pakistan issue the League members whom I met during my stay were all ardent followers of Jinnah and insisted they would accept nothing less than complete separation from Hindu India. And it must be admitted that they represented the majority viewpoint in the Punjab. However, members of the provincial government, and certain other Moslems admitted to me privately that with local independence there might well be a loose tie-up with the central government in New Delhi. And the more I studied Jinnah's Pakistan, the less it appealed to me as the answer to India's communal problem, since to break India into two separate nations would weaken both and might open Pakistan, at least, to the designs of ambitious neighbours.

Bad news awaited me on my return to Delhi. The Viceroy sent for me and told me of Gandhi's intention to begin a "fast to capacity" on the following morning, February 9, in protest against the general attitude of the British. He told me firmly that the government believed there would be no general disturbance unless Gandhi died during the fast, but he admitted that death was considered possible in view of his seventy-three years and his determination to fast for twenty-one days. Lord Linlithgow obviously had his back up. A personal feud seemed to have developed between the two men, for Gandhi undoubtedly was out to defy the Viceroy. Linlithgow, who refused to be intimidated, was thinking in terms of law and order, and as Gandhi and Congress were held to be "enemies" of the British they must be dealt with accordingly.

As the days went by and Gandhi's condition became grave, alarm spread throughout India. One evening it was reported that he could not survive the night. Returning from lunch another day, I found twenty-five schoolgirls seated in a circle on the floor of the hall, waiting to express their anxiety and to ask for my help. To all such appeals I could only say that I was keeping the President fully informed of the situation. This I did daily by cable through the department, which was all I could do, for I had no instructions to proceed otherwise. But I felt that the British might well have been more generous

in their treatment of Gandhi. However, pressure on me to "do something" of a constructive nature to break the deadlock grew steadily in intensity. This pressure was not limited to Hindu Congress supporters; even members of the Viceroy's council appealed to me in strict confidence, and prominent Moslems added their pleas. On February 23, I sent the following letter to the President:

New Delhi, India

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,

Since my last letter the Gandhi business has given us a lot of trouble. A strict censorship has kept from the American press the widespread consternation caused by the official bulletins which indicated that he could not survive the fast. Muslims, Nationalists, Christians joined in the appeal of the Hindus for clemency, partly out of real sympathy and partly out of dread of what would happen throughout India if Gandhi died during the fast.

It is difficult for Anglo-Saxons to understand the deep-seated feelings which have been aroused by this performance of an old man of seventy-three years. Many Indians have told me that during his previous "fasts unto death" there was nothing like the present nation-wide consternation. The explanation given is that to vast numbers of Hindus Gandhi has a semi-divine quality which separates him from, and elevates him above, the rest of mankind. That such a being is willing to sacrifice himself for the cause that every Indian has at heart, namely, the independence of India, has touched the people as a whole. While, of course, Gandhi's methods in the past are not approved, probably by the majority, nevertheless his honesty of purpose is respected and Indians who have been violently against him have now joined the chorus of appeals in his behalf. There could be nothing like it in any other country but India.

As an example, I attended a banquet last evening given by one of the Indian members remaining in the Viceroy's Council in honour of the Governor of the United Provinces. I was told that fifty guests out of approximately one hundred and fifty acceptances shirked the dinner at the last moment and even the host's wife and two daughters boycotted the dinner out of sympathy for Gandhi.

This is the fourteenth day of the fast and he has seven more days to go to complete his announced twenty-one days. Lately the bulletins have been far more reassuring and there is reason to believe now that he will survive.

Unfortunately, the whole episode has brought the United States prominently into the picture and I have been literally besieged by callers and overwhelmed by telegrams from all parts of India, asking whether there could not be something done from Washington or by me to relieve the present deadlock. An important conference of political leaders from various parts of India assembled in Delhi last week to urge the Viceroy to clemency and many of them called upon me. To the telegrams we have merely given formal acknowledgment.

THE INDIAN VENTURE

To the callers I have listened by the hour. While I had to be sympathetic, I gave them no reason to think that we would intervene, and it was only after the department's authorization to say, in case I felt the need, that matters affecting the Indian situation which required handling were being dealt with by high officials of the American and British Governments, that I gave them that comfort. I did this in the hope that it would lessen the pressure on the mission and at the same time show the Indians that we were not completely indifferent.

But the Viceroy has remained adamant and has refused to listen to any appeals. He regards the case as one of defiance to law and order which must be dealt with accordingly. He does not feel, I fear, the pathos in the appeal of these millions for freedom for their own country. He is certainly a man of determination, for he has shown no weakening in his policy to let Gandhi bear the consequences of his fast and die in the process if necessary, no matter what the results may be. Perhaps he is a "chip off the old block" that Americans knew something about in 1772.

I realize perfectly that neither you nor the Secretary could do much but I had hoped that the Secretary's talks with Halifax might bear fruit in some way. At least I hoped to avoid the impression here, signs of which have already appeared, that by the presence of our forces in India and my own presence we were openly encouraging the British to retain their hold over India. For, rightly or wrongly, there is one fixed idea in the minds of Indians, that Great Britain has no intention of "quitting India" and that the post-war period will find the country in the same relative position. In the circumstances, they turn to us to give them help because of our historic stand for liberty.

I fear that the Office of War Information in India has been too active in advertising in the Press, under the caption of the American flag and the Statue of Liberty, that the President "has declared the extension of these fundamental liberties to all men, the case of the American people's war aims," et cetera, et cetera. Certainly Indians look to us for the help in their struggle, which presumably it will be difficult for us to give during the war. And after the war they believe that any such help will come too late, since whatever persuasion we can exercise over the British can be done better now than when the general scramble begins for post-war settlement. That is their view, I think, and one cannot live here without having a great deal of sympathy for it.

I am looking forward to the opportunity of talking over the situation with you when I return to Washington, and before then I hope to do a certain amount of travelling in the central and southern parts of the country to get a wider view of its problems.

With kindest remembrances and best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

The Indian press argued that, through our public pronouncements,

such as the Atlantic Charter and President Roosevelt's speeches in support of oppressed peoples, America had assumed a degree of responsibility which should be recognized in the present crisis. At first there was more expectation from us than criticism against us, but I knew that the criticism would quickly materialize if Gandhi died. Indians would then be likely to feel that through America's "inactivity" the British had been encouraged to pursue their intransigent attitude. Actually, when it became evident, as it soon did, that I could not intervene without instructions and that the President would not intervene with Churchill, American stock in India fell rapidly. Then the mistaken rumour spread throughout the country that American forces had come to India to assist the British policy of oppression. The hopes and the confidence which had been placed in America disappeared for the time being, so distraught were the people because of the danger to their great leader.

At long last, I received instructions from Secretary Hull to call upon the Viceroy and express his great concern over the possible consequences of Gandhi's death and the inevitable effect it would have on India as a base for American operations against Japan. The Viceroy assured me this time that even if Gandhi died there was nothing to fear from any general uprising, the police had the situation well in hand. It was of the highest importance, he said, to preserve among Indians the appearance of a powerful central government; more serious complications would result from any appearance of weakness. However, he was now confident that Gandhi who had been freed for the duration of the fast would not die, because fasts had become a great art among those Indians who had studied and perfected them. Quantities of water with certain salts and fruit juices would be drunk which would sustain life for a considerable time, and he assumed that Gandhi was receiving nourishment in some such form.

The Viceroy was right in certain respects for Gandhi did not die. The crisis had ended with honours to both antagonists. The Viceroy had maintained his so-called prestige; Gandhi had carried out his protest against the government by his successful fast of twenty-one days and had come back very much into the limelight. There was no material change in the situation except increased bitterness against the British.

Before resuming my travels I told Lord Linlithgow that from Bombay I planned to go to Hyderabad and would be in the vicinity of Poona, where Gandhi was imprisoned. Since it had been

arranged for me to see Jinnah on my return to New Delhi, it was particularly important for me to meet Gandhi, who had been returned to close confinement. I repeated again my conviction that I could not complete my mission to India without at least contacting the great Hindu leader. I realized that Gandhi and Nehru were not permitted to receive visitors, but a call upon the former as I was passing by would be far less conspicuous than a special trip from New Delhi to Poona, which otherwise I was anxious to make before leaving India. I reminded the Viceroy that everyone, including the American correspondents, was pressing for an answer as to whether I would see Gandhi; whether I had already asked to see him; what I proposed to do if I did not see him. And to all such questions I had avoided an answer. Lord Linlithgow expressed his appreciation of my attitude but said with definiteness that he could not permit a visit to Gandhi at this time. I betrayed my disappointment but hoped, I said again, that it could be arranged later.

Heppner and I set forth on a long train journey to Bombay, where we were week-end guests of the Governor and Lady Lumley. The Governor's residence stood on a point surrounded in three sides by the ocean, and so the hot weather was perpetually tempered by sea breezes. A large luncheon and a dinner-party gave me the opportunity of meeting members of the Governor's Council and other leading residents of Bombay.

The next day I moved to the residence of Consul Donovan and began scheduled meetings with businessmen and politicians. They came in a never-ending procession. Bitter complaints against the British never ceased. Business complained that the British were opposing any undertaking by Indians which might compete with British investments. Politicians here as everywhere thought the government of India was wrong in everything it did.

Among my callers was Mr. Vinayah D. Savarkar, President of the Hindu Mahasabha, an extremist group. Savarkar seemed far more reasonable in person than in print. He wanted only some form of central tie-up with the Moslems. Five years later he was one of the eight accused of complicity in Gandhi's murder, but was subsequently acquitted.

Of particular note was the attitude of the great industrial leaders, Tata and the Birla brothers, who lived in splendid mansions and represented powerful financial interests, but were withal loyal supporters of Gandhi. One of the Birlas came in to report a conversation

which he had with Gandhi during the last days of the fast. (Gandhi during that interval was permitted to see friends and sympathizers, but Lord Linlithgow had carefully explained to me that no "officials" were allowed to speak to him.) Gandhi had told Mr. Birla that:

1. He did not approve of sabotage.
2. Those persons who committed sabotage must do so on their own responsibility, take the consequences and be judged accordingly.
3. Although his Hindu Congress had authorized him to do anything he saw fit with regard to resistance to authority, he had never taken advantage of this action and in fact had done nothing.
4. He would issue no declaration from jail.
5. The government of India had copies of letters written by him to Miss Slade and Mrs. Naidu (two of his devoted followers) with regard to the Japanese, both of which made clear that he was strongly in favour of the Allied cause and against the Japanese.
6. In reply to Mr. Birla's question, "What would you do in the event of the formation of an Indian National Government?" Gandhi answered, "Congress is pledged to give military help to the Allies in the event of national independence." He would offer no obstruction.

Here was convincing refutation of the rumours that Gandhi was pro-Japanese.

From Bombay we travelled to Hyderabad as guests of the Prime Minister, the Nawab of Chkatari, whom I had met in Delhi. Waiting at the frontier to bring me to the capital was the special white train of His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad. To relieve my mind already congested with politics, we stopped off for twenty-four hours to view the famous caves of Ajanta and Ellora, considered among the greatest wonders of India, and far surpassing anything I had imagined.

The state of Hyderabad is one of the two or three largest and most important in India. The Nizam and the members of his government are all Moslems, ruling over a Hindu population, a curious anomaly but the result appeared to be successful. There were many signs of activity and progress throughout the capital; several of the principal streets had been broadened and modern buildings had begun to replace the old.

This was my first visit to an Indian state and I was curious to compare it with British India. The Princes, I knew, lived aloof, preferring not to inject themselves into the perpetual religious and political controversies. Some of their states were said to have liberal and

advanced governments, while others were pitifully backward, having made little or no progress since the dark ages.

The Nizam, who lived in an unostentatious house, welcomed me without ceremony. For the services he had rendered during the first World War, he had been given by the British Government the title of "Exalted Highness and Faithful Ally". He had also contributed two air squadrons and two corvettes to the present war. Reputed to be the richest man in the world, with barrels of jewels hidden somewhere, an absolute ruler over many millions, he certainly did not look the part, for he was poorly dressed and even slovenly. But his eager questions regarding my mission to India revealed an alert and inquiring mind. From all I could gather during my visit to his state he was held in high regard as a progressive ruler. But I continued to feel that Hyderabad was independent and proud of it, and was unconcerned with India's future.

One afternoon the Nawab took us to tea in one of the finest private palaces in the city. We were escorted into a vast salon open on one side to a rectangular inner court filled with beds of vividly coloured flowers. Many of the rooms of the great house were hung with Viennese glass chandeliers, and furnished with antique European furniture. Some of the murals were exceptionally fine.

An elaborate tea was served in the garden. But I felt that conversation among the prominent citizens assembled was stilted by my presence. During the meal, a private guard of six soldiers with drawn sabres marched up and down the garden in precise military formation to protect us from intrusion, a very oriental touch.

Like most of the leading Moslem families, that of my host was in "purdah". The women lived apart, and while we were at tea I noticed heads moving behind latticed windows on the second floor. No doubt I was a source of amusement. But it was clear that purdah was gradually being discontinued because many wives appeared at the large dinners dressed in their graceful saris of gold and silver tissue. I asked one lady how many different saris were included in her wardrobe. She replied that she did not know the exact number but probably there were well over one hundred.

We flew in a tiny one-engined plane, which seemed to me of doubtful security, to Madras, where I rested for two days in the country house of an hospitable American resident. Madras is the home of Rajagopalachari, whom I regarded as one of the few real statesmen in India. I had met him several times in New Delhi and admired his

wise and restrained attitude in comparison with the lack of conciliation and reasonableness of other leaders. He had resigned from the Congress party and though he had no longer a strong political following, his views were respected throughout India. He was closely allied to Gandhi through the marriage of his daughter to Gandhi's son, Devadas.

I called upon Rajagopalachari in his little white house which stood close to the street, and was greeted with a warmth which touched me deeply. He led me into a room which was almost bare of furniture. A chair had been provided for me beside the mattress on which he seated himself. On the whitewashed walls there was only one picture, that of Gandhi. My host brought me up to date on the political developments since I had left New Delhi. Like many others, he believed that if Gandhi and Jinnah were permitted to "get together" they would find a way towards accommodation. He confirmed what Gandhi's son had already told me, that if the British would consent to a transfer of limited powers to a provisional representative government at the centre, Gandhi would welcome the selection of Jinnah as the first Prime Minister of a United India, thus giving to the minority party the top position in the new government. But the British were still obstinate and Gandhi and Nehru continued to be held incommunicado. A daughter entered the room with refreshments and a son was introduced. Photographers appeared and my visit ended with the clicking of cameras and friendly smiles.

From Madras we took the night train to Trivandrum, the capital of the southernmost state of Travancore, where we were the guests of the Prime Minister, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, in the Maharajah's luxurious guest-house. This proud little state, the most advanced in many respects of all the states and provinces, had adopted matriarchy as its social system. For many years the mother had been the head of the family and owner of the family property. Lately, it appeared, the system had been modified so that the father now shared certain rights from which formerly he was excluded. The state has the highest degree of literacy in India because of the mother's control over the children's education. Whereas five per cent was said to be the average literacy in other parts of India, literacy in Travancore was well over fifty per cent. The ruler of the state was Her Highness the Maharani, while her son, the Maharajah, was the figure-head whose principal function seemed to be the offering of prayers every morning at a certain temple.

With Sir C. P., as he was popularly called, I had many talks to which

I attached importance because I knew they represented also the views of the Maharani for the two formed a close team. His views were not dissimilar to those of my friend Rajagopalachari of Madras. He believed that the King Emperor should make a new declaration of British intentions to grant independence and that a provisional government composed of Indians of all parties should be given powers on all matters except those bearing on the war. He thought that Jinnah should be Prime Minister because, being the leader of the minority he would be obliged to depend upon the Hindu majority. Furthermore, Jinnah's vanity would be flattered and thus he would be disposed to co-operate with the all-important objective of a stable central government. In Sir C. P.'s opinion, the princely states would not at first be directly represented in such a government. More probably they would be associated with the government by a commission of delegates and later their representation would merge in the government.

As I was interested to see the interior of this prosperous state, a car was provided to take us to Cape Comorin, the southernmost tip of the Indian continent. We drove down a fine highway, passing through several neat and busy little villages. I was impressed by the splendid physique of the people in this section. The men, who wore no clothing except for a loin cloth were tall and powerfully built, and the women, trained to carry water jars on their heads, were erect and proud in their carriage.

A few minutes after our arrival in the city of Mysore, the Dewan (Prime Minister) called at our luxurious guest-house (equipped for our comfort with electric fans), to inform me that the Maharajah expected me to tea that afternoon. The immense royal palace of Mysore looked twice the size of Buckingham Palace. I was conducted through a great hall to an elevator, which opened on the second floor into a splendid drawing-room where the Maharajah was standing to welcome me. He was a young man of about twenty-five years with a pleasing manner, but already too stout for his age. He regretted that I had not been able to attend the wedding of his sister, which had taken place on the previous day. I thanked him for his courtesy and said that I was looking forward to seeing the bridal procession that evening. Tea and cake heralded the end of my visit. By his lack of interest in my mission to India I concluded that the young man was concerned only with affairs in his own state. He made a special plea that I should visit certain mines which had been recently developed, an invitation that I had to decline.

In the evening the Dewan took us to a stand close to the palace gates from which we could watch the procession as it emerged. The palace itself was illuminated by sixty thousand electric bulbs, transforming the vast building into a fairy apparition. The procession was led by royal guards in ancient costumes carrying torches. A band playing western music was followed by mounted cavalry also in costume. The giant elephant on which the bridal couple sat enthroned under a rich canopy, was hung with gorgeous trappings of gold; his tusks were gilded and painted circles framed his eyes. The huge beast bearing the hero and heroine of the occasion was held in a spotlight as it advanced majestically through the streets lined with dense crowds, and clearly was proud of being the centre of interest. Three less gorgeously attired elephants followed "in attendance", more infantry and cavalry brought up the rear and the show was over. I had been, for a few minutes, at the heart of Old India.

In contrast, the following morning the Dewan took me for a drive through wide streets bordered by fine residences. The modern part of the capital had been laid out by a German architect, and in the vicinity of the railroad station were blocks of substantial modern buildings which served to house railroad workers. Rich and progressive Mysore was constructing a new world against the background of the old.

We continued on our way by motor to Bangalore, where I was the guest of William Pawley, later our Ambassador to Brazil, who together with his brother, Edward Pawley, headed a great aircraft factory and repair shop for our planes. I was anxious to see this large and modern industrial plant under American management.

In going through the factories I was struck by the enthusiasm with which the workers were performing their respective jobs. Pawley explained that although they were slow in comparison to American workers when they first began, they quickly picked up a speed and accuracy which equalled that of our top skilled labour. He gave as reasons their intense interest in the machines, and the remarkable dexterity of their hands in using them. This augured well for India's industrial development.

It was interesting to hear that the ten or eleven thousand Hindu and Moslem employees worked and took their noonday meal contentedly together. New employees were merely informed that the plant was run on American lines, which was all that was necessary to avoid friction between the two religious factions. But not many

months thereafter I heard that British interests and the Mysore State Government had bought out the Pawleys and taken over the plant. Did the British object to this display of American success? I wondered.

Back in Delhi again, I wrote in part to the President on April 7:

... May I give you a summary of my impressions gained through conversations with many different types of Indian leaders.

My previous impression of increasing anti-British sentiment was confirmed. In those states where there is much natural wealth, the discontent arises from the impression that the British do not welcome full development of the states' natural resources if there is any danger of competition with British industry. As an example, the state of Travancore owns and controls an important rubber factory. While the factory produces many articles required by the Indian army, it is not permitted to produce automobile tyres. This is particularly galling to the authorities of the state because the raw rubber obtained within the state has to be shipped to Madras and turned over to the Dunlop Tyre Company, British owned, which has the privilege of tyre manufacture in India.

The same under-current against British rule, coupled with the feeling that the Indians themselves are capable of handling their own domestic affairs, was apparent in all three states, which are, in fact, examples of advanced socialism, under the autocratic rule of the semi-independent sovereigns. Industry is owned and controlled by the states. It is a strange form of government from our point of view but it is one that has brought peace and prosperity to these states. . . .

Before leaving Delhi I had met and talked at length with the Maharajah of Nawanagar, then Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes in Delhi. His idea was that when an Indian Government was formed, the Princes should transfer to that government rights and ownerships of all transportation, mails, telegraph, etc., which were for the most part the property of the Princes. But the prominent political leaders of the states, whom I met on my southern journey clearly would not be satisfied with any such limited transfer. They maintained that the old treaties between the Princes and the British Government were obsolete, that the Princes should not expect to have greater powers than the King of England himself; that hereafter they should occupy the same position as that of governors of provinces, although they would still be "hereditary" and not subject to a five-year limitation of office. They insisted that the powers then exercised by the Princes should be transferred to state legislatures and that the five hundred

and sixty-two princelings, many of whom were merely owners of estates, should be merged into larger units.

Now that India has achieved independence it is interesting to see how easily the people's demands were secured and how readily the Princes accepted their reduced conditions. Hyderabad proved to be the one exception and a show of force was finally required to persuade the powerful Nizam to accept the new conditions.

On my return to Delhi I found that Jinnah was already in the capital and a meeting was promptly arranged for five o'clock one afternoon. Tea, sandwiches, and cakes were laid out for his pleasure in the large reception-room of our mission for he was reputed to like all the "trimmings". As he entered the room I was struck by his tall and slender figure. Erect and well dressed, he looked far more like an Englishman than an Indian. His manner was courteous and he had a natural charm. An easy and rapid talker, it was a quarter to nine before he got up to leave. We had been three and three-quarter hours in conversation. That his brilliant intellect, his ability to hold masses of people spellbound for hours at a time, and above all his concept of an independent Moslem nation had captivated the Moslem people, was understandable.

To me he spoke about his "right to Pakistan", providing that the forty million Moslems in northern India decided by ballot that they wished to become a separate nation. In his opinion, Pakistan would be able to take care of itself economically and financially. It would remain, he thought, within the British Commonwealth and would have its relations with Hindu India established through a series of treaties. But when I tried to pin him down to further particulars with regard to the economic life of a future Pakistan and to the problem of minorities, for he had not only Hindus but Sikhs to deal with, he was vague and non-committal, waving them aside as "matters of detail".

He insisted, however, that before associating with any provisional government at the centre, the League must have a British guarantee of the right of Pakistan to eventual independence. I asked whether such insistence on his part at this time might not seriously complicate the internal situation of India and affect the war effort. He replied, "You can count on me to do nothing to obstruct the war effort since I regard victory against Japan as essential to the good of India." While this was not much, it was at least something gained from our interview. Later on I met Mr. Jinnah several times in the houses of

friends. I felt attracted to him personally but not to his dream of severing India into separate nations.

In New Delhi I resumed the routine of dining and lunching out with British and Indian friends far too often for health requirements, for rich and "hot" curry was a "must" dish at every Indian house. I attempted, not very successfully, to return this generous hospitality by giving several dinner-parties, but my cook proved unequal to the task and Ali, my picturesque Moslem butler, usually lost his nerve altogether. However, the terrace was illuminated with Chinese lanterns, which gave the scene a touch of gala, and after each dinner there was supposed to have been a display of fireworks, though few of them ever did more than emit a feeble sizzle.

General Stilwell came rarely to Delhi for he was fully occupied with our forces at Assam and in pushing to completion the Burma Road to China. He came only once while I was there and I looked forward keenly to the pleasure of meeting him. Two days passed, however, without a call from him, and it appeared that he needed a bit of prodding. Presumably he had seen no point in wasting his time with a mere diplomat. But his young assistant, John Davies, came to the rescue and arranged for the call. This was enough for me; I quickly sent "Uncle Joe" an invitation to lunch instead, which he promptly accepted, and so the protocol was solved. Once within the mission he warmed up and proved to be a delightful guest, evidently finding nothing objectionable in a mere diplomat. He was not impressed, he said, by the new Indian recruits which made up such a large proportion of the Indian army, but he was enthusiastic about the Chinese forces which he had brought over "the hump" to India for training purposes.

By this time the April heat was upon us and I knew, too, that my mission to India was nearing an end, for the President had already written me that he wanted a "check-up" on the situation during May. He added: "I think you could safely plan to be here for a month before returning" (to India).

When it became known that the next month would see my return to Washington to report to the President, a new deluge of callers began. Mr. Sen, the editor of the Associated Press in India, came to announce that his conscience compelled him as a private individual to tell me what the average Indian of intelligence was thinking and saying so that I would make no mistake in my report to the President. I encouraged him to speak frankly.

He said that because the intelligent Indians were pinning all their hopes on the President, they were attaching the greatest importance to my return to Washington and would anxiously wait to see, what if any, developments resulted. He himself appreciated the limitations of diplomacy. He wondered, however, in the interest of the war whether the President could not speak with authority to Churchill inasmuch as India was the principal Allied base for action against Japan on the mainland of Asia. India was not in the war, he reminded me. The fact that she had supplied mercenaries meant nothing. The food conditions were so bad, the inability to find jobs so acute, that naturally out of desperation, many young Indians were willing to become mercenaries. This is the reason, and the only reason, why the British military command was able to recruit such large numbers of troops in India.

This point about the war had been raised with me before. It was always explained to me that World War II was not considered by the public to be India's war since the Indians themselves had had no part in its declaration. The Viceroy had merely declared that a state of war against Germany and Japan existed. Except for the Sikh units which were attached to the British forces in North Africa, the Indian army of two million men was kept at home. Was this necessary for the preservation of internal peace I wondered, or were the British hesitant to send this untried army to the battle fronts?

Mr. Sen went on to say that government conditions both at the centre and in the provinces were far from satisfactory. He referred to the new decree just published by the Governor of the United Provinces which deprived the people of that province of any legal protection whatsoever against acts committed by British and Indian officers, civil and military. This was a high-handed measure which had been discussed previously by the Viceroy in council and rejected as a national decree. The Governor of the United Provinces therefore had, with the approval of the Viceroy, promulgated it as a provincial decree.

Sen himself was not a follower of Gandhi. He felt that many of India's present troubles arose from Gandhi's obstinacy and wrong decisions. He mentioned in particular Gandhi's uncompromising attitude during the round table talks. But whether Gandhi had been right or wrong, he had a vast following in India and his help in the present emergency should be utilized.

It all came down, Sen said, to the simple fact that India in her



To William Phillips with the affectionate regards of his old friend
Timothy H. Henshaw

present state of frustration and helplessness was not in the war and that some efforts should be made immediately to bring her into line. This could only be done by some conciliatory move on the part of the British. It was in the interest of the United States to see that this was done and my mission represented to the average Indian of intelligence a new effort to bring about an improvement. This was typical of the blind faith which prevailed in America's ability to help India if we only would.

I had other evidence of this same faith in the United States. On March 3, I sent the following suggestion to the President, not because I had any particular confidence that it would be acceptable, but because various prominent Indians had pressed it on me so strongly.

. . . There is, perhaps, a way out of the deadlock which I suggest to you, not because I am sure of its success, but because I think it is worthy of your consideration.

With the approval and blessing of the British Government, an invitation could be addressed to the leaders of all Indian political groups on behalf of the President of the United States, to meet together to discuss plans for the future. The assembly could be presided over by an American who could exercise influence in harmonizing the endless divisions of caste, religion, race and political views. The conference might well be under the patronage of the King Emperor, the President of the United States, the President of the Soviet Union and Chiang Kai-shek, in order to bring pressure to bear on Indian politicians. Upon the issuance of the invitations the King Emperor could give a fresh assurance of the intention of the British Government to transfer power to India upon a certain date as well as his desire to grant a provisional set-up for the duration. The conference could be held in any city in India except Delhi.

American chairmanship would have the advantage, not only of expressing the interest of America in the future independence of India, but would also be a guarantee to the Indians of the British offer of independence. This is an important point because, as I have already said in previous letters, British promises in this regard are no longer believed.

If either of the principal parties refused to attend the conference, it would be notice to all the world that India was not ready for self-government, and I doubt whether a political leader would put himself in such a position. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Amery may be obstacles, for, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, India is governed from London, down to the smallest details.

Should you approve the general idea and care to consult Churchill, he might reply that, since the Congress leaders are in jail, a meeting such as is contemplated is impossible. The answer could be that certain of the leaders, notably Gandhi, might be freed unconditionally in order to attend the conference. The British may even be searching for a good excuse to release

Gandhi, for the struggle between him and the Viceroy is over with honours for both; the Viceroy has maintained his prestige; Gandhi has carried out his protest against the government by his successful fast, and has come back into the limelight.

There is nothing new in my suggestion, except the method of approach to the problem. The British have already announced their willingness to grant freedom to India after the war, if the Indians have agreed among themselves as to its form. The Indians say they cannot agree because they have no confidence in the British promises. The proposed plan perhaps provides the guarantee required by the Indians, and is in line with British declared intentions.

Possibly this is a way out of the impasse, which if allowed to continue, may affect our conduct of the war in this part of the world and our future relations with coloured races. It may not be successful, but, at least, America will have taken a step in furthering the ideals of the Atlantic Charter.

I offer the suggestion now in order that it may have your consideration before my return to Washington at the end of April or early May, when I shall be able to give you at first hand further information on the subject.

Indian and American correspondents were pressing for a reply as to whether I was planning to see Gandhi before my departure, and my continued silence was not appreciated. One afternoon I attended a meeting of some dozen editors representing the all-India Hindu press, held at the house of Shiva Rao, a leading Indian journalist who had become a friend of mine during the past three months. It was, as I anticipated, a trying occasion. They put me on the grill. Everything was said off-the-record, but they certainly said it. My failure to see Gandhi was bitterly criticized. They spoke of the growing antagonism to the British with whom America was now closely identified. More and more the feeling was crystallizing that America and Britain were one in holding India down to its present position.

I did my best to explain the limitations of our government and the necessity of working with the British Government in our joint war effort. As a result, I said, the Indians might get the natural though erroneous impression that the United States was supporting Britain's India policy. In fact this was not the case. But I knew what was in their thoughts. Unless they were convinced that I had made a serious effort to obtain the views of the Congress Party from Gandhi, they would assume that I had not been interested in the Indian picture as a whole and was satisfied to give my government a one-sided and incomplete report of the situation. Such an assumption on their part was not unnatural and I was determined to give

them a definite answer in due course. As a result of this and other conversations I wrote the President on April 19:

... Now that I shall soon be heading for Washington, in accordance with your instructions, I shall try to summarize briefly some generalizations with regard to the situation here as I see it. They do not make a happy picture and I am sorry that I cannot be the bearer of more encouraging views. But, nevertheless, I shall give them to you for whatever they may be worth.

India is suffering from paralysis, the people are discouraged and there is a feeling of growing hopelessness. The political leaders remain hostile to one another, although they maintain that if the British would open the door to negotiation they could manage to pull together on a provisional basis for the duration of the war and to prepare for post-war responsibilities. More and more they realize that constitution making is a serious business and will have to be tackled in a more hopeful atmosphere than the present. . . .

The British are sitting "pretty". They have been completely successful in their policy of "keeping the lid on" and in suppressing any movement among the Indians which might be interpreted as a move towards independence. . . . Twenty thousand Congress leaders remain in jail without trial and the influence, therefore, of the Congress Party is diminishing, while that of the Muslim League is growing.

At the same time, the prestige of British justice is on the decline, because of the refusal of the government to allow the political prisoners to speak in their own defence, which is not the way, Indians believe, that British justice is administered in England.

The British position becomes clear. There is to be no change, no effort to open the door to negotiation among the leaders, no preparation for the future until after the war, and that date is so uncertain that I believe the Indians generally feel there will be no material changes in their favour even after the war. For it will always be easy to find, in this vast country, plenty of justification, if one is looking for excuses, to preserve the status quo now and in the years to come.

The British maintain that the present situation is wholly satisfactory for the conduct of the war, and that the country is comparatively quiet, thanks to their energetic measures. Indian indifference and even hostility, they say, will make no difference, for British forces are able to preserve law and order and crush any movement dangerous to the war effort. It is true that comparative quiet prevails throughout the country, but, in my opinion, it is a quiet pregnant with disturbing potentialities.

But it is hard to discover, either in Delhi or in other parts of India, any pronounced war spirit against Japan, even on the part of the British. Rather, it seems to me, the British feel that their responsibility lies on this side of the Burma-Assam frontier. Presumably they will join us in our efforts in Burma, and during the last month there have been British expeditions into Arakan,

which, because of their feebleness, have been checked and routed by the Japanese. As I see it, unless the present atmosphere is changed for the better, we Americans will have to bear the burden of the coming campaign in this part of the world and cannot count on more than token assistance from the British in British India. . . .

We here ask ourselves, day after day, "Will there be a new Viceroy next autumn, who will bring new hope to the people of India? Will he be a man of human sympathies, whom Indian leaders feel that they can approach, confident of his desire to help them solve their domestic problems?" If this is not to be, then there is no hope of improvement, and the picture will be dark indeed. My own presence here under such conditions might easily be misinterpreted and misunderstood, and would not help our own prestige in India.

In conclusion, may I add one more thought which is expressed without any official confirmation but which nevertheless is constantly in my mind. India and China and Burma have a common meeting ground in their desire for freedom from foreign domination. In spite of all we read in the Press about the magnificence of the Chinese military effort, the leadership and forcefulness of the Generalissimo, the actual picture as viewed from here is distressing and disturbing. Chinese apathy and lack of leadership and, moreover, Chinese dislike of the British, meet a wholly responsive chord in India, where, as I have said, there is little evidence of war effort and much evidence of anti-British sentiment. Colour consciousness is also appearing more and more and under present conditions is bound to develop. We have, therefore, a vast bloc of Oriental peoples who have many things in common, including a growing dislike and distrust of the Occidental.

I see only one remedy to this disturbing situation, and that is, to try with every means in our power to make Indians feel that America is with them and in a position to go beyond mere public assurances of friendship.

It was for this reason that I have laid so much stress on asking the Viceroy for permission to see Gandhi. If the record shows that I have never made a serious effort to obtain the views of the Congress Party from Gandhi, then indeed my future usefulness here is at an end. For it would be assumed that I have not been interested in the picture as a whole and have been satisfied to give my government a one-sided and incomplete report of the situation. My stock would fall very low indeed, unless it were known that I had, at least, made the effort. I shall, therefore, make my request of the Viceroy when I see him at the end of this week.

May I add that I fully appreciate the position of our government in its relation to the British Government and the difficulties involved in carrying out, during the war, such ideas as I have indicated. But I have felt that you would wish me to express my views of the situation, as seen from here.

I need not assure you, Mr. President, that I am eagerly looking forward to my return to Washington, and to my talks with you and the State Department.

I telegraphed Washington requesting authorization to make a formal request of the Viceroy for permission to visit Gandhi in Poona, but said that when making it I should prefer to add that the Department of State would be gratified if it could be granted. Two solid weeks passed without a reply in spite of my repeated cabled inquiries. Finally I received curt instructions to ask for the interview but was specifically prohibited from mentioning the department. This was a bitter disappointment, which I could never understand, for I knew that the interview would not be granted without some indication of the department's interest. However, I was determined to present it as forcibly as I could, and then to give publicity to my efforts.

I had received an invitation from the Viceroy to spend a few days with him and Lady Linlithgow at their camp in Dhera Dun for a tiger hunt, and I decided to await this favourable opportunity to renew my request. The Viceroy would not retract his refusals but agreed reluctantly that I could make a public statement to the effect that I had presented my request and that the facilities had not been granted. I was profoundly disappointed but glad to have his consent to the statement without which I would not have felt free to say anything until I had returned to Washington.

Once more in New Delhi, I gave a farewell cocktail-party to the Press and after expressing my thanks for their continued courtesy to me I said, "I should like to have met and talked with Mr. Gandhi. I requested the appropriate authorities for permission to do so and was informed that they were unable to grant the necessary facilities." There was an immediate rush for the doors to break the news; few remained to partake of my refreshments.

My mission was over. I realized that I had barely scratched the surface of India's problems, but in the short time allowed I had not only come in touch with the leading British authorities, but with all the members of the Viceroy's Council, with Governors of Provinces and Ministers resident in states, with Indian rulers, Prime Ministers and businessmen. I had met many distinguished Hindus and Moslems, although I had been unable to meet the leading members of the Congress party. I had seen India at its lowest level, the misery of the masses, their complete ignorance of the modern methods of farming and soil cultivation, except in those regions where the British had introduced irrigation and crop supervision. I had seen that, given the opportunities, Indians could compete successfully with the western

world in crafts and industry, and were eager to acquire a western education. I had observed that Indian higher education was turning out too many lawyers, at the expense of other professions which were lacking in leadership. And I had noticed that in private schools and in large industrial plants Hindus and Moslems could live and work together in perfect harmony if they were left undisturbed by outside influences.

I had discussed the political situation with almost everyone I met. In northern, central, and southern India, educated Indians were united in a common urge for independence. They wanted the King Emperor to make a new declaration, a definite commitment guaranteeing independence, if not immediately then at a suitable time after the war, and thus assure India of an equal status with Canada and the other Dominions. But there was no demand to alter or limit the Viceroy's fundamental authority or to make any immediate changes in the Indian constitution. Their attitude seemed to me not unreasonable. I could not but feel sympathetic to their aspirations which were part of the wave of nationalism that was sweeping the entire East. It had touched Burma, Indo-China, and the Dutch East Indies, and in the Philippines had already created a new nation.

The President received me the day after my arrival in Washington and sounded genuinely pleased with my work in India. I had much to tell him but it so happened that he was in one of his talkative moods and had as much to say as I had. And so I left his office far from satisfied that I had given him a clear picture of the Indian situation. In order to emphasize once again some of the points which I had brought to his attention, I went to the State Department and dictated the following letter. It was in fact a short memorandum rather than a report of my mission.

Washington, May 14, 1943.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,

May I add a few words to what I said to you on Tuesday afternoon when I had the pleasure of giving you an oral report of my impressions on the Indian situation.

Assuming that India is bound to be an important base for our future operations against Burma and Japan, it would seem to me of highest importance that we should have around us a sympathetic India rather than an indifferent and possibly hostile India.

It would appear that we will have the primal responsibility in the conduct of the war against Japan. There is no evidence that the British intend to do

THE INDIAN VENTURE

much more than give token assistance. If that is so, then the conditions surrounding our base in India become of vital importance.

At present the Indian people are at war only in a legal sense as, for various reasons, the British Government declared India in the conflict without the formality of consulting Indian leaders or even the Indian legislature. Indians feel that they have no voice in the government and therefore no responsibility in the conduct of the war. They feel that they have nothing to fight for as they are convinced that the professed war aims of the United Nations do not apply to them. The British Prime Minister, in fact, has stated that the provisions of the Atlantic Charter are not applicable to India, and it is not unnatural therefore that the Indian leaders are beginning to wonder whether the Charter is only for the benefit of the white races. The present Indian army is purely mercenary and only that part of it which is drawn from the martial races has been tried in actual warfare and these martial soldiers represent only thirty-three per cent of that army. General Stilwell has expressed to me his concern over the situation and in particular in regard to the poor morale of the Indian officers.

The attitude of the general public toward the war is even worse. Lassitude and indifference and bitterness have increased as a result of the famine conditions, the growing high cost of living and the continued political deadlock.

While India is broken politically into various parties and groups, all have one object in common, eventual freedom and independence from British domination.

There would seem to be only one remedy to this highly unsatisfactory situation in which we are unfortunately but nevertheless seriously involved, and that is to change the attitude of the people of India towards the war, make them feel that we want them to assume responsibilities to the United Nations and are prepared to give them facilities for doing so, and that the voice of India will play an important part in the reconstruction of the world. The present political conditions do not permit of any improvement in this respect. Even though the British should fail again it is high time that they should make a new effort to improve conditions and to re-establish confidence among the Indian people that their future independence is to be granted. Words are of no avail. They only aggravate the present situation. It is time for the British to act. This they can do by a solemn declaration from the King Emperor that India will achieve her independence at a specified date after the war and as a guarantee of good faith in this respect a provisional representative coalition government will be established at the centre and limited powers transferred to it.

I feel strongly, Mr. President, that in view of our military position in India we should have a voice in these matters. It is not right for the British to say "this is none of your business" when we alone presumably will have the major part to play in the future struggle with Japan. If we do nothing and merely accept the British point of view that conditions in India are none of our business then we must be prepared for various serious consequences in the

internal situation in India which may develop as a result of despair and misery and anti-white sentiments of hundreds of millions of subject people.

The peoples of Asia—and I am supported in this opinion by other diplomatic and military observers—cynically regard this war as one between fascists and imperialist powers. A generous British gesture to India would change this undesirable political atmosphere. India itself might then be expected more positively to support our war effort against Japan. China, which regards the Anglo-American bloc with misgiving and mistrust, might then be assured that we are in truth fighting for a better world. And the colonial peoples conquered by the Japanese might hopefully feel that they have something better to look forward to than simply a return to their old masters. Such a gesture, Mr. President, will produce not only a tremendous psychological stimulus to flagging morale through Asia and facilitate our military operations in that theatre, but it will also be proof positive to all peoples—our own and the British included—that this is not a war of power politics but a war for all we say it is.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

This was the letter which Drew Pearson obtained a copy of and ran in his column a year later. Its publication created great commotion in England, a favourable impression here, and a burst of enthusiastic acclaim in India.

The President had asked me to see Mr. Churchill who was then staying in the British Embassy, and tell him frankly my impressions of conditions in India. I sensed that F. D. R. had his difficulties with the Prime Minister, among them the problem of India, and preferred to have me tackle this particular unpleasantness for him as he had previously been rebuffed.

The Prime Minister received me alone in the Embassy drawing-room on Saturday morning, May 23. I was aware at once that he was not pleased to see me for he must have known that I was not wholly in sympathy with the British Government's policies in India. I began by saying that as I had just returned, possibly he might care to have some of my impressions, to which he replied, "Go ahead, tell me what you have on your mind."

Although I had been only a short time in India, I said, I had travelled extensively and had opportunities to meet many leading personages, both British and Indian. The Viceroy and the various governors with whom I had stayed had all been most kind and co-operative. But wherever I went, in the provinces and states, among Hindus, Moslems and other groups, I had found distrust of British promises for ultimate

Indian independence. There seemed to me, therefore, a very real need of some concrete evidence of British intentions. The Indian leaders were asking for this and were calling for a limited transfer of power to a provisional coalition representation at the centre (for the duration) to deal with domestic affairs, leaving all military matters in the hands of the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief.

Churchill took prompt exception and asked what I meant by "domestic". When I mentioned education as an example, of what Indians had in mind, he protested that education was already in the hands of the Indians, and that they could have any kind they wanted. I felt that without control of the necessary funds the Indian people could never undertake a large-scale educational programme, but I saw no point in discussing it further.

Reverting again to the transfer of power to representative Indians, I said I realized the difficulty of acceding to India's demand without knowing the views of the Congress Party leaders who were all behind bars; some sort of understanding between Hindu and Moslem leaders would be necessary before both parties could be expected to co-operate. Would it not be desirable, therefore, to give Gandhi and Jinnah a chance to meet and thus an opportunity of trying to solve their problems while the pressure of war was upon them? Was not this the moment to open the way for conversation between them?

Churchill was annoyed, and annoyed with me; that was clear. He got up and walked rapidly back and forth. "My answer to you is: Take India if that is what you want! Take it by all means! But I warn you that if I open the door a crack there will be the greatest blood-bath in all history; yes, blood-bath in all history. Mark my words," he concluded, shaking a finger at me, "I prophesied the present war, and I prophesy the blood-bath."

It was hopeless to argue. I closed the interview by reminding him that I was not suggesting that Britain should pull out of India then, that I was referring only to the desirability of encouraging the two dominant parties to get together and that, in my opinion, the present was the opportune moment to do so.

The Prime Minister accompanied me to the head of the stairs and repeated once more his certainty of a "blood-bath". I was puzzled by his attitude. Never had I mentioned the sudden withdrawal of British power and yet he insisted upon assuming that that was my proposal. It was only too clear that he had a complex about India from which he would not and could not be shaken.

From the Embassy I went straight to lunch with the President. I met Eleanor Roosevelt in the elevator. She had heard about my call upon the Prime Minister and asked how it went off. I replied, "Badly." I sat with F.D.R. for nearly an hour and gave him my account of the meeting. I think he was rather amused but glad that I had spoken out so frankly.

While the President had reached no decision, he was considering the idea of asking me to return to India. I dined informally at the White House one evening, with Mrs. Roosevelt. Although the President did not come down for dinner, he appeared as we were walking from the dining-room to the new film theatre and invited me to sit beside him while we watched *Mission to Moscow*.

Afterwards F. D. R. asked me to come to his upstairs library and I did not leave him until 12.15 a.m. He called for drinks and we sat together on the sofa as two old friends, not for a moment as President and "subject". We talked at length on the Indian situation. I told him that in my opinion I should not return to Delhi unless the existing political deadlock was broken, that is unless there was a change of policy on the part of the British. Otherwise I could not see any contribution which could be made, and I personally disliked the idea of resuming my life in New Delhi merely for the pleasure of eating hot curries in the houses of British and Indian friends. I added that all India was looking to him for help and that my continued presence in India would put him in a false position unless the British attitude shifted.

He agreed and made the following suggestion: He would recommend to Churchill that he send Eden to India to explore the situation, to talk to leaders of *all* parties and groups, Gandhi included, and report his findings to Churchill. If the suggestion was favourably received (which I strongly doubted) he would say to the British that he would like me to be in India during Eden's visit, on the theory that he, the President, through his Personal Representative might be of help to Mr. Eden.

Meanwhile, F. D. R. thought I should go back to Beverly and be ready for developments. I agreed therefore not to resign at once, not because I had confidence in his project for Mr. Eden, but because I felt it would be wiser to give the Indians no cause to think that the President had forgotten them while our forces were still in India. It was not until March 14, 1945, that he formally accepted my resignation.

By the time I arrived in London in late September 1943 to assume

my duties as Political Adviser to S.H.A.E.F. (see next chapter), Lord Wavell had been appointed Viceroy to succeed Linlithgow. I called to pay my respects before his departure. I told him of our interest in India's problems emphasizing that the President stood ready to help if any help was desired. Without actually saying so he indicated that he might be glad of such help.

I expressed the personal hope that he would have a try at breaking the deadlock for even though he failed the mere attempt would be beneficial. As I wrote the President from London on September 30, 1943 :

. . . While Wavell may not be, and probably is not, carrying an olive branch from Churchill, there was nothing in his attitude to indicate the same rigidity of policy as that of Lord Linlithgow. In manner he is slow and unapproachable but he is a good and highly-principled man, and we can hope at least that he will make an effort at collaboration with the Indian political leaders and see whether anything can be done along the lines of negotiation. And that is about all that can be expected in the immediate future. . . .

When the Labour government came to power in July, 1945, it saw the writing on the wall. The policy of the defeated Conservative party with respect to India was reversed. Unsuccessful efforts were made to bring Jinnah and Gandhi together. But it was too late. The situation had crystallized. The Moslems had elected Jinnah as their national leader on a platform of Pakistan as a free and independent Moslem nation. He was fully conscious of his new authority and determined to use it to gain this end.

And so India has now become divided into two independent nations, whereas if it had remained a united country, India's voice in world affairs would be far more commanding than it is today.

As Political Adviser with SHAEF

NEAR the middle of September, 1943, when we were still in Beverly, I was summoned to the State Department to discuss a matter "that might be of considerable interest to me". In the office of Assistant Secretary James C. Dunn, I was presented to Major-General R. W. Barker, ranking American officer with the British Chief of Staff of the Supreme Allied Command, known as COSSAC. General Barker, who had just arrived from London, explained that the Supreme Command required a civilian officer representing the State Department to act as a political adviser. The British had appointed Mr. Charles Peake, a member of the British Foreign Office, and it was hoped that I would act similarly for our government.

Here was a chance to contribute in some measure to the war effort and I accepted at once. I was presented with credentials as the representative of the Secretary of State to the Chief of Staff of the Supreme Allied Command, with the rank of Ambassador, and in ten days I was off by plane to London accompanied by a highly efficient secretary, Captain Inez Fortunati, a WAC officer.

I was assigned to a frigid office at Supreme Command headquarters in Norfolk House, St. James Square. Across the corridor was my "opposite number", Charles Peake, and with his friendly help I soon found my way about the bustling labyrinth. Lieutenant-General Frederick E. Morgan presided over the combined staffs and worked in closest harmony with General Barker; in fact, the entire command seemed to be operating in an atmosphere of the utmost cordiality. Both Generals were kindness itself and officers of all ranks accepted me as one of the team. Even then, plans for the Normandy invasion were well under way.

Life in London during the autumn months was not unpleasant. I lived at Claridge's, one of the few hotels undamaged by the blitz. Not long after my arrival, however, the bombs began to fall again. They came always at night and from my windows I could see the

brilliant red glows from the fires. The ack-ack from the defence guns in Hyde Park made the nights hideous but it was nevertheless a comforting sound. There would be a lull of a week or more without any disturbances from the air, then the little blitz, as it was called, would begin again.

London seemed very drab, even more so than when I was last there. The houses were cold but it took more than bombs, more than the cold, or the strictly rationed dreary food to down the British people. Social life was centred principally in hotel restaurants at the luncheon hour, and the popular meeting-places were Claridges's, the Ritz, and the Connaught Hotel. And there was beauty in London in spite of its drabness; the balloon barrage above the city drew one's attention out of the streets to the skies above. From an observation point in Hyde Park I counted one day as many as ninety of these great silver sausages attached to the ground by stout steel cables. Sometimes for a few moments at sunset a pink glow would dramatically illuminate the entire barrage, the purpose of which was to keep enemy planes at such a high altitude that there would be no target bombing of London. If the enemy did descend there was a good chance, especially at night, that its planes would strike a steel cable and be destroyed. Eventually this type of defence proved worthless against the enemy, which carried out its devastation from far above the balloons. But for a time at least the barrage was regarded by the public as lessening the dangers of low bombing and this had its calming effect.

Early in the New Year my daughter Beatrice, who had been working at O.S.S. in Washington, was transferred to O.S.S. in London. Shortly thereafter we moved to a housekeeping apartment at No. 3 Grosvenor Square, adjoining the Embassy offices. A renewal of the little blitz greeted her, and on several nights, so heavy was the bombing, that we left our apartment for the main stairway until it ended. It was considered dangerous to remain near windows during an attack on account of possible shattered glass.

In the middle of January, 1944, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces, arrived in London to take over his new command at Supreme Headquarters, known as SHAEF. From this moment invasion plans went forward with increased rapidity. On his second day, all the officers were assembled in a large room at the top of Norfolk House to greet him and as the General was a stranger to many of them, the room was charged with eager curiosity. The new chief walked to one end of the

room and standing on a table or a chair, I could not see which, his head appeared above the crowd of officers and under a strong ceiling light.

With his ingratiating smile, he spoke of the confidence which he had in his new staff and the great task which he and they shared in common. Then he paused for a moment. "Although I have been at headquarters only two days," he said, "I have heard a word used by you men which is entirely inappropriate. Therefore the first request which I have to make of you is that this word shall never be spoken again at headquarters." Not a man in the room, I believe, had any idea what he was talking about. "That word," added the General, "is 'opposite number'. There is no such person on my staff as an 'opposite number'. We are one organization, one team, with one objective." And from that point he developed the best speech on the importance of Anglo-American relations that I had ever heard, and I had listened to many. It was, of course, true that we had been working as two combined teams, each American officer having his British "opposite number" and vice versa. The General's speech was like a trumpet call. I know that every officer present felt inspired.

Eisenhower had brought with him as his Chief of Staff General Walter Bedell Smith and several other officers who had served with him during the North African campaign. Bedell Smith was immediately given the rank of Lieutenant-General, displacing General Morgan who showed his fine spirit by accepting without a word of complaint the secondary position of Assistant Chief of Staff. At Eisenhower's request I was appointed political officer for the United States on his staff, retaining my former rank of Ambassador. Mr. Peake was also attached to the staff. Our duties remained the same.

Each morning it was my job to go first to our Embassy where my assistant, Tom Wailes, would have ready for me such political dispatches as might be of interest to headquarters. These I would take at once to SHAEF and read to Bedell Smith, who seemed always glad to have them. Often I would discuss them with him. My British colleague would do the same with the Foreign Office dispatches. In this way, General Eisenhower and his Chief of Staff were kept informed of political developments that might have some bearing on our military programme.

In the beginning, there was difficulty in assembling the dispatches. They never seemed to be collected or available, although when I first arrived Winant professed himself, as on previous occasions, glad to see me, and promised that I should have copies of all dispatches received by

the Embassy. Furthermore, he urged me to stop in regularly to get the low-down as he saw it, which was not necessarily contained in his cables to the department. Unhappily this reassuring prospect never materialized. In order to be sure of the cables, I finally had to request the department to send everything in duplicate and maintain my own file. And it proved to be exceedingly difficult to get to the Ambassador, when I had need of it. This inaccessibility was no reversal of his friendly intentions toward me, it was rather his apparent inability to cope with the daily routine of an Ambassador in an important post. I always think of him as a person who had the loftiest ideals but who lacked the essential capacity to translate them into action.

Peake and I also attended almost daily staff meetings, from which we were supposed to absorb and relay information of particular concern to the Foreign Office and State Department respectively. The purpose was to keep our foreign and military policies as coordinated as possible, because military and political action could have considerable and unfortunate repercussions on each other if they were not in agreement.

A meeting would be called for the officers concerned with a particular phase of the invasion. Copies of a preliminary draft, usually prepared by the British, for they were exceptionally good in such matters, would be passed around the table. It would be closely scrutinized and every officer given an opportunity to express his views. A second draft based on this exchange of views would then be prepared and submitted to a second discussion. Three, four, and sometimes five drafts were required before the subject matter in question would be considered sufficiently perfected to be submitted to the Chief of Staff for his acceptance, or passed by him to the Supreme Commander for final approval.

It was a revelation to watch the plans maturing from day to day. The immense undertaking appeared to be built on paper, for every item, and there must have been thousands of them, had to be studied, perfected and agreed to by the group of American and British experts. But without doubt it was this careful study of all details by men utterly devoted to their tasks, which made possible the most stupendous invasion of all time.

In order to bring together all the various activities, which until then had been scattered throughout London, Eisenhower moved the entire organization to Putney, where we were all installed in a large group of temporary one-story buildings known as Widewing with

little brick bomb shelters nearby. My British colleague and I had connecting offices. The *pièce de résistance* of headquarters was the so-called Yankee Doodle Room where the higher American officers could get the best American food and cooking to be had in England and that is where I usually lunched. The walls, painted red, white and blue, were a cheerful reminder of home. The British had their own mess where under their own regulations they were obliged to lunch, but I noticed that whenever they received an invitation to the Yankee Doodle Room they accepted with alacrity.

One day the Chief of Staff had General Montgomery as his guest and I was asked to join them. Montgomery was a hero of the British public; whenever his well-known huge limousine stopped on a London street an admiring group would applaud his appearance. The General gloried in his popularity and made the most of it. He was a sharp-featured little man, quick in his movements, with piercing eyes that took everything in at a glance. There was nothing impressive about him, yet he had an attractive way with him; but he was not easy to get on with, so I heard.

Another occasional guest was Air Marshal Tedder, in command of the British Air Forces. He looked to me more like a poet than a great military leader for he had a quality of gentleness and self-effacement that was rare in the military world. Once our General George Patton walked into my little office at headquarters for a chat. He and his family lived in Hamilton, Massachusetts, not far from us, and we had many mutual friends. He was an imposing figure of a man, famous for his toughness in speech and action but calmness itself when he wanted to be. His death in France resulting from a motor accident, was a tragic end to a distinguished military career.

D-Day was approaching and although we all knew that it would occur during the first week in June we never discussed the subject at headquarters. The secret was far too tremendous to pass one's lips even to one's luncheon companions in the Yankee Doodle Room. But all the activities connected with its preparation were so confidential that I could not properly keep a diary. Not until June 1 did I begin to keep a few notes.

The entire month of May was hot and cloudless. England was parched from lack of rain; Hyde Park had turned a dull brown. Scarcely a ripple had appeared in the Channel, and on June 3 I remember that we were all confident that the weather would hold for the invasion. June 5 was to be *the* day and the final decision which



To The Honorable William C. Phillips
 with personal regard and deep appreciation
 for loyal and efficient service in SHAFF Staff Navy at home and abroad

would alert the waiting fleets had to be given twenty-four hours in advance. General Barker had invited me to come with him to Portsmouth on the afternoon of the fourth to witness the departure of the British fleet. But during the night of June 3 and 4 a violent gale arose which continued furiously during the fourth, and I was not surprised to learn that the invasion could not take place as scheduled. We all passed a dreadful day of anxiety, fearful that there might be a further dangerous delay which would have postponed the expedition for two weeks. For in order to effect a landing on the coast of France the tides had to be at a certain level.

In the early morning hours of June 5 General Eisenhower made the momentous decision that the invasion would take place in the early hours of the sixth. This must have taken supreme courage for although it had diminished somewhat since the previous day, the wind was still blowing a gale. Fortunately, the ceiling was not low. General Barker and I reached Portsmouth in less than two hours and drove to Fort Gilliker, situated on a point at the entrance to the harbour. I was taken to the observation tower where, with a group of British naval officers, for two hours we watched history in the making.

As far as the eye could reach, out to sea and back into the harbour, ships of all types were massed. A channel through the centre allowed for a steady movement seaward of L.C.I.s (landing craft infantry) packed with men who lined the rails having the last glimpse of their beloved England before the great adventure began. Yet this tremendous array was only one-half of the joint expedition. Two thousand vessels were moving out to a rendezvous in the Channel to meet the American naval force, also about two thousand strong, which was at that moment emerging from ports farther west. Together, the two fleets would approach the designated beach heads and the bombardment would begin at daybreak.

During the drive to Portsmouth, General Barker assured me that in all probability we should see plenty of air activity, for it was inconceivable that this great concentration of ships could move without the enemy being aware of it. But there was never a sign of an enemy plane; the great expedition neared the coast of France before it was sighted by enemy aircraft. The stormy weather and rough seas may have satisfied the Germans that no landing on the shores of France was possible under such conditions.

The morning of June 6, I was at Widewing at 7 a.m. but it was not until 8 a.m. that the first report of our initial bombardment was

received and this was followed at frequent intervals by more precise reports; all was going "according to plan". American forces had landed at the base of the Cherbourg Peninsula without any opposition as yet, although the airborne troops had met with strong opposition. The storm continued during the morning and for a time landings were impossible; fortunately, later in the day the wind abated and operations were continued. The great invasion of Europe was so far successful. There were no words to describe the relief of everyone at headquarters.

The landing had not been accomplished, however, without tribulations on the political as well as the military front. Relations were exceedingly precarious with General de Gaulle. Up to this moment, neither Roosevelt nor Churchill had recognized De Gaulle as the official head of the provisional government, a fact which enraged him. The question was then: what part was he to play on D-Day?

After some backing and filling, Churchill on June 1 decided to invite him to London a day or two ahead of time to be on hand for the D-Day broadcasts, and sent two private planes to Algiers for him and his staff. F. D. R. all the while was persisting in his attitude of having no traffic with De Gaulle. Most unfortunately, a statement appeared in the American press that if De Gaulle did come to London, there would be no tripartite conversations on a political level; whatever conversations with United States personnel would be strictly military. This annoyed De Gaulle to the point of not responding to Churchill's invitation at all. In the meantime, the Prime Minister's planes were cooling their heels in Algiers waiting for De Gaulle to make up his mind. Alfred Duff Cooper who was then in Algiers tried to help by assuring De Gaulle that the newspaper reports were incorrect, which only made matters worse, because in fact no United States participation was planned.

Finally, on the fourth of June, De Gaulle arrived. The fact that he was officially received as a general and not as a chief of state started him off in a bad humour, and discovering that Duff Cooper was wrong, and that the United States was not going to participate in conversations, did not improve it.

Eisenhower began by showing him the draft of a broadcast which he proposed to deliver on D-Day. De Gaulle objected, particularly to the part addressed to the French, on the grounds that he, as leader of the French resistance, was the only one who should address them. At first he agreed to do a three- or four-minute broadcast himself. Then he returned in a greater huff without a script and said he wouldn't

do anything. Furthermore, he would not allow the French liaison officers to accompany the invasion forces.

This fracas on the eve of D-Day was a major trial, for to land in France without the overt support of the French resistance would have been a military as well as political tragedy. The British Cabinet went into session, to discuss whether or not the short-wave announcer could merely state that De Gaulle was in England and would broadcast later. The decision was in the negative. Duff Cooper, who had accompanied De Gaulle to England, tried to get him to change his stand. Eden took a hand that evening and conferred with Vienot, De Gaulle's political representative in London to see whether he could help. In the end, De Gaulle did broadcast, but would not permit more than twenty of his five hundred officers to cross with the invasion forces.

By this time, De Gaulle had informed us that the Committee of Liberation was now called the "Provisional Government of France", by order of the assembly in North Africa. The BBC immediately adopted that title in future references. But our psychological warfare units, on orders from Washington were not permitted to use the term. This annoyed not only the French but the British. Meanwhile, the impression was spreading in Parliament, and to some extent in the United States that De Gaulle was being badly used. This created difficulties for Churchill, and aroused Congressional criticism.

Another crisis arose with De Gaulle on June 9. General Eisenhower was about to issue a second proclamation to the French people regarding the occupation, and the Allied franc which was to be put into circulation. De Gaulle was refusing to associate himself with it in any way, on the ground that it was an infringement of French sovereignty although Mendès-France, the French Finance Commissioner, had agreed to the issuance of these francs some weeks earlier. During the next few days there was increasing friction with De Gaulle and his entourage and De Gaulle himself was in an almost constant state of irritation.

In the interim the Polish, Czechoslovakian, Belgian, Swedish, Dutch, and Luxembourg Governments formally recognized the French Provisional Government. My fear was that Moscow would join the parade which would put both Washington and London in a most unhappy position. But the President remained adamant in refusing to change his attitude about De Gaulle, although he did agree to see him in July.

On the night of June 13, I was asked to dine with the American High Command, Generals Marshall, Arnold and Admiral King, who were in London for a check-up on the second front. They wished a summary of the whole French complication, which Brigadier-General Julius Holmes and I were asked to prepare. The dinner was small; besides the three guests of honour, there were only Generals Smith, Holmes, Wickersham, Ambassador Winant and myself. After dinner, we adjourned to the "war room" which was provided with maps. Smith made a really remarkable exposé of an intricate situation. I was very much impressed with his grasp of details and the crisp manner of his reporting. My paper was passed around. Toward the end of the evening, Marshall prepared a long telegram for the President, setting forth a factual review of the impasse and indicating that it was militarily dangerous to allow it to continue.

Another sore point with the French developed over the administration of civil affairs. We and the British were negotiating parallel agreements with Norway, Holland and Belgium, but the President and the State Department wanted to change the formula with France. The British decided to go ahead and make the same kind of an agreement with De Gaulle as with all the others. With that draft in his pocket, De Gaulle, during his projected visit, hoped to persuade the President to execute something similar.

Things went on in this uneasy way for the balance of the month of June.

When De Gaulle arrived in Washington and conferred with the President things began to smooth out. The President announced at his Press conference on July 11 that the United States would recognize the French Committee of National Liberation as the *de facto* government of France pending an election, although it was to be clearly understood that Eisenhower was to remain the Supreme Commander in charge of liberating France. He also said that a civil affairs agreement was being negotiated along the lines of the British-French agreement and that the temporary currency issue was being settled.

This Presidential statement resolved most of the problems with which we had been contending. If the President had given us these words a couple of months earlier, much agony would have been saved. Just why Roosevelt clung so tenaciously to his viewpoint, I have never understood. Those of us who were close to the scene in London felt that as De Gaulle had been chosen Provisional President by the French Assembly in North Africa and therefore represented

the only formal French opposition, to have recognized his status provisionally would not have involved the United States in any further decision arrived at by the French people.

During my stay in England one further incident occurred to prove that we had delayed too long in dealing with De Gaulle. I walked in to see the Chief of Staff one day and found him in a highly overwrought condition. He had just received a communication from General Koenig, stating that De Gaulle was leaving Algiers for Cherbourg that evening in his own Lockheed plane. This, in spite of the fact that Smith had asked him to travel only in an American fortress, and with three days' notice so that there would surely be time to silence the guns while he was en route. De Gaulle had angrily refused, believing it to be just another delaying tactic of the Americans. But General Smith was naturally fearful of the risk of his being shot down by our planes, and furious at being put in such a spot. I didn't blame him. What a tempest that would have made!

Shortly after D-Day we had our first experience with Germany's new secret weapon. On the night of June 15 violent air raids began which continued through the night at half-hour intervals. I felt at the time that this was no ordinary air raid. The noise was terrific. The defence guns in the park were going full blast to an accompaniment of ominous and heavy explosions of falling bombs. There was little sleep for anyone. Beatrice and I, from time to time, went into the hall in order to get away from the windows.

The next day there was talk about nothing else. The attack continued off and on during the entire day and following night with equal violence. We knew now that this pilotless flying bomb was a very dangerous affair. It was not thought to be radio-controlled but rather jet-propelled, and had been set on its course presumably on the coast of France or Belgium through some automatic compass arrangement. The public was warned, in writing letters, not to mention where the damage occurred and the London papers referred merely to the attack on "Southern England". The explosions were of tremendous power and the concussions which followed were equally damaging. The defence guns were soon shifted from the city to the coast since the flying bombs, if hit, would fall on the city and explode, thereby carrying out the design of the enemy, whereas by covering the approach of the bombs from across the Channel, many were downed before they could explode inland.

The only protection in London was the alert, sounded a few seconds before the V-I's or doodle bugs, as they were popularly called, reached the London area, which did not often allow time for people to get to shelters. So disturbed were the nights that Beatrice and I moved for a while into one of the compartments of the Embassy shelter, Beatrice occupying a camp bed and I a stone bench. For ventilation we kept an iron door leading to the street open a crack but the constant alerts and explosions were not conducive to sleep, and finally those who shared our compartment objected even to the crack and all ventilation ceased. But we soon abandoned the shelter, which became too popular for comfort, and thereafter kept to our apartment, only occasionally pulling our mattresses into the hall. Actually, we were getting accustomed to the raids and preferred the comfort of our beds.

In the late afternoons I often went up to the Embassy roof, where several American soldiers were on guard day and night, to watch for oncoming doodle bugs, said to contain one thousand kilograms of dynamite. Usually they came from a southerly direction, sometimes two or three at a time, falling often before they reached the Thames, so that the region south of Waterloo Station soon became a shambles. On July 1 and 2 they reached a climax. During the day and continuing into the night nearly one hundred landed in the London district, causing terrible devastation. Admittedly they were the most remarkable invention of the war and, according to our military experts, could be developed to such perfection that their accuracy in finding targets would be absolute. Even then, it was said, the Germans knew within a limited radius where the bombs fell, and could direct them to any part of London they desired.

One evening I was dining with Lady Reading and a group of friends in her apartment. Suddenly a series of violent explosions made me catch my breath, but general conversation flowed on without pause. My curiosity got the better of me, nevertheless, and at my request Lady Reading led me to a darkened room from where I could see flames already sprouting from nearby bombed areas. When I resumed my place at the table the conversational give and take was even more animated than before, and not a question was asked as to what I had seen from the window. Clearly any reference to such matters was not considered "the thing", for this was a dinner-party and unpleasant subjects were to be avoided. I caught on and said nothing.

Early one morning as I was coming out of the Embassy shelter after a particularly noisy night, I met the Embassy janitor beginning

his day's work. I scarcely recognized him. His clothes were torn and covered with mud, his face was black and bruised. He explained that his little house on the outskirts of London had been completely destroyed during the night, and that both he and his wife had been partially buried by fallen debris. It had taken him a long time, he said, to dig out his wife, but though "a bit shaken" neither of them was hurt. "Of course, everything we own in the world is lost," added this brave man, "but after all we have to expect such things in this war, don't we?" The absence of weeping or wailing was so typical of the spirit to be found anywhere in England.

The mornings at SHAEF were often interrupted by a voice broadcasting throughout the building: "Imminent danger—take cover immediately!" This meant that a bomb had been sighted coming directly towards headquarters, and under General Eisenhower's order everyone was obliged to lock up his office and run for cover. One morning we ran for the shelter nine times within two hours, and during one of the alerts I found myself sitting next to General Eisenhower, a privilege which I did not often have.

Actually the shelters were of no protection against a direct hit but would probably have saved one from the effects of concussion. However, the fact that the order to take cover was in existence saved a lot of indecision, of wondering whether or not that particular flying bomb would really hit our area, and I noticed on one occasion when an alert sounded during lunch that General Eisenhower instantly set the example by rising and heading for the shelter.

On the whole, while it meant a good deal of trooping to and fro, this approach struck me as more sensible than the one which Winant, with equally laudable aims of course, tried to inculcate at the Embassy. Winant assembled his staff and told them that it was of the utmost importance that no Americans show any signs of fear. Those who felt they couldn't take it were quite at liberty to go home. He then cited an instance of how, when an alert sounded during some meeting he was attending, he had remained at his place while the others sought shelter. While this was a brave and admirable attitude on his part, it did not make allowances for the nerves of others, and a general order to take cover would have saved any feeling of embarrassment.

The alerts became so frequent at Widewing that it was finally decided to move the headquarters to a concealed position just north of Portsmouth. General Smith told Peake and myself that we were to accompany the group, although we would not be expected to be

in camp continually. We were to keep our offices at Widewing and I was to continue my office at the Embassy.

My first visit to the camp was not a cheerful one. It lay in a dense wood, well camouflaged by a thick growth overhead. Newly improvised roads were in the course of construction, and owing to the severe rain of the past several days, were almost impassable. Without the help of some junior officers I could not have located the tents set aside for the two civilian advisers. My living tent was completely equipped with electric light and oil-burning heater, cot, chairs and table. The office tent was at some distance from the living tent by road but was eventually connected by a path leading through the woods. The object was to disperse the tents, both office and living, so that no sign of an army encampment would be visible from the air.

I felt that our camp life would not be of the slightest use to anyone since our work must, of necessity, centre in London and at Widewing, while in camp all activities would be confined to military details. But the two civilians provided themselves with uniforms without insignia to wear at advanced headquarters, for London clothes were conspicuous and absurd in such surroundings, and prepared to enjoy the novelty and comradeship of camp life. The officers' mess where we took our meals was excellent and in the evenings after supper we were apt to adjourn to the trailer of a genial British general, who provided us with drinks and the news of the world from his radio. However, as I had anticipated, we could contribute little to the course of approaching events. Furthermore, whenever I was at "SHAEF Forward" it usually seemed to be pouring rain.

After the invasion was under way, the purely military work at SHAEF which had been largely concerned with planning, fell off, while it seemed to me that the work of the political officers multiplied considerably. There was a variety of different meetings which I began to attend, the Psychological Warfare Board, Army Public Relations and O.W.I. With the problems of occupation looming up, the interest of the State Department of course expanded.

One vexing issue was how publicly to handle the atrocity stories which kept seeping in. SHAEF was unwilling to release them until they had been fully investigated. The Press, which had in various ways got wind of them, was irked by this restraint, and particularly so over the case of thirteen Canadians who were said to have been massacred by the Germans. Upon investigation it developed they were brutally killed and that there were twenty-six in all. Instances

of reprisals against the French Resistance grew also. SHAEF's policy was to caution the French against retaliation, as it feared that the Germans would be incited to further outrages. However, it was felt that the United States and British Governments should issue stern warnings against the continuation of such crimes.

In early August, I listened to the appalling experiences of an American corporal who had parachuted into Normandy on D-Day. His group was surrounded, captured and marched off toward prison camp. En route, the German officer in charge ordered the first three Americans marching abreast at the head of the column to step out of line. They were immediately hung to a nearby tree. The column was then ordered forward. As it passed, the legs of their comrades could be seen still kicking feebly. Further along the way, the prisoners saw an American chaplain having an argument with a German soldier and before the eyes of the prisoners the chaplain was shot down. Presently three more American boys were taken out of line. Wires were twisted around their thumbs and they were hung to a tree, their toes barely touching the ground. Their sleeves were then rolled back, the arteries on their wrists cut by sabres and there they were left to die. On reaching Cherbourg, the prisoners were marched through the streets. A young French girl standing on the kerb smiled at one of our men whereupon the German officer immediately ordered her shot and her body thrown into the gutter. An old man made the "V" sign to the prisoners. A German guard gave him a terrific blow on the side of the head with the butt of his gun. Whether or not he died, my informant did not know. With such incredible horrors occurring, it was necessary to preserve a judicious balance between allowing the Press to publish the true facts and yet prevent a tit-for-tat wave of reprisals and counter-reprisals.

A shock occurred on July 27, when Peake informed me that the Foreign Office had received a telegram from the British Embassy in Washington containing the substance of a Drew Pearson column in which my strictly confidential letter of May 14, 1943, to the President about India was quoted at length. He added that the Foreign Office was very much annoyed with certain passages in the letter. This revelation most unhappily changed my relationship with the British. It happened at a peculiarly unfortunate moment because the Indian situation was apparently clarifying somewhat and various people including the department had urged me to call upon the India Office

and suggest that talks might beneficially be carried out at this moment. So in that sense, the publication of the letter defeated the very purpose which it was perhaps designed to assist.

I cabled the department that this had happened and they replied that the British Chargé d'Affaires had officially protested to Secretary Hull. Ten days later, General Morgan sent for me and confirmed Peake's account of the Foreign Office's displeasure. He assured me that my position at SHAEF was unchanged on "a military level", yet he left me to infer that on a political level it was affected. That attitude was emphasized by Peake, acting under instructions, I felt sure. It so happened that I had decided to return to America anyway and had communicated my intentions some weeks earlier to Assistant Secretary Dunn. But when this incident occurred I thought it best to accelerate my departure.

I have never blamed the Foreign Office for feeling upset. The document was never intended for publication. Its purpose was to encourage the President to take a more positive interest in India at a time when such interest might conceivably have borne fruit, and I was always sorry that the statement was made on the floor of the Senate that my resignation was in any way connected with the publication of the letter. For it only succeeded in stirring up mutual bad feeling at a time when harmonious relations were so necessary to the conduct of the war. Nevertheless, I did think that the Foreign Office might have been quicker in its disclaimer that my retirement was due to that cause. Secretary Hull had spoken the truth in his announcement of my recall on August 18, when he mentioned "urgent family reasons" and added that: "In accepting this post, Mr. Phillips originally expected to remain in London only during the period of planning for military operations on the Continent but . . . he consented to stay on at the insistent request of both the State Department and General Eisenhower."

Before leaving SHAEF I was anxious for a glimpse of liberated France and it was arranged that Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Hickinbotham should accompany me. I wanted also to say good-bye to General Eisenhower, who was already established somewhere in Normandy.

We flew across the Channel on August 20, in a pouring rain and arrived in due course at the SHAEF visitors' camp, two or three miles from Bayeux. I was wearing helmet, uniform and heavy military boots, for roads and fields were deep in mud. Once during our

drive I took off my heavy head-piece, whereupon a moment later the car was stopped by a traffic officer, who looked severely at me and said that General Bradley's orders were to wear helmets. I put it on.

At Bayeux I called upon Commissioner Coulet, the De Gaulle appointee for Normandy, who told me about the administration of the liberated area. Three of Normandy's five departments had been liberated, he said. In these three departments he had appointed prefects who were assisted by councils of ten or twelve members formed from various resistance groups. This he considered was the closest approach possible to democratic government until the time came for national elections.

General Eisenhower's headquarters proved to be about ten miles from Bayeux. His tent was partially concealed under a tree in a large field and a few other tents were scattered about under trees some distances apart. It was raining in torrents as we crossed the soggy field. The General was seated at his desk in the back of his tent, finishing a telephone conversation with Bedell Smith in England. Then he came forward and we sat down in comfortable leather arm-chairs under the tent flap. The weather was cold and the whisky and soda which he poured out for us was very comforting.

Eisenhower was clearly annoyed with people who predicted an early end to the war. He also mentioned the pressure on him to allow our armies to enter Paris. But he was opposing it unless there was a guarantee of no German resistance, for he could not take supplies from the armies which were then moving forward rapidly around Paris. He referred to De Gaulle's recent visit to him as a pleasant occasion, with De Gaulle in the best of spirits. And he earnestly advocated, as I recollect, a combined military control of Germany rather than a division of the country into separate American, British, and Russian zones, a policy which he felt would be unwise. I introduced Hickinbotham, and after expressing my appreciation of the opportunity of serving under him, I bade him good-bye. My admiration for him has never ceased.

The following day we lunched at Caen with the members of the British Civil Affairs Unit. Afterwards we visited the Cathedral of St. Etienne, where William the Conqueror's shinbone is buried, and called on the Prefect of Caen. Having learned that my son-in-law, John Bryant, was at Tinchebray near Vire, with his American Civil Affairs Unit, I dropped in on him and found him seated in a barren room at an improvised table, checking papers. He said that the arrival

of the Unit immediately followed the departure of the Germans who, before leaving, had systematically smashed every bit of furniture in every house with hatchets. It was a poor little village and the German method of revenge seemed so unnecessarily stupid and brutal.

We continued on our way to St. Lô, which was a painful spectacle of utter devastation, and after passing through many ruined villages, spent the night at Granville. During the drive we had passed never-ending columns of military equipment moving towards the front. Not once did I see a disabled vehicle blocking the roads, nor a pause in the continuous advance of the columns. It was an imposing exhibit of military might and efficiency.

At Granville I found several friends from headquarters who were preparing for the reception of SHAEF in a few days. I felt more than ever glad that I had decided to retire from SHAEF before it moved to France, for Granville would be far from the scene of action. In fact it proved to be unsuitable and SHAEF was soon moved nearer the front.

That evening a group of us dined together and conversation touched upon the devastated villages of Normandy, and the pathos of the inhabitants who, having fled during our naval and air bombardments, were then beginning to return to scenes of utter ruin. I asked whether we Americans did not have a certain moral responsibility towards these unfortunate people who, though friends and allies, had lost everything as a result of our military requirements. There seemed to be general agreement. Two months after my return to the United States I received a telegram from Jefferson Caffery, our Ambassador in Paris, saying that the remarks which I had made regarding the inhabitants of the devastated villages in Normandy "had come to the attention of certain higher ups in our army command who wished to know whether I would 'pursue the subject'". Thereupon I went to Washington and consulted with the State and War Departments. Armed with letters of approval from the two departments I undertook, with the help of my friend Robert W. Bliss of Washington, to organize a programme which was soon adopted by the existing nation-wide organization, known as American Aid to France. I became chairman of the board. The great Memorial Hospital at St. Lô, which was to be a joint Franco-American enterprise, originated in our undertaking.

General Eisenhower had recommended that I visit a V-I site. The next day, we drove through a narrow lane near Valognes and came upon a cement building camouflaged to resemble an ordinary French farmhouse. This was supposed to be the German officers' living

quarters. Nearby was a barn, also camouflaged, where the flying bomb was assembled for launching. In a field a few feet off the lane was the launching site, so simply constructed that it was hard to believe the deadly doodle bug had started on its way at this point. Nothing was to be seen except a narrow cement strip on the ground, about eight feet wide by thirty feet long. On either side were laid broad gauge rails to carry whatever structure was placed on them. Strips and rails had been covered by moss, so that from the air there could be no sign of launching activities. There were said to be hundreds of these V-I launching sites along the coast so cleverly camouflaged as to be completely invisible to reconnaissance planes.

On our return through Normandy we stopped at the prisoner-of-war camp at St. Laurent-sur-Mer. As we approached the camp, thousands of German prisoners-of-war were being assembled for shipment to the United Kingdom. I stood at the gate of the barbed-wire enclosure as the flood of filthy, ragged, miserable human beings passed through. Old and young alike, these men bore little resemblance to soldiers; they shambled rather than walked. The American captain in charge stood beside me as they passed. He said he had interviewed several and they were still confident that Hitler would win the war by some "new device". In the distance could be seen the first American cemetery, a vast field of white crosses. The final view from the plane of the French coast, with the prisoner-of-war camp in the foreground and the white blanket of crosses in the background presented a striking picture of the tragedy of war.

As we flew over the crowded beaches, we could see ships without number waiting to unload their war material, and long lines of trucks and vehicles winding their way from the beach-heads to the roads beyond which led to the battle fronts. Back in England, the following day, August 24, came the momentous news of the occupation of Paris, and we learned that on August 25 General de Gaulle had entered the city in triumph. A few days later De Gaulle, in a gracious gesture, expressed his appreciation that the French had been permitted to take the lead in the city's liberation.

I said good-bye to my friends at SHAEF, very regretfully to Lieutenant-General Morgan and Major-General Barker, and returned to the United States in September. I took leave also with regret of my many English friends who, while severely restricted themselves, still could offer a never-failing welcome to me and to many other Americans.

An Observer in Palestine

IT was late November, 1945. My wife and I had recently moved into a little house in Georgetown, Washington, D.C., for the winter, and were looking forward to settling down among old friends. The telephone rang one morning and Secretary of State Byrnes was on the wire, asking whether I would accept an appointment by the President as one of six Americans on the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine. He urged me so strongly that I agreed to serve. At the end of our conversation he said, "You are just like Marshall" who had, I knew, reluctantly consented to go to China as the Personal Representative of the President.

In due course came a letter from the President, dated December 10, informing me that the terms of reference of the committee were:

1. To examine political, economic and social conditions in Palestine as they bear upon the problem of Jewish immigration and settlement therein and the well-being of the peoples now living therein;
2. To examine the position of the Jews in those countries in Europe where they have been the victims of Nazi and Fascist persecution;
3. To hear the views of competent witnesses and to consult representative Arabs and Jews on the problems of Palestine, and to make recommendations to the governments of the United States and of the United Kingdom for *ad interim* handling of these problems as well as for their permanent solution; and
4. To make such other recommendations to the governments of the United States and of the United Kingdom as may be necessary to meet the immediate needs arising from conditions subject to examination under paragraph 2.

In conclusion the President wrote:

I have every confidence in you and in the other persons whom I have appointed to the Committee and wish to express my appreciation for the spirit of public service which you have shown in agreeing to serve. I am most anxious that there should be a satisfactory solution of the grave problems

entrusted to the Committee for determination and I share in the hope of the British Government that the Committee will be able to complete its important task successfully and with the least possible delay.

I must confess I undertook this mission with a sense of misgiving, which as things turned out was fully justified. I knew very little about the Middle East, that is why I, indeed why all the members of our committee were chosen. It was thought that a fresh and unbiased approach by twelve individuals with no axes to grind would produce a fresh and unbiased set of recommendations. But I also knew that Palestine from time immemorial had been a chronic source of unrest in the Middle East. How could twelve outsiders be expected to come up with a solution within a few months which would please all parties?

Before the committee formally assembled I decided it would be well to familiarize myself with recent Palestine history. I had known, of course, that Palestine for several centuries before the first World War had been a part of the Turkish Empire. Shortly after the Turks were driven out of the country by British and Arab forces in 1917, the British Government issued what was known as the Balfour Declaration. While stating that nothing should be done to prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, the Balfour Declaration favoured the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people. At the time only 85,000 of Palestine's 689,000 people were Jews.

During the Versailles Peace Conference, Palestine was placed under the League of Nations. The League formally recognized the right of the Jews to reconstruct their national home but required that the mandatory power, Great Britain, should be responsible "also for safeguarding the civil and religious rights of all inhabitants of Palestine, irrespective of race and religion".

The Arabs became restless; riots spread. In order to calm troubled waters the British Government issued, in 1922, a second declaration known as the Churchill White Paper, publicly disclaiming any intention of creating a Jewish state in Palestine. It defined the terms of the national home as a culturally autonomous Jewish community and looked forward to the creation of a bi-national but unitary Palestinian state in which Jews and Arabs might co-operate.

In the same year a joint resolution of our Congress gave formal United States sanction to the idea of the home. At that time no one seriously believed that the small Jewish minority should or could rule

over the large Arab majority, although some responsible persons on both sides of the Atlantic believed that if a Jewish majority should eventually develop, a Jewish state of Palestine might be the outcome.

Under Hitler's persecution of the Jews, immigration into Palestine rose sharply in the early thirties. When, in 1936, the proportion of Jews had reached twenty-eight per cent of the total population, Arab alarm manifested itself in strikes and violence which presented new problems to the British Government. After a time the British determined to restrict legal immigration to fifteen hundred persons a month and to intern all others who could be captured before reaching Palestine.

A royal commission, known as the Peel Commission, went to Palestine in 1937 to study the situation, and recommended partition of the country into Arab and Jewish states. The following year, the British Government sent out a commission of technicians to plot the boundaries between the proposed states but the problem was too involved, the boundaries too difficult to define. The British Government thereupon abandoned the idea of partition.

Instead, they issued the so-called British White Paper of 1939, which declared that the British obligation to encourage the creation of the Jewish national home had been fulfilled; that Jewish immigration could no longer be fostered in the face of continued Arab opposition, although it was planned to admit 75,000 during the succeeding five years; and that Palestine should be prepared for self-government. The plan was to be submitted to the League of Nations for approval in September, 1939, but the League's activities were suspended with the outbreak of the Second World War, and no action was taken. Subsequently, both Arabs and Jews denounced the White Paper. Zionism, in the meantime, had been growing apace, and in 1942, the Zionists, in the Biltmore Declaration formally advocated making Palestine into a Jewish state.

Following the war, Americans began to condemn the British methods of dealing with the situation; it was so easy to criticize when there was no responsibility involved. Having in mind the importance of the Jewish vote in New York, as well as the plight of the Jewish refugees in Europe, President Truman publicly urged that 100,000 refugees be admitted to Palestine at once. Whereupon the British Government, taking advantage of this criticism, invited the American Government to participate in an Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry to consider the entire problem of Palestine. In the

circumstances, the President could not well refuse. Thus the United States became involved in the situation, and I became a member of the joint committee.

The membership of the committee was as follows. For the British: Sir John Singleton, a London judge; W. P. Crick, economic adviser to the Midland Bank; Lord Morrison, formerly Labour member in Commons; Sir Frederick Leggett, British representative at the International Labour Office; Major R. E. Manningham-Buller and R. H. S. Crossman, Conservative and Labour M.P.s respectively. For the Americans: Judge Joseph C. Hutcheson, Jr., of the Circuit Court of Appeals, Houston, Texas; Dr. Frank Aydelotte, director of the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton; Bartley C. Crum, a San Francisco lawyer; James G. McDonald, formerly high commissioner for refugees at the League of Nations; Frank W. Buxton, formerly editor of the *Boston Herald*, and myself. A large staff of experts, law clerks, and stenographers completed the mission. Our two judges, Singleton and Hutcheson were joint chairmen.

Early in January our British colleagues arrived in Washington and our joint committee began its first public hearings. From then on throughout the investigation, we were presented each night with quantities of written material containing the views of the following day's witnesses, who would almost invariably proceed to read the same statements, a laborious and time-consuming process. But I finally realized that although in many instances nothing new was gained from the public hearings, which were oftentimes exceedingly dull, they none the less served the valuable purpose of allowing one and all the chance to let off steam, to plead their causes as passionately as they desired. For in essence the roots of the Palestine dilemma were emotional. Had a logical solution been possible, our committee would not have been in existence.

Leaders of all Jewish political and cultural groups in the country, including Albert Einstein, appeared before us in the old State Department building. At the end of the week, we had a good idea of the intransigent attitude of Zionism, demanding that Palestine should become a Jewish state. It was evident that the radical Zionists dominated Jewish thinking in the United States, for the more moderate American Jews who feared the effects of statehood did not present their case strongly.

The public hearings were continued in London at the Royal Empire Society. For the most part they were a repetition of what we

had heard in Washington. All the Zionist witnesses in London were equally set upon a Jewish state, although the anti-Zionist Jews seemed stronger than those in the United States.

One of the most interesting witnesses was a Miss Warburton, who had lived in Palestine since 1918. She spoke about the comradeship of young Arabs and Jews in the schools and confirmed what many others had said, that the bitterness between the two races originated at the top. We also heard Sir Ronald Storrs, who was military and civil Governor of Jerusalem in the early days of the mandate. He ridiculed the idea of partition as a practical impossibility. On the contrary, Sir Harold MacMichael, former High Commissioner of Palestine, and Mr. Leopold Amery, former Secretary of State for India and the colonies, strongly favoured partition as the best way of resolving the turmoil between Jew and Arab. This division of opinion indicated the difficulties before us. How were we neophytes to decide questions upon which experts, who had lived in the country for many years, were unable to agree? I realized we were afloat in turbulent waters.

Another day we had a full complement of Arabs at the hearings. The son of King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia was there in his beautiful native costume; the Foreign Ministers of Lebanon, Syria and Iraq and two distinguished representatives of Egypt were there. Each Arab spoke in turn and all to the same effect; there could not be a Jewish state in Palestine nor could there be any further Jewish immigration. They did not object to the Jewish national home, provided it remained a home and aspired to nothing more, for a Jewish state, according to the Arabs, would result in Jewish political domination.

We also heard the testimony of the British Communist Party, which presented the ablest document of all the written arguments. The witness took the line that favoured the Arab cause in opposition to the Jews, which was then evidently the policy of Soviet Russia.

One day Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Secretary, gave a luncheon of thirty or more for our committee at the Dorchester Hotel. He, Judge Hutcheson and Sir John Singleton made brief speeches. The judge was humorous, Sir John was serious, Mr. Bevin was impressive. Bevin went so far as to imply, but without commitment, that he would do his best to follow the advice of our committee, whatever its final report might be, providing it was unanimous. Although gratifying, this seemed injudicious to me for there was no foreseeing what the conclusions of twelve independent men might be.

At the conclusion of the London hearings on February 1, the committee broke into sub-committees to carry out our second assignment, which was to examine the condition of the Jews in Europe. McDonald and I went first to Paris, to contact the French Jewish organizations, and from there to Frankfurt to visit the Jewish refugees in the French zone of occupation, in Switzerland, and in part of Austria. It was so arranged that all of the principal refugee centres were to be inspected by members of the committee, including Warsaw and Czechoslovakia.

In Paris the days were occupied by a succession of callers from Jewish organizations and Press. As in Washington and London the Zionist groups were of one mind in favour of an autonomous state for the Jews. Only their Communist associates favoured ways of bringing together the two opposing peoples through a United Palestinian state.

The night we arrived in Frankfurt I had a sharp attack of bronchial pneumonia and was taken the following morning in an ambulance to the United States Army Hospital. McDonald left for Baden-Baden and I was unable to catch up with him for several days. As soon as I was able to travel I joined McDonald at Nuremberg, as we had arranged to meet there before proceeding to Vienna, where our committee was to reassemble.

We reached Vienna to find a George Washington Birthday celebration, organized by our army officers, in full swing and all our associates on the committee assembled. For several days thereafter we met and discussed our experiences. Everywhere we had found similar conditions, young Jews, for the most part between the ages of twenty and thirty, fanatical in their determination to go to Palestine. Little was said about emigration to the United States, for Palestine occupied their thoughts to the exclusion of any other destination. Even the older ones showed a preference for Palestine although their Zionism was less pronounced. This passionate longing had I believe a dual origin: one, a reluctance to return to their old homes because of their bitterness toward those of their countrymen who had helped to murder so many friends and relatives, and secondly, the age-old dream of a home where they would no longer be persecuted was, they believed, about to come true.

We estimated that there were about one hundred thousand Jewish refugees mostly from Eastern Europe then being cared for in the American and British zones in Germany, although the largest proportion had found their way to the American zone in the belief that

transportation to Palestine could be obtained more readily under our auspices. Comparatively few old people and children remained in the camps. For the most part only the young men and women had survived the cold, the hunger, the filth and torture. The others had either died or been put to death by their German captors.

There was virtually no disagreement about the facts we had uncovered, but in Vienna a considerable disagreement arose as to whether or not we should issue an interim report on our findings thus far. I was among those who thought we were wise in not doing so. Instead, we again broke into sub-committees to continue the examination of refugee centres before going to Cairo via Greece.

I shall never forget the unbelievably beautiful approach to the Gulf of Corinth. The mountains on our left were snow-covered and the pattern of the Gulf itself was exquisite in the sunlight. In Athens we talked with representatives of the Jewish refugees in Greece. After a morning spent among the marvels of the Acropolis we flew to Cairo.

Our first public hearing in Cairo was held on March 2, at the Mena House. The room was filled with Arabs. The principal witness was Azzam Pasha, Secretary-General of the League of Arab States, a loose organization with headquarters in Cairo. Behind him sat a row of the official representatives of the Arab States: Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Iraq, Trans-Jordan, Syria and Lebanon. He was an attractive man who presented the Arab case forcefully and fluently. The meeting was somewhat disorganized, partly because Sir John and the Judge both acted as chairman whereas it had been understood that it was our Judge's turn to preside; but the real confusion occurred because the representatives of the Arab states had difficulty in following the witness's English and became very much excited, at times rising to their feet in full majesty and declaiming volubly in Arabic.

Azzam gave the following reasons for the Arab attitude:

Our brother has gone to Europe and to the West and . . . come back a Russified Jew, a Polish Jew, a German Jew, an English Jew. He has come back with a totally different conception of things, Western and not Eastern. That does not mean that we are necessarily quarrelling with anyone who comes from the West. But the Jew, our old cousin, coming back with imperialistic ideas, with materialistic ideas, with reactionary or revolutionary ideas and trying to implement them first by British pressure and then by

American pressure, and then by terrorism on his own part—he is not the old cousin and we do not extend to him a very good welcome. . . . We are not going to allow ourselves to be controlled either by great nations or small nations or dispersed nations.

It was an argument one could not completely ignore.

Following Azzam's testimony, the representative from Yemen presented a categorical statement of the Arab viewpoint, which included: no Jewish state; no further immigration: recognition of Palestine as an Arab state within the League. The Judge tried to induce the other state representatives to speak, but none of them would go beyond saying that Yemen's paper represented their views. The Judge then asked them to sign the paper in the original and in translation, which they agreed to do. Personally I felt this was a mistake, that it would have been wiser not to ask them to commit themselves definitely, because in so doing it might be more difficult for them to recede, which they must certainly do if we were ever to arrive at a compromise. Several days of Arab hearings followed without producing anything strikingly new in the way of evidence. The Arab position was repeated with firmness by all concerned.

One afternoon, our Minister to Egypt, Pinckney Tuck, asked me and a few other members of the committee to meet two of the leading Jews in Egypt. They were highly intelligent men. They thought that a compromise between the extreme Arab and Jewish positions was possible; that once the idea of a Jewish state was abandoned, the Arabs would be less adamant with regard to immigration. According to them, most of Egypt's 100,000 Jews felt that a solution lay along those lines. More or less the same opinion was offered by Dr. Badeau, President of the American University in Cairo, at a private hearing before our committee.

Before we left Cairo, we had a chance to hear the views of the British military authorities who clearly regarded the situation as explosive. We were told that the Jewish "illegal army" which operated in connection with the Jewish agency, numbered over 60,000, armed and motorized, with an additional partially armed reserve. The Jews were therefore in a position to strike and probably intended to do so, but were awaiting the publication of our report.

On the evening of March 5, we boarded the High Commissioner for Palestine's special train, which he had sent to convey us to Jerusalem. When I looked out of my compartment window in the morning, we were crossing the frontier into Palestine. Presently the

thinly cultivated Arab countryside gave way to bleak and stony mountainous country where even a goat would find hard living.

A delegation from the government received us at the station and escorted us to the King David Hotel. In the afternoon we attended a reception at Government House, given in our honour by the High Commissioner, General Sir Alan Cunningham. Government House, standing on a hill ten minutes' drive from our hotel, was completed only a few years ago. One of the principal rooms reminded me of the interior of a mosque, cold and severe with white walls and many arches. The reception proved to be an interesting cross-section of Palestine. The only officials who did not appear were the members of the Arab Higher Committee who had declined because of the necessity of contacts with the Jews. However, there were many distinguished Arabs present as well as the mayors of twenty-four Palestinian cities and a complete quota of British officialdom. I must have accepted invitations from twenty of the twenty-four mayors to visit their respective towns.

At this reception I met for the first time the man whose opinions interested me more than almost anyone else with whom I talked. He was the son of Lord Samuel, and I saw him several times during our stay. On one occasion he took me to a remarkable concert of the Palestine symphony orchestra. Although most of the musicians had played with the large European orchestras, it was amazing to find such music in that part of the world.

Samuel was so confident that a peaceful solution could be found that he had built a house for his family and proposed to pass the rest of his life there. He worked for the government broadcasting station, and did not feel at liberty to testify at a public hearing. But later he and a Mr. Mousa Nasr, formerly of the government secretariat, appeared before us *in camera*, and after listening to their views, I became really hopeful that a bi-national arrangement as opposed to partition was possible. Up to that point I had been balancing between the two.

On March 8, we began our public hearings in the magnificent Y.M.C.A. building. The session opened with an official welcome by a representative of the Palestine Government. This was followed by Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the first President of the State of Israel, who testified throughout the day. He spoke without pause, gaining in strength as he went along. He was said to be an ill man and I was fearful at the outset that he would be unable to continue his full time.

As a witness he was arresting, although he offered nothing new in his testimony, his main argument being in support of a Jewish state.

However, when Aydelotte and I later dined with Weizmann at his charming and luxurious house, he told me that he was a believer in partition. He said it without apparent enthusiasm and I understood that he felt obliged to take this view because it had become the confidential view of what the Jewish agency would accept if it could not get a Jewish state for the whole of Palestine. I felt therefore that Weizmann was doing his duty by the Agency in favouring partition. I pressed him closely with regard to a bi-national state and finally won from him toward the end of dinner the admission that it was a solution if it could be worked out. He thought that the word "bi-national" was unfortunate and that something more indicative of co-operation would be better.

During the days that followed we listened to all the principal Arab and Jewish leaders in Palestine. Naturally there was a great deal of repetition. The basic demands of most of the Jews who appeared before us were: that Palestine should be transformed into a Jewish state as soon as there was a Jewish majority; that 100,000 immigration certificates should be issued at once to the European refugees; that the British should hand over controls of immigration to the Jewish Agency in Palestine; and that the restrictions on the sale of land to the Jews should be abolished. The importance of the Zionist's Biltmore Declaration was constantly stressed.

Ben-Gurion, Israel's first Prime Minister, made as strong a case for a Jewish state as could be made. But while he insisted that the Jews had only friendly feelings towards the Arabs, he did not explain what the Jews could or would do to arrive at amicable relations with them. Rather at times, he seemed to convey the impression that the Jews were ready to force their demands upon Palestine if they could not get them any other way.

There were representatives of a few Jewish groups who had the courage to raise their voices against the Zionist position, notably Dr. Magnes, President of the Hebrew University. I wish I could convey my impression of this man, of his dignity, his poise, his forcefulness, his constructive optimism. Everything he said was illuminated by his intense earnestness. I had heard that he was a man of vision, but impractical, that he had no political support, and was therefore without influence. But I felt at the end of his remarks that

such a moderate and clear thinker must have a following not only here but throughout the world. I think the whole committee was impressed with his far-sighted plan which envisaged a "bi-national Palestine based on the parity of the two peoples". He thought that it would be possible for Jew and Arab to "make their Holy land a thriving, peaceful Switzerland of the Middle East". When he had finished, Judge Hutcheson paid him a handsome tribute by quoting the Biblical reference to "the holy Israelite in whom there is no guile".

The Arabs, represented by Jemal el-Husseini, cousin of the Grand Mufti, and Auni Bey, justified their demand for an Arab state by virtue of their historic position. They considered the Jewish national home a violation of their right of self-determination since it forced upon them a Jewish invasion. They pointed out that even then the Arab population was two to one in their favour, 1,200,000 Arabs to 600,000 Jews, and proclaimed their right to be masters in their own house. They demanded that Palestine as an Arab state should be granted independence similar to that of the six neighbouring Arab states and like them should be admitted to the United Nations. In brief, the Arabs here as in Egypt were just as passionate as the Jews in their claims to Palestine.

We listened to the plea of the Bishop of the Greek Orthodox Church, and to the Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem, speaking in the name of Christianity; Palestine was a Holy Land sacred alike to Christian, Arab and Jew. This aspect of the problem was being overlooked, they said, in the Jewish-Arab struggle for mastery; nor was the extent to which the various Holy Places were scattered throughout the country fully appreciated. They maintained that Palestine's religious value to the world must be safeguarded in any final solution.

We listened to British officials of the government describe their responsibilities under the mandate. They must keep the peace between the opposing factions. They dared not accede to the Zionist demands, otherwise they would have to reckon with violent Arab opposition, not only in Palestine but in the neighbouring Arab states. Strategically, Palestine was important to the Empire. The pipe-line which supplied oil for the British Mediterranean fleet discharged at Haifa. Presumably, whatever solution was adopted for Palestine, would recognize British influence in that port. Furthermore, as the Suez Canal was an important link with her eastern possessions, peace

with the Arab world, which surrounded the Canal, was essential to Britain's interests.

The military authorities told us soberly that trouble could not be avoided. I gathered that the Jews were well armed and organized. Hagannah, the Jewish army, was supposed to number about 60,000 trained soldiers. The Irgun and Stern groups, which were largely responsible for the recent increase of terrorism, operated independently of Hagannah, but should the situation develop into actual warfare they would certainly co-operate with Hagannah, thereby creating a Jewish force of between 70,000 and 80,000 men. The Arabs, by contrast, were neither organized nor well armed. Though military supplies were known to be secretly entering the country from neighbouring Arab states, there was no formal Arab army in Palestine. If fighting should occur, support from the neighbouring states would be required. Thus with prospects of a general flare-up in the Middle East it was not surprising that British authorities in Palestine were already looked forward to the day when the mandate would cease and their army could be withdrawn. When that happened, the question would arise as to what part of the burden, if any, the United States would assume. I, for one, could not guess the answer.

Certainly it was clear from the beginning that the British authorities were extremely concerned over our safety. I heard that before our arrival an agreement had been reached between the several Jewish organizations in Palestine not to molest our committee, which was considerate of them. However, no chances were taken. A close watch was kept on each of us. Our movements were watched when we crossed the street for the hearings. I could not leave the hotel for a glimpse of nearby shop windows without a police officer as a companion, and our offices were conspicuously surrounded by barbed wire.

During one of the hearings, Crum was in the middle of questioning a witness when I received a note from Sir John who was presiding that morning, to ask Crum to cut his questioning short. Crum continued, whereupon Sir John handed me a second request. When Crum did not immediately accede to that, Sir John rather abruptly ended the hearings himself. We were escorted to a side door, not the one we ordinarily used. I asked the chairman what was up. He said that he had just received three urgent messages from the police to leave the building at once but he did not seem to know what the trouble was, a bomb perhaps. Fortunately it proved, so far

as we knew, a false alarm, but we were reminded of ever-present danger.

Another day I accompanied Sir John and Major Manningham-Buller on an official visit to Jaffa and Tel Aviv. We were escorted that day by two and sometimes three police cars, one always preceding us, the others following. Whether it was a guard of honour for Sir John or extra precautions for our safety I did not know, but during the return to Jerusalem the three police cars kept close by. It seemed to me that the precautions had been excessive although when I questioned the police officer who had accompanied us he replied that he was merely "doing his duty". However, later he told me confidentially that on the previous night, the very house where our committee had had its morning meeting had been attacked by Jews. Nine minutes of gun action had been necessary before the attackers were dispersed. There were no British casualties but whether there had been any others he did not indicate. A police "settlement" containing a unit of British police had also been attacked by a mob from the neighbouring villages. He added that incidents of this kind had been less frequent since the arrival of our committee, but he anticipated more serious outbreaks after our departure.

We made many such trips around the country visiting Arab and Jewish settlements. Some of the views we listened to were as extreme as those expressed in Jerusalem, others were more moderate. In some places the antagonism between Jew and Arab was acute; in others, the two peoples lived and worked cheerfully side by side. For example, Jaffa, a purely Arab city, and Tel Aviv, the new Jewish capital, together form but a single port on the Mediterranean. The surrounding countryside is given to citrus plantations, some of which are owned by Jews, others by Arabs. As we drove along the road, great piles of oranges were waiting transportation to the ships loading in the port.

Having lunched with the Mayor of Jaffa and a group of Arab officials, we crossed the invisible boundary into Tel Aviv, whose mayor took us on a tour of his city. In spite of its monotonous ultra-modern architecture, Tel Aviv makes a fine appearance. The broad streets are bordered with handsome trees and shrubs. Since it was Friday afternoon, and work had ended in preparation for the Saturday Sabbath, the people were in the streets, shopping and gossiping. Tel Aviv is an amazing example of Jewish capacity and ingenuity. Like magic it has arisen on barren and sandy soil to become in a very

few years the principal Jewish city in Palestine with a population of 200,000.

In southern Palestine I visited the famous Arab city of Hebron which lies up in the stony hills. The Mayor and a number of other dignitaries awaited us in front of the imposing Mosque of Abraham. After donning the customary slippers, we were taken into the sacred area which holds the tombs of Abraham, Jacob and Isaac and their wives, also the tomb of Solomon, the son of David. The remains of Abraham lie in a subterranean vault far below the Mosque. No one has penetrated it since the year A.D. 700, and I imagine if one were to try, he would not come out alive, so sacred is it held. The interior was swarming with people. Thirty men or more were seated in a large circle listening to a lecture on the Koran; another group of tiny children were saying their prayers.

From the Mosque, considered after Mecca and the great Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, the third most sacred in Islam, we were taken to an adjoining building for coffee. The Mayor, tall and distinguished, made a speech of welcome in Arabic, subsequently interpreted for our benefit, in which with the utmost courtesy he reminded us of the Arab views on the future of Palestine. And as I looked at the fierce Arab faces of the villagers I felt the impossibility of Jews ever ruling over the entire state. For in all of southern Palestine there were only a few Jewish settlements, widely scattered, and with little appearance of prosperity. There were no Jews in Beersheba where we had lunched. In Hebron there was only one old Jewish woman doctor, the lone survivor of three hundred Jews who had been massacred ten or twelve years ago.

I also drove down the Valley of the Dead Sea by way of Jericho. Towering above the remains of the old brick wall of the ancient city was the mountain where Christ supposedly fasted for forty days and forty nights. At the foot of old Jericho we saw the historic well of Elisha which Christ was said to have purified by commanding the brackish water to become fresh.

Our objective was a Jewish agricultural settlement where the soil which was once the bottom of the Dead Sea had been "leached" of its salt and transformed into productive agricultural land. The process of leeching by the introduction of fresh water was continuing on a large scale.

The head of the settlement, who appeared to be a young German, explained that there were one hundred and forty workers, including

women and children, who lived there as a communal family, having no money or possessions of their own. The men and women worked on the land nine or ten hours a day without compensation; money earned from the sale of the produce went into the common fund for the expansion and development of the settlement. The children lived apart from their parents in a separate house, thus permitting both parents to work on the land. Our young guide said that they were expanding the settlement as rapidly as possible but needed at least forty more workers, and within a year another hundred. To me it seemed a pathetic sight, yet it illustrated the amazing quality of the young men and women who voluntarily had adopted these conditions of life, in which they owned nothing and had no future except that afforded by the community. It was their contribution to what they believed to be the future Jewish state of Palestine. And certainly this fervent, undeviating devotion to their cause was a strong card in favour of its ultimate success.

Crossman and I decided to spend a day at Nablus, another important Arab city. On the way we stopped at an Arab village named Sulfit situated high among hills. Its terraces of olives, apples, peaches, figs, bespoke intensive agricultural cultivation. The government had spent a good deal of money on Sulfit with the object of making it a model of the other villages in the district. We visited the village school and listened to a youth, aged fourteen, deliver an address of welcome in English without a mistake or hesitation. To our inquiries as to what they intended to do in later life, the youngsters answered either "work on the land" or "be a teacher". Our hosts insisted upon showing us a drab little one-room house in the course of construction, which was to be the village school for girls. In the past, there had been strenuous objections to the education of Arab girls, but, according to the Mayor, there was now a keen desire to have all children literate.

The village council was assembled to meet us. I can still see that small, bare, whitewashed council room, with seven of the elders in their flowing robes seated in a row facing Crossman and me. Although we tried to draw them out on political subjects, with great dignity the Mayor intervened by saying that they left politics to the Arab Higher Committee in Jerusalem. Conversation under these conditions was not altogether easy, and the ceremonial of coffee was a welcome relief.

When we arrived at Nablus, the Mayor led us straight to the

council room where we shook hands with fifteen or twenty solemn and venerable council members. I opened the "meeting" with an expression of pleasure in coming to Nablus and this started the Mayor, a less reticent man than the Mayor of Sulfit, on a political discourse. In forthright language he depicted the Jewish menace to the life of the Arabs in their own country. He had the impression that I was an official representative of American Jewry, for he turned to me and said that presumably I was paid by the Jews. I doubt whether he believed me when I assured him to the contrary.

Nablus has a colony of Samaritans, who claim to be the only Jews of this faith in existence. Four tall, distinguished priests, with long grey beards and fine classic features, conducted us to their chapel, which contained the original manuscript of the first five books of the Bible, the Pentateuch. Ordinarily, it is not shown to the public, but on this occasion it was brought out, enclosed in a highly decorated and polished metal case. The scroll, some ten or fifteen metres in length, was supposed to have been written at the time of Moses, yet the writing was in excellent condition. Seated in the little chapel Crossman and I watched these white-robed high priests with spotlessly clean hands, respectfully unroll the ancient scroll, while pointing out in subdued voices the beauty of its script.

Leaving the Samaritans, we drove to the Anglo-Arab Club for tea to meet the leaders of Nablus, many of whom were graduates of the American University in Beirut and spoke fluent English. They did not lose a moment in dragging out the usual complaints that the Jews were trying to deprive the Arab of his own country. Why, they asked, should this be encouraged by the United States and Britain? Was this just; was this right? I suggested that there might be room for compromise if the idea of a Jewish state were abandoned, but the Arabs were clearly convinced that by hook or crook the Jews would gain their objective through the help of America and Britain. The same arguments were repeated many times before we left for Jerusalem. The day had been well spent, for it was my first intimate touch with Arab town and village life. But hope for the future seemed dim. Feelings were running high and Arab conciliation appeared a very remote possibility.

Our committee had been urged by the governments of the neighbouring Arab states to visit their capitals officially, so it was decided that the two chairmen should divide this task between them, leaving some of us in Palestine to make special tours of the country. I was

delighted with the decision, for it gave me an opportunity to see more of Palestine than some of my colleagues. On a Sunday morning Aydelotte, Crossman and I, complete with an interpreter, a staff assistant, a police car and guards on the front seats of our two cars, left Jerusalem for Tulkarm in northern Palestine.

We visited many Jewish and a few Arab schools during the tour. The Kadoorie School for Jews was an elaborate establishment with extensive gardens and agricultural development, but the cost of construction and maintenance for only fifty or sixty students seemed out of proportion to its outlay. After a tour of the buildings at the agricultural school of the Jewish Farmers Federation of Pardiss Hanna, we sat down at long tables to a copious tea with the staff. It was encouraging to hear the teachers speak of the good relations between Jew and Arab students; nothing was said even privately to indicate any Jewish reluctance to further association with Arabs.

In Haifa we stopped at the Hebrew Technical College where the principal Dr. Kaplansky, showed us in detail his extensive technical apparatus. But to me the chief interest lay again in the presence of Arab students working side by side with Jews. I noticed also that Haifa's municipal council included both Jews and Arabs. Seated around the table in the town hall's handsome council chamber with Jews on one side and Arabs on the other, we listened to an explanation of city government. Haifa's striking example of official co-operation was an encouraging sign of what might be if the leaders of the two peoples would agree to settle their differences.

In the morning, we inspected a small clinic kept by two Jewish ladies where as many as one hundred Arab women would come from the surrounding countryside each day for advice and attention. Just before our call, an Arab had appeared and announced that, on account of the Arab boycott against Jews, no more Arab women would be permitted to come to the clinic. The Jewish ladies were deeply distressed but seemed doubtful that the Arab women would obey their leader. I heard later that they ignored the instructions and continued to visit the clinic as before. This was but another illuminating sidelight on the relations of the two peoples. At the usual reception given in our honour at Nazareth that evening I was again impressed, as I had been in Nahariya, by the general desire for compromise between Jews and Arabs.

The following day our party separated. Aydelotte and I drove to Beirut to stay with the President of the American University and

Mrs. Bayard Dodge. Mr. Dodge was justly famous throughout the Arab world. Due to his efforts, gratitude and goodwill toward Americans radiated from the graduates of this university throughout the Middle East. Probably nothing that the United States has ever done has so enhanced our relations with Arabs as this splendid American educational institution. But I was disappointed that Mr. Dodge offered no solution to the Palestine problem. All he would say was that any solution to be successful would require force behind it, and in this he proved to be not far wrong.

After a tour of the university which, although preponderantly Arab had two hundred Jewish students, we set out the following morning for Damascus, accompanied by our Minister to Lebanon and Syria, George Wadsworth.

During the tour through northern Palestine I had found in Haifa, in Nazareth and in the neighbouring villages and institutions, certain hopeful signs of co-operation between Jew and Arab which seemed to indicate that if left alone, without politicians to stir up trouble, a solution might develop in the course of time. As a result, my thoughts were turning more and more towards a bi-national state where both peoples would have an equal voice in its affairs. For it seemed self-evident that no prosperity either for Jews or Arabs living separately within their own partitioned borders could ever be achieved, because the geography of the country and its water supply, the River Jordan which flowed through both Jewish and Arab districts, called for economic unity.

By this time, all the Arab states had been visited officially, by members of our committee, except Trans-Jordan, and so it was decided that Lord Morrison, Sir Frederick Leggett and I should pay a visit to Amman, its capital city. The independence of this little country had just been recognized by the British Government, and its ruler, Emir Abdullah, was still attending the ceremonies in London.

At the frontier of Trans-Jordan, we were met by officials of the government who escorted us to the capital. I had thought that the wild flowers in Palestine lived up to expectations, but in comparison with the marvellous carpets of yellow, orange and varying degrees of blue on the mountain slopes of Trans-Jordan the Palestine display seemed unimportant.

Upon arriving at Amman, we drove through streets, packed with people, to the Emir's modern palace overlooking the tiny town. Triumphal arches were being erected in honour of the Emir and

official independence. We were received by his Highness Emir Talal, the Emir's son, a shy young man and although he had spent three years in England and presumably spoke English, conversation did not flow easily.

The large, bleak room in the legislative council building where the public hearing was held was packed with Arabs as we entered. We were seated on a raised platform at one end of the room facing the assemblage. In a tribune on our right were the members of the government in solemn array. The Foreign Minister opened the proceedings by reading a lengthy statement in Arabic, a translation of which we fortunately had before us. He said nothing new or of particular interest, merely re-stating the extreme Arab position. But his word betrayed the close collaboration which existed between Trans-Jordan and the Arab communities in Palestine. I had asked Morrison to be our spokesman since we were in a country clearly British-dominated, and he responded with effectiveness. The question period was short and we had time to refresh ourselves before returning to the palace for the state dinner.

This was a strictly formal affair. The only means of communication with those present was through interpreters. I had a short conversation with His Highness after dinner, and when I found that he had been a student at Portsmouth I described the departure of the British fleet from Portsmouth on D-Day minus one. Evidently that interested him, for he woke up and his English suddenly returned. The banquet ended our official stay, and from what I heard later our visit had pleased the government and the people.

By now we had accumulated a great deal of valuable information and we were eager to come to grips with what we all knew would be the most difficult task of all, making recommendations to our two governments. Lausanne, Switzerland, had been selected for this purpose, and on March 28, we left Jerusalem.

The active weeks in Palestine followed by the two-day trip left us worn out, so it was wisely decided to take two days of complete relaxation before tackling our report. We walked and talked in twos and threes on the lake front, exchanging impressions and forming our conclusions. All of us saw the impossibility of transforming Palestine into a single Jewish state. But partition of the country into Jewish and Arab states held certain attractions. Crossman, Crum and McDonald were its most consistent advocates. Crossman put the case well and persuasively. He argued that if the two people could not live

together, and he did not think they could, and if the Jewish rights to a national home were admitted in principle, partition was the best solution. It would be a just compromise between the extreme Arab and Jewish claims on all of Palestine. Immigration problems could then be handled by the Jews themselves. And at least this solution would withdraw Britain from the picture. As matters then stood both Jews and Arabs hated Britain almost as much as they hated each other. Independence would give them an incentive to work out their destinies jointly. The rest of us felt that partition was the solution only if the two sides could agree, but without agreement it seemed likely to aggravate the situation and lead to conflict.

We debated partition at length, together with the thorny subject of present and future immigration. Gradually our views on these and other points became less divergent, and in the end we had a unanimous report. The drafting was done by sub-committees responsible for individual parts of the whole and was completed and approved by the full committee on April 19.

The following morning we all assembled in the conference-room. The committee members then signed the two originals, one for the President and one for the British Government, and a few minutes thereafter we said good-bye to our chairman, who left by air for home with the American report which he planned to present personally to the President. The British party left the same evening by train.

No report agreed to by six Americans and six Englishmen, each acting individually and independently, could be everything that one might have wished. Nevertheless, our recommendations were the result of careful and painstaking study. We did not attempt to recommend a form of government for Palestine since the hostility between Jew and Arab made it impossible, in our view, to establish at that moment either a Palestinian state or two independent states. We felt that a period of time must elapse under a United Nations trusteeship before this hostility could lessen sufficiently to allow both sides to consider wisely the future of Palestine. But unhappily the two years of inaction which were to be allowed to elapse after the publication of our report saw a violent increase in the hostility between Jew and Arab.

The ten recommendations formed a plan which we had reason to hope would eventually point the way towards a future Palestinian state. Jews would maintain their national home in Palestine and share

on an equal footing in the government of Palestine, but there would be no Jewish state of Palestine nor a Jewish state within Palestine. For in the end, we decided that without an agreement between the two peoples regarding partition, a tiny Jewish state with its free immigration would be used by the Jews as a step towards dominating the entire country, which after all was their declared policy. Therefore, partition would be no solution but rather an aggravation of the problem.

Our first recommendation, which received little attention by the public, was of the greatest importance. The problem of the displaced persons, including Jewish refugees, had a direct bearing on the problem of Palestine. If the victor nations would share the responsibility of finding homes for these helpless sufferers from the war, the pressure on Palestine as a place of refuge for the Jews would be lessened. But while all doors, except those in the Holy Land, remained closed to them, the determination of the Jews to reach Palestine would be merely strengthened and the fears of Palestinian Arabs increased in like proportion.

In detail, our recommendations were as follows:

1. We recommend . . . that our governments together, and in association with other countries, should endeavour immediately to find new homes for all such displaced persons, irrespective of creed or nationality, whose ties with their former communities have been irreparably broken.

2. We recommend (a) that 100,000 certificates be authorized immediately for the admission into Palestine of Jews who have been victims of Nazi and Fascist persecution; (b) that these certificates be awarded as far as possible in 1946 and that actual immigration be pushed forward as rapidly as conditions will permit.

[It was felt that once in possession of a certificate, the holder would await his turn with patience, allowing an orderly movement to proceed. This would relieve the problem of the centres, which had become a difficult one for our occupation forces.]

3. In order to dispose, once and for all, of the exclusive claims of Jews and Arabs to Palestine, we regard it as essential that a clear statement of the following principles should be made:

- I. That Jew shall not dominate Arab and Arab shall not dominate Jew in Palestine.
- II. That Palestine shall be neither a Jewish nor an Arab state.
- III. That the form of government ultimately to be established, shall, under international guarantees, fully protect and preserve the interests in the Holy Land of Christendom and the Moslem and Jewish faiths. . . .

We . . . affirm that the fact that it is a Holy Land sets Palestine completely

AN OBSERVER IN PALESTINE

apart from other lands, and dedicates it to the precepts and practices of the Brotherhood of Man and not to those of narrow nationalism.

4. We have reached the conclusion that the hostility between Jews and Arabs . . . make it almost certain that, now and for some time to come, any attempt to establish either an independent Palestinian state or independent Palestinian states would result in civil strife such as might threaten the peace of the world.

We therefore recommend that until this hostility disappears the government of Palestine be continued . . . under mandate, pending the execution of a trusteeship under the United Nations.

[We further recognized that a long period of trusteeship might be necessary, with the consequent burden on some one country, "a burden which would be lightened if it had the support of other members of the United Nations"].

5. . . . We recommend that the . . . trustee should proclaim the principle that Arab economic, educational, and political advancement in Palestine is of equal importance with that of the Jews; and should at once prepare measures designed to bridge the gap which now exists and raise the Arab standard of living to that of the Jews.

6. We recommend that, pending the early reference to the United Nations . . . the mandatory should administer Palestine according to the mandate which declares with regard to immigration that the administration of Palestine, while ensuring that rights and position of other sections of the population are not prejudiced, should facilitate Jewish immigration under suitable conditions.

[In our comments we added, "We have recommended the admission of 100,000 immigrants as soon as possible. We now deal with the position after that number. . . . We cannot construct a yardstick for the future annual immigration into Palestine. . . . In this disordered world speculation as to the economic position of any country a few years hence would be a hazardous proceeding."]

7. We recommend that the Land Transfers Regulations of 1940, be rescinded and replaced by regulations based on a policy of freedom in the sale, lease or use of land, irrespective of race, community or creed, and providing adequate protection for the interests of small owners and tenant cultivators. . . . The government should exercise such close supervision over the Holy Places and localities such as the Sea of Galilee and its vicinity as will protect them from desecration and from uses which might offend the conscience of religious people, and that such laws as are required for this purpose be enacted forthwith.

8. Various plans for large-scale agricultural and industrial development in Palestine have been presented for our consideration; these projects, if successfully carried into effect, could not only greatly enlarge the capacity of the country to support an increasing population but also raise the living standards of Jew and Arab alike.

We are not in a position to assess the soundness of these specific plans; but we cannot state too strongly that, however technically feasible they might be,

they will fail unless there is peace in Palestine. Moreover, their full success requires the willing co-operation of adjacent Arab states, since they are not merely Palestinian projects. We recommend, therefore, that the examination, discussion, and execution of these plans be conducted in full consultation and co-operation not only with the Jewish Agency but also with the governments of the neighbouring Arab states directly affected.

9. We recommend that, in the interests of the conciliation of the two peoples and of general improvement of the Arab standard of living, the educational system of both Jews and Arabs be reformed, including the introduction of compulsory education within a reasonable time.

10. We recommend that, if this report is adopted, it should be made clear beyond all doubt to both Jews and Arabs that any attempt from either side, by threats of violence, by terrorism, or by the organization or use of illegal armies to prevent its execution, will be resolutely suppressed. . . .

A few days before the end of our labours, I sent a personal telegram to the State Department warning of the danger of leaks to the Press before the publication of the entire document, since each recommendation formed only a part of the whole. I also suggested that when the report was released, the President might say that although there had not been time to examine it in detail or to exchange views with the British Government, it had been well prepared and deserved careful consideration. The report would then be launched under favourable circumstances. Otherwise I feared it would have a bad reception because of its failure to recommend Palestine as a Jewish state.

My fears were warranted. When making it public, the President disregarded my advice to treat the plan as a whole and, without mentioning the nine other recommendations, singled out as a great achievement the proposal to issue 100,000 certificates for admission to Palestine. In a flash the Palestinian Arab was presented with the prospective arrival in his midst of 100,000 new refugees, without any knowledge of the other nine recommendations, some of which had been framed for his exclusive benefit.

The Arab world was incensed. The Zionists were equally indignant because of our recommendation against a Jewish state, although they welcomed the proposed admission of the refugees. The British Government, which was making another attempt to effect an agreement between the Jews and Arabs was embarrassed, and blamed their failure to the unfortunate reaction resulting from the publicity from Washington. I gather also that the more conservative members of the Colonial Office presented the Cabinet with unfavourable criticism of our report.

Thereupon the report of the Anglo-American Committee vanished from the scene and has never been revived. Four months of intensive labour went for nothing. The enormous expenses of transportation and accommodations for the committee members and their large staff of experts, assistants and clerks were wasted. All that remains is an interesting little volume published by the Government Printing Office.

Having disregarded entirely our findings and recommendations, the President next appointed a Cabinet committee of three whose representatives went to London to discuss the immediate predicament. We six American members of the committee were summoned to Washington in August and sat for two whole days in the Secretary's office exchanging views with the group who had recently returned from London with renewed recommendations for partition. I thought their decision was too hastily made and was intended primarily to satisfy the President. And from the outset it was easy to see that Acting Secretary Dean Acheson's views were cautiously neutral. The administration was still thinking in terms of Jewish votes, and by this time the Zionists had accepted the proposal of a small Jewish state instead of an entire Jewish-dominated Palestine.

Shortly thereafter the British Government announced that on May 15, 1948, it would surrender to the United Nations its Palestine mandate and withdraw its troops the following August. A special United Nations commission was set up to study and recommend action, representatives of which then went to Palestine. It returned with a majority and minority report, the majority for partition with some form of economic union, the minority for a federated Palestinian state. When in November, 1947, partition came up for action in the United Nations Assembly, the necessary number of affirmative votes were obtained, I am informed, by the persuasive efforts of the United States, which I regard as highly improper action. The Soviets voted with the majority. Arab violence exploded as a result of the Assembly action and Palestine was swept into a state of warfare in which British, Jews, and Arabs were all involved, the British in an effort to keep the peace until May 15, the Jews in defence of partition, and the Arabs united in opposition.

I shall not attempt to trace the various phases of the struggle. In dealing with the United Nations, the United States reversed itself twice on the question of partition. Various attempts were made by the United Nations to stop the fighting, one of which cost the life of

Count Folke Bernadotte of Sweden, who, with Ralph Bunche representing the United Nations, endeavoured to mediate the conflict.

When the cease fire order came, the Jews had already won the war, for they had the arms and the determination to win. The Arab forces never achieved military unity, although theoretically they were all opposed to Jewish ambitions. Actually, the fighting ceased when both sides had had enough of it. But even at this writing peace has not yet been attained. The two armies still maintain their positions behind their respective lines in Jerusalem, thus dividing the city into Arab and Jewish encampments. Although Israel has been recognized by the world as an independent state, and Trans-Jordan has assumed control over what remains of Arab Palestine, the problem of Jewish-Arab relations is still to be solved. Until co-operation and trade can be established between the two peoples it is difficult to foresee substantial prosperity for the new state. Time will probably heal the breach, but time can be shortened if the Jews would show a spirit of accommodation which is now lacking. Had they accepted in good faith the boundaries of Israel as fixed by the United Nations, it is probable that peaceful relations would already exist.

The hopes of our committee that both peoples could be induced in time to form a strong Palestinian state proved to be wishful thinking on our part. It would have been the ideal solution and would have prevented the untold misery which followed so soon after the publication of our report. I am not proud of the way in which our government handled its responsibility nor do I like to dwell upon the shameful manner in which Washington attempted to secure the Jewish vote in the approaching national elections.

The impression that Washington may back Jewish ambitions regardless of Arab feelings has undoubtedly prolonged the unhappy conditions throughout the Middle East and the situation has been aggravated by the agony and suffering of nearly 1,000,000 Arab refugees from Palestine scattered among the neighbouring Arab states which are unable to care for them. But now that Israel is a fact and has been so recognized by the world, it is the duty of both peoples to settle their differences and learn to live as good neighbours. For it is only by mutual respect and confidence that the prosperity of Israel and Arab Palestine and consequently the peace of the Middle East can be assured.

My Last Two Ventures

THERE have been two more ventures in diplomacy. One occurred in the spring of 1945, during the tenure of Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., as Secretary of State. The first assembly of the United Nations was to take place in San Francisco in April. The American delegation included not only Mr. Stettinius but a number of the top officers in the department which would have left Mr. Joseph C. Grew, the Acting Secretary, deprived of many assistants and burdened with great responsibilities. I happened to be spending a few days in Washington and hearing of Grew's dilemma I offered to fill in temporarily in any capacity, as he was a friend of many years, and in my opinion the foremost career officer in the Foreign Service. Mr. Stettinius immediately appointed me a "special Assistant to the Secretary of State", and during the absence of the delegation I occupied once again the same old corner room. My duties were largely those of Assistant Secretary Dunn and dealt with political matters in many parts of the world.

The seriousness of President Roosevelt's condition was not then generally known, although everyone who had seen him after his return from Yalta had realized that he was a stricken man. The end came on April 12, in Warm Springs, Georgia. From one end of the country to the other, the bewildered and grief-stricken American people, regardless of political affiliation, united in mourning their loss. Even those who had attacked him so fiercely during his lifetime realized suddenly that a great man had died.

The funeral service was held in the East Room of the White House; Mrs. Roosevelt and members of the family, President and Mrs. Truman, the Cabinet, Supreme Court, a large representation of Official Washington and a few old friends including myself were present. The casket was placed in the centre of the east wall which was banked with flowers. The chairs formed a wide half-circle facing the casket. The service was simple and without music, but the

solemnity of the occasion, the beauty of the great room and the distinguished gathering made it impressive. The East Room holds precious associations for me, including the last rites for a great President with whom I had the privilege of friendship.

One day before I left the department, Grew asked me to accompany him and a group of four new ambassadorial appointees to Blair House which President Truman occupied for the first few weeks of his administration while the White House was being prepared for him. Mr. Truman greeted us in the beautiful drawing-room of the classic old mansion and asked us to be seated. When we had gathered around him in a semi-circle, he said, "Gentlemen, a terrible task has fallen upon me. I shall need the support and help of each one of you and I am going to count on it." He enlarged upon this theme and we were all deeply touched by his simplicity and sincerity.

The second and last venture in diplomacy occurred in the spring of 1947. The French and Siamese Governments, following an agreement signed on November 17, 1946, were establishing a Commission of Conciliation to sit in Washington. Its terms of reference were "to examine the ethnic, geographic and economic arguments in favour of a revision or confirmation of the boundary between Siam and French Indo-China". I was invited by the two governments to act as chairman of the commission which was to include representatives of France, Siam, and two other neutrals, Sir Horace Seymour, former British Ambassador to China, and Dr. Victor Andres Belaunde, President of the Catholic University of Lima, Peru. For two months the commission endeavoured without success to reach an agreement. The underlying cause of the failure was the Siamese claim to certain neighbouring territories in French Indo-China, which during the war and under Japanese direction, had been occupied by Siamese forces. At the end of the war these territories were returned to the French, but the government of Siam now sought to regain them through the machinery of international conciliation. Their arguments were not accepted by the neutral members of the commission, and a majority report confirmed the present boundary. However, the commission also made certain recommendations which, if accepted by the Siamese would have been to their advantage. But the outcome was evident from the beginning. The French Government accepted the report and the recommendations; the government of Siam rejected them. Our labour had accomplished exactly nothing. Fortunately, al-

though the two arguments had been vigorously presented, the utmost courtesy prevailed during the sessions, and this in itself was gratifying to me. I enjoyed the experience and gained a great deal of information about conditions in that remote part of the world.

It would be natural to assume that anyone who had had the accumulated experience of forty years in international affairs should know how to deal successfully with world problems. And yet I must admit that my efforts in diplomacy during the late period of my career did not fulfil my hopes: Italy joined with Germany in war against the United States in spite of all our efforts; my hope for a United India has not been fulfilled; the report of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine did not receive the consideration to which I felt it was entitled; the Franco-Siamese Commission of Conciliation failed of its purpose. I cannot therefore claim a record of conspicuous achievement, although achievement in international intercourse is not easy to assess. For each problem as it arises between nations is but a brief chapter in a narrative that has no ending, and history alone can document the worth of the record. But I have witnessed and had a part in the emergence of the United States from comparative obscurity in world affairs to a status of leadership among nations, and I have seen responsibilities thrust upon our people which until recently they would have refused to assume.

A great change has come over the thinking of the American people. As never before, they are discussing not only what is best for the United States but what is best for the world. They are realizing that a foreign policy to be successful and respected by other countries must not necessarily be subject to change with a change of administration.

In looking back over my varied career which has touched many different lands and peoples, I feel that the experience gained has been of great value to me personally, and I trust of a little value to our country. It has taught me that the nations of the world are dependent upon each other for their prosperity and happiness, although they are not yet fully aware of the fact. Within each nation are people who have the same views and aspirations, the same longing for peace, and hatred of war, as the people of other nations. Professional men everywhere speak the language of their profession, likewise men of business, farmers, and all other types of mankind. Between similar groups, there is a community of interests not limited to national boundaries, which will in time find expression in some form of world-wide

association that will bind the peoples of the earth with strong ties. Great steps have been made in the realization of the growing interdependence of nations as expressed in the United Nations, and in the idea of a federated world government. But imagination and leadership to carry us beyond the chaos of the present are necessary, and must be looked for from those men and women who have acquired a knowledge of the outside world.

Were I able to live my life over again, I would rejoice in a further opportunity to work for this great ideal, but I have every confidence that the task will fall to abler hands and the way eventually found to peace and mutual co-operation throughout the world.

[It is infinitely regrettable that an hysterical search for Communist sympathizers in Government offices has temporarily demoralized the State Department and Foreign Service. While there may have been a few isolated instances of disloyalty, there is no doubt whatever that the overwhelming majority of State Department and Foreign Service personnel are entirely loyal to our Government.

Unfortunately the witch-hunting tactics employed by a certain Senator in his pursuit of disloyal Government employees has tended to curtail the independent expression of opinion and suggestion which is the very essence of a first-rate Foreign Service.

However, it now appears that the Senator has largely failed in his objective, which, incidentally, seemed as much designed to arouse mistrust of the State Department as to eliminate disloyalty. Public hysteria is subsiding. At the time of this writing the United States Senate, sitting in an unprecedented special session to consider the matter, has administered to the Senator in question a public rebuke for the methods he had employed—methods for which, in my opinion, there has been no justifiable excuse.

The State Department and Foreign Service are recovering slowly from these wholesale attacks. A new reorganization plan designed to protect and expand the Service is to be adopted, and great improvements are expected. In due course the confidence of the officers and personnel, without which neither they nor the Government can function, will, I feel certain, be restored. W. P., 1954.]

INDEX

- Abdullah, Emir, 291
 Abel, George, 229-30
 Acheson, Dean, 297
 Addis Ababa, 84, 87, 88, 101, 121
 Aiyar, Sir C. P. R., 238-9
 Alaska, 5, 57
 Albania, 124, 125, 126, 148, 174, 178, 185, 187, 189
 Albert, King of the Belgians, 61, 62
 Alexandra, Queen of England, 4
 Alexandria (Egypt), 186
 Alfieri, 134
 Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, 98, 99
 Algeria, 165
 Algiers, 262, 265
 Allen, General, 51
 Alverstone, Lord, 5
 Amau, 82-3
 Amery, Leopold, 223, 245, 278
 Amman, 291
 Amoy (China), 12
 Amritza, 229
 Amsterdam, 52-3
 Anfuso, Signor, 132, 135, 154, 165, 176, 178, 182
 Ansaldo, Signor, 154, 155
 Ansaldo & Breda Co., 126
 Antwerp, 56
 Apellius, 197
 Arabia, 278
 "Ariadne auf Naxos", 171
 Arnheim, 54
 Arnold, General, 264
 Asquith, Rt. Hon. H. H. and Mrs., afterwards Earl and Countess of Oxford, 23-4
 Assam, 219, 221, 243
 Assouan (Egypt), 2, 71
 Astrid, Princess, 62-3
 Athens, 140, 186
 Atlantic Charter, 197
 Atlantic City, N.J., 70
 Auchinleck, F.M. Sir Claude, 225
 Auni Bey, 284
 Austria, 36, 41, 84, 110
 Aydelotte, Frank, 277, 283, 290
 Azzam Pasha, 280

 Badeau, Dr., 281
 Badoglio, Marshal Pietro, 87, 170
 Balbo, Marshal Italo, 170
 Baldwin, Rt. Hon. S., afterwards Earl, 66, 77, 84
 Balearic Islands, 86, 108
 Balfour, Rt. Hon. A.J., afterwards Earl, 36-8, 100
 Bangalore, 240
 Barbarini, 203
 Barcelona, 98, 175
 Barker, General R. W., 256, 261, 273
 Basra, 222
 Bassiano, 203

 Bastianini, Signor, Ambassador, 92, 137, 147, 172
 Bavaria, Duke of, 61
 Baxter, James Phinney, 212
 Bayeux, 270-1
 Beck, Colonel, 137
 Beirut, 289, 290
 Belaunde, Victor A., 300
 Belgium, 31, 44, 60, 62, 63, 100, 153, 158, 264, 265
 Belgrade, 153
 Bell, Evangeline, 207
 Ben-Gurion, Dr., 283
 Benes, Dr., 80, 212
 Bennett, Richard B., 69, 70
 Berlin, 31, 35, 78, 84, 96, 98, 102, 104, 105, 107, 139, 140
 Bernadotte, Count Folke, 298
 Bernstorff, Count von, 31, 33
 Beverly (Massachusetts), 1, 25, 254, 256
 Bevin, Rt. Hon. Ernest, 216, 278
 Biddle, Anthony Drexel, 212, 217
 Birla brothers, 235-6
 Biroli, Detalmo Pirzio, 203
 Blickling Hall, 83
 Bliss, Robert W., 272
 Blockland, Belaerts van, 48
 Boardman, Mabel, 11
 Bombay, 225, 234
 Bordonaro, Donna Diana, 203
 Boston, 1, 3, 25, 68, 71, 73, 175
Boston Herald, 277
 Boxer Rebellion, 9, 12
 Bracken, Rt. Hon. Brendan, afterwards Lord 210
 Brazil, 165, 176, 192
 Brenner Pass, 151, 152, 179
 British Columbia, 69
 Bruce, David, 207, 215
 Brussels, 31, 61, 62, 63
 Bryan, William Jennings, 26, 27, 30
 Bryant, John, 271
 Buckingham Palace, 4
 Buffalo, N.Y., 66
 Bulgaria, 41, 180
 Bullitt, William C., 75, 134
 Bunche, Ralph, 298
 Burma, 219, 221, 248
 Buxton, Edward, 212
 Buxton, Frank W., 277
 Byrnes, James, 274

 Cabrera, Luis, 26
 Caen (France), 271
 Caffery, Jefferson, 272
 Cairo (Egypt), 71, 219, 222, 280
 Calcutta, 225
 Calgary, 67, 69
 Canada, 5, 64-70, 82, 171, 196

INDEX

- Canton (China), 12, 109
 Cape Comorin, 239
 Caracalla, Baths of, 115
 Carranza, Venustiano, 25-6
 Carter, John R., 19
 Casablanca, 89
 Casey, Richard, 220
 Castellani, Dr. Aldo, 71
 Catherine the Great, 84
 Cavallero, Ugo, 184
 Celesia, Signor, 168, 180
 Chkatar, Nawab of, 236, 237
 Chamberlain, Rt. Hon. Sir Austen, 5
 Chamberlain, Rt. Hon. Joseph and Mrs. (née Endicott), 5, 6
 Chamberlain, Rt. Hon. Neville, 5, 77, 117, 123, 158, 172
 Chatfield, Admiral of the Fleet, Lord, 82
 Cherbourg, 265, 269
 Chiang Kai-shek, 147, 245
 Chicago, 105, 106, 119
 China, 6, 7, 12, 13, 38, 39, 82, 83, 147, 219
 Chinese Emperor, 9
 Choate, Joseph H., 2-5, 7, 29, 38
 Choate, Mrs. J. H., 2, 3
 Churchill, Rt. Hon. Sir Winston, 89, 158, 194, 214, 217, 220, 221, 245, 252-5, 404
 Ciano, Count Galeazzo, 92, 98, 100-5, 107, 108, 110, 118-21, 123-7, 132-41, 143, 145-54, 156-65, 168, 170, 172, 173, 175-6, 182-4, 187-9, 191, 194, 195, 201-3
 Ciano, Countess Edda, 99, 116, 145
 Cirenaica, 183
 Clarelli, Marchese Marini, 95, 96
 Coblenz, 51, 56
 Colonna, Ambassador, 156, 194, 202
 Colosseum (Rome), 112
 Compiègne, 170
 Concord, N.H., 71
 Coolidge, Calvin, 58-60
 Coolidge, John G., 7, 12
 Cooper, Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Duff, 262, 263
 Copenhagen, 39
 Corbin, General, 11
 Corsica, 157, 160, 163, 165
 Coulet, Commissioner, 271
 Craigie, Rt. Hon. Sir R., 82
 Crane, Charles M., 212
 Crane, Richard, 212
 Crick, W. P., 277
 Cripps, Rt. Hon. Sir Stafford, 221, 226
 Croatia, 187
 Crossman, R. H. S., 277, 288, 290, 292
 Crum, Bartley C., 277, 285, 292
 Cunningham, General Sir Alan, 282
 Cutting, Iris (Marchese Origo) and W. B., 203
 Cyprus, 165
 Czechoslovakia, 80, 117-19, 124, 279

 d'Ajeta, Lanza, 148
 Damascus, 291
 Danzig, 125, 127, 131
 Dardanelles, 174, 197
 Darlan, Admiral, 193, 213
 Davies, John, 243
 Davis, Norman, 82, 106
 Dawes, Charles A., 59
 de Gaulle, General, 89, 213-15, 262-5, 271, 273
 Del Drago, Signor, 180
 Denmark, 29, 153, 156
 Derna (Africa), 183
 d'Esperay, General Franchet, 51
 Devers, Jacob L., 215
 Devonshire House, 23
 Dhera Dun, 249
 Djibouti, 115, 157
 Dodge, Bayard, 291
 Donovan, William J., 206, 217, 218, 235
 Dorchester House (London), 20, 21, 22, 23
 Dowling, Walter, 128
 Draper, Ruth, 62
 Drayton, Miss Caroline Astor, 19, 21. *See also* Phillips, Mrs. Caroline Drayton
 Drayton, J. Coleman, 19, 21
 Drummond, Sir Eric, *see* Perth, Lord
 Dunkirk, 162
 Dunn, James C., 256, 270, 299
 Dutch East Indies, 48, 160

 Eden, Rt. Hon. Sir Anthony, 79, 216, 219, 221, 254, 263
 Edmonton (Canada), 67
 Edward VII, King, 4, 21
 Egypt, 2, 71, 163, 165, 166, 186, 278
 Ehrenbreitstein, 51, 56
 Einstein, Albert, 277
 Eisenhower, General D. D., 208, 257-9, 261-4, 267, 270, 271, 272
 Elizabeth, Princess, afterwards Queen of England, 217
 Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians, 61, 62
 Ely, Governor, 72
 Empress Dowager, of China, 9, 10, 11, 12
 Esthonia, 140
 Ethiopia, 79, 81, 84, 85, 87, 88, 97, 101, 105, 120, 176, 183, 196, 204

 Felix, Prince of Luxembourg, 50
 Ferris, General, 223
 Finland, 76, 142
 Fisher, Sir Warren, 86-7
 Florence (Italy), 111, 112
 Foreign Office (London), 3, 22
 Forli (Italy), 94
 Forman Christian College, 230
 Fortunati, Inez, 256
 Foynes (Ireland), 221
 France, 82, 85, 100, 133, 134
 Francis, Mr., American Ambassador, 39, 40
 Franco, General, 97, 108
 François-Poncet, French Ambassador, 84, 169
 Franklin, Countess Martin, 203
 Freddi, Signor, 165

 Gandhi, Devadas, 225, 238
 Gandhi, Mohandas K., 225-7, 231, 234-6, 244, 246, 248, 249, 253, 255
 Gardiner, William Tudor, 71
 Garfield, Jim, 18
 Gayda, Virginio, 181, 182, 200
 Genoa, 160, 177, 184, 200
 George V, King, 23
 Georgetown, 274
 Gerard, James, 31, 33
 Germany, 29, 31-4, 56, 58, 77, 80, 85, 96, 97, 99, 100, 104, 107, 118, 179, 186

INDEX

- Giannini, 116
 Gibraltar, 86, 157
Giornale d'Italia, 181
 Giraud, General, 89
 Godfrey, Admiral, 210
 Goebbels, 78
 Goering, H., 78, 110
 Grandi, Count, 178
 Granville, 272
 Great Britain, 79, 82, 83, 84, 86, 107, 133, 134, 156, 196, 214, 275
 Greece, 166, 180, 184-6, 192
 Greenland, 195
 Grew, Joseph C., 88, 299, 300
 Grey, Sir Edward, afterwards Viscount, 22, 29, 30, 42, 43
 Groton School, 73
 -
 Hackworth, Green, 79
 Hagannah, 285
 Hague, The, 48, 49, 51, 54
 Hague Convention, 181
 Haifa, 290, 291
 Hale, Senator, 19
 Halifax, Earl of, 101, 107, 123, 172
 Hankow (China), 14, 109
 Harding, Warren G., 47, 54, 55, 57, 58
 Harvard College, 25, 73, 230
 Hassell, Herr von, 97, 107
 Havana Agreement, 181
 Hay, John, 2
 Helsingfors, 142
 Henderson, Sir Nevile, 107
 Heppner, Richard P., 221, 224, 228, 235
 Hickinbotham, J. C., 270, 271
 Highover, 25
 Himmler, H., 138
 Hirota, 82, 83
 Hitchcock, Senator, 37
 Hitler, Adolph, 77, 78, 97, 99, 100, 103, 110-14, 117-19, 122, 125, 127, 131-3, 135, 138, 141, 145, 149, 151, 173, 174, 182, 186, 191, 194, 197, 199, 200, 202, 203, 204, 205
 Hoare, Sir Samuel, afterwards Viscount Templewood, 84
 Hoare-Laval Agreement, 84
 Holland, 29, 60, 100, 158, 264
 Holmes, Julius, 264
 Honolulu, 203
 Hoover, Herbert, 69, 71, 73
 Hopkins, Harry, 208
 House, Edward M., 25, 27, 29, 30, 40-2, 44, 56, 77
 Hughes, Charles Evans, 54, 55, 57, 58, 59
 Hull, Cordell, 73, 74, 75, 79, 81, 87, 90, 102, 175, 201, 218, 219, 234, 270
 Hungary, 111, 121, 126, 139, 143
 Huntsiger, General, 170
 Hutcheson, Jr., J. C., 277
 Hyderabad, 234, 236, 237
 Hylan, Mayor, 46, 47
 -
 Ibn Saud, King, 278
 Iceland, 195
 India, 219-51, 269
 International Naval Conference, 82
 Inverchapel, Lord, 220
 Iraq, 165, 278
 Ishii, Viscount, 38
 Italy, 41, 80, 82, 84-7, 92-105, 107, 108, 114, 118, 126, 127, 131-3, 135, 138-43, 146-50, 154-66, 177, 188-92, 194, 196, 198-205
 -
 Jaffa, 286
 Japan, 34, 82, 83, 88, 105, 106, 109, 139, 160, 247
 Jemal el-Husseini, 284
 Jericho, 287
 Jerusalem, 286, 292, 298
 Jinnah, Mohamed Ali, 226, 227, 242, 253, 255
 Joffre, Marshal, 36, 37
 Johnson Act, 76, 77
 Jusserand, Ambassador, 18, 27, 37, 55, 57
 -
 Kaizersgracht (Amsterdam), 53
 Kano (Africa), 222
 Kaplansky, Dr., 290
 Karachi, 219, 222
 Karnebeck, Dr. Van, 48, 52
 Kellogg, Frank B., 63, 64, 66, 67
 Kellogg-Briand Pact, 79
 Kenya, 120
 Kerensky, A., 40
 Kerr, Sir A. Clark, *see* Inverchapel, Lord
 Khartoum, 222
 King, Admiral, 208, 264
 King, Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie, 64-6, 68, 70
 Kirk, Alexander, 96, 131, 175, 222
 Knox, Philander C., 19
 Knox, Secretary, 186
 -
 Laeken (Brussels), 61
 Lahore (India), 228-30
 Lamar, Judge, 29
 Lancey, Governor, 229
 Lansdowne, Marquess of, 23
 Lane, Franklin, 28
 Lange Voorhout, 48, 49
 Lansing, Robert, 30, 31, 34, 35, 39, 40, 41, 43, 44, 46
 Latvia, 140
 Laval, Pierre, 84, 85
 League of Nations, 45, 56, 57, 58, 78, 80, 82-3, 84, 85, 204, 275, 276
 Lebanon, 278, 280
 Lee, John L., 216
 Lee, Robert E., 89
 Leger, Fernand, 84, 85, 145
 Leggett, Sir Frederick, 277, 291
 LeHand, Miss, 90
 Lenin, 40
 Leopold, Prince (later King of the Belgians), 62, 63, 96
 Leyden Pilgrim Fathers, 54
 Liberia, 222
 Libya, 114, 126, 163, 177, 189
 Lima (Peru), 300
 Lincoln, Abraham, 34
 Linlithgow, Marquess of, 223, 231, 234, 249
 Lisbon, 165, 168, 175, 202, 222
 Lithuania, 140
 Litvinov, Maxim, 74, 75
 Lloyd George, Rt. Hon. D., afterwards Earl, 44
 Lobster Lake (Maine), 58
 Lockhart, Sir Bruce, 210
 Lodge, Henry Cabot, 5, 6, 37

INDEX

- London, 2, 3, 19, 21, 22, 71, 82, 107, 206, 207, 256, 257
 Long, Breckenridge, 37, 87, 88
 Loraine, Sir Percy, 168
 Lothian, Marquess of, 83
 Luce, Claire Booth, 182
 Lumley, Sir Roger and Lady, afterwards Earl and Countess of Scarbrough, 235
 Luxembourg, 50, 51, 60, 158
- McAdoo, William, 38
 MacArthur, General D., 212
 McCormick, Mrs. Anne O'H., 148, 149
 McDonald, James G., 277, 279, 292
 MacDonald, Rt. Hon. Ramsay, 86
 Mackensen, General, 162, 171
 MacMichael, Sir Harold, 278
 Madras, 225, 237
 Madrid, 33, 87, 97, 98
 Magnes, Dr., 283
 Mahin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank, 52
 Maine, 19, 58, 71
 Malines (Belgium), 62
 Malta, 165
 Manchukuo, 105
 Manningham-Buller, Sir R. E., 277, 286
 Margaret, Princess, 217
 Marshall, General George, 208, 264, 274
 Massachusetts, 5, 72
 Masaryk, President, 212
 Massey, Rt. Hon. Vincent, 66
 Medhurst, Air Vice Marshal, 210
 Mendès-France, Monsieur, 263
 Mercier, Cardinal, 62
 Merrell, George, 223
Messagero, 127, 142, 181, 197
 Mexico, 26, 34, 35
 Mexico City, 35
 Milan, 111, 115, 143, 175, 179
 Miller, Adolph, 28
 Mills, Ogden, 21
 Milton Academy, 1
 Moffat, Pierrepont, 64, 79
 Molotov, V. M., 140
 Monsell, Viscount, 82
 Montevideo, 75
 Montgomery, Field Marshal Viscount, 260
 Montpelier (Vermont), 72
 Montreal, 67, 68
 Moore, Robert W., 79, 90
 Moraine Farm, 1
 Morgan, Frederick E., 256, 258, 270, 273
 Morgenthau, Jr., Henry, 75
 Morocco, 165
 Morrison, Lord, 291
 Moscow, 40, 140, 142, 143, 146, 147, 263
 Mountbatten, Admiral Earl and Countess, 217
 Mundelein, Cardinal, 119, 120
 Munich, 109, 119, 133, 171
 Mussolini, Benito, 78-82, 85-7, 92-6, 99, 101-4, 106, 110, 113, 114, 115, 117-23, 125-8, 130, 131-2, 135, 136, 138, 142, 143, 145, 146, 151-6, 158-66, 170, 173, 174, 177-9, 182, 184-7, 191, 192, 194, 197-9, 204, 205
 Mussolini, Bruno, 198
 Mysore, 239
- Nablus, 288, 289
- Nanking (China), 13, 14
 Naples, 111, 113, 120, 150, 178, 189
 Nawanagar, Maharajah of, 241
 Nazareth, 290
 Nehru, Jawarhalal, 225, 235
 Naidu, Mrs., 236
 Neurath, Herr von, 97
 New Delhi (India), 218, 222, 223, 225, 254
 New Haven (Conn.), 58
 New York, 38, 44, 46, 47
New York Times, 148
 Nice (France), 165
 Ninfa (Italy), 158
 Norfolk House (London), 256, 257
 Normandy, 256, 272, 273
 Northumberland, Duchess of, 217
 Norway, 153, 156, 197, 264
- Office of Strategic Services, 206-17
 Origo, Marchese and Marchesa, 203
Osservatore Romano, 136
 Osborne, Sir D'Arcy, 169
 Ottawa, 64, 65, 67, 68, 70, 196
- Pacelli, Cardinal, afterwards Pope Pius XII, 144
 Pakistan, 227
 Palestine, 41, 135, 274, 275, 278, 279, 282-98
 Palmer, A. Mitchell, 59
 Pan-American Conference, 75
 Panama, 33
 Paris, 78, 136, 145, 271, 273
 Paris Peace Conference, 27, 44
 Patton, General George, 260
 Pavelich, Anton, 187
 Pawley, Edward and William, 240
 Peake, Sir Charles, 256, 258, 269, 270
 Pearson, Drew, 252, 269
 Peking (China), 6-10, 12, 15, 39
 Pernambuco, 192
 Pershing, General, 61
 Persia, 174
 Perth, Earl and Countess of, 100, 123
 Peru, 300
 Petacci sisters, 199
 Petrograd, 39, 40
 Philip, André, 214
 Phillips, Beatrice (daughter of W. P.), 88, 123, 257, 265, 266
 Phillips, Mrs. Caroline Drayton (wife of W. P.), 19, 21, 22, 28, 45, 46, 50, 71, 72, 73, 88, 100, 274
 Phillips, John (brother of W. P.), 21
 Phillips, Mrs. (mother of W. P.), 21
 Phillips, William
 as: Ambassador to Belgium, 61-3; Ambassador to Italy, 92-203; Director of O.S.S., 206-17; Minister to Canada, 64-70; Minister to Holland, 48-54; Observer in Palestine, 274-98; Personal Representative in India, 218-55; Political Adviser with SHAEF, 256-73; Private Secretary in London, 2-6; Second Secretary in Peking, 7-15; Secretary of the Embassy in London, 20-4; Special Agent in Washington, 25-6; Third Assistant Secretary of State, 16-19, 26-47; Under-Secretary of State, 55-60, 74-82, 85-91
 at: Harvard, 1, 25

INDEX

- confidence of, in future, 302
 in: Albany, 72; Amsterdam, 52-3; Boston, 1, 25, 71-3; China, 7-15; Egypt, 71; France, 271-3, 279; India, 222-50; Italy, 92-203; Lausanne, 292-7; London, 3-6, 20-4, 82-6, 206-55, 256-67, 277-9; Luxembourg, 50-1; New York, 25, 46-7; North Carolina, 2; Ottawa, 64-70; Palestine, 281-92; San Francisco, 299-300; Washington, 16, 25-47, 55-60, 175, 206, 250, 277, 300-1
 marriage of, 19, 21
 mother of, 1, 21
 Phipps, Sir Eric, 84
 Piazza Venezia (Rome), 87, 112
 Pilsudski, Marshal, 137
 Pius XII, Pope (Cardinal Pacelli), 144
 Poincaré, 59
 Poland, 131, 133, 134, 135, 137, 139, 142, 156
 Polk, Frank, 30, 31, 33, 36, 45
Popolo di Roma, 197
 Portsmouth (England), 261, 292
 Prague, 212
 Prunas, Signor, 180
 Prussia, 36
 Punjab, 228

 Quebec, 67
 Quirinal (Rome), 95, 96, 112

 Rajagopalachari, C., 237, 238, 239
 Reading, Marchioness of, 266
 Reading, Marquess of, 42
 Reid, Hon. Whitelaw and Mrs., 19, 20, 21
 Rembrandt, 53
 Rex, 134, 160
 Ribbentrop, J. von, 97, 107, 125, 139-41, 146, 151, 152, 173
 Rice, Sir Cecil Spring, 27, 29, 42
 Ritz Hotel (London), 212
 Roberts, Field-Marshal Earl, 24
 Robertson, Arnold, 13
 Rockhill, William Woodville, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12
 Rockhill, Mrs. W. W., 7, 8, 11
 Rome, 78, 79, 87, 88, 92, 95, 98, 102, 104, 107, 111, 112, 115, 120, 123, 129, 131, 132, 133, 136, 146, 149-52, 168, 171, 175, 178, 182, 191, 199, 202
 Rommel, General, 208
 Roosevelt, Alice (Mrs. Longworth), 10-12
 Roosevelt, Franklin D., 28-9, 40, 49, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76-8, 79, 80, 81, 82, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 93, 99, 103, 104, 105, 106, 110, 118, 119, 128, 131, 142, 149, 155-6, 159, 160-1, 163, 166, 170, 175, 190, 197, 199, 204, 214, 254, 262, 262, 299; letters quoted, 103, 104, 117, 125, 190, 192
 Roosevelt, Mrs. Eleanor, 28-9, 49, 216, 254, 299
 Roosevelt, Mrs. James, 28
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 1, 5, 17, 18, 21, 22, 26; speech of March 1, 1909, quoted, 17-18
 Root, Elihu, 40, 41, 44, 54
 Rosso, Signor, 81, 87, 88
 Ruhr, the, 55, 56
 Rumania, 121, 139, 148, 174
 Russia, 5, 39, 40, 59, 74, 85, 98, 108, 139, 156, 174, 194, 196, 212, 213

 St. Gudule (Brussels), 63
 St. Lawrence waterway, 67
 St. Lô (France), 272
 Salem (Mass.), 5
 Salerno, 178
 Salonika, 156, 180, 185
 Samuel, Viscount, 282
 San Francisco, 29, 150, 299
 Saskatchewan, 69
 Saudi Arabia, 278, 280
 Savarkar, Vinayah D., 235
 Savoy, 163, 165, 170
 Schipa, Tito, 116
 Scott, James Brown, 54
 Sen, Mr., 243, 244
 Senate Foreign Relations Committee, 80
 Senni, Count Carlo, 93, 203
 Serbia, 213
 Sermoneta, Duchess of, 123
 Seymour, Sir Horace, 300
 Shanghai, 12, 13
 Shaw School (Boston), 1
 Shiratori, M. Toshio, 139
 Siam, 300
 Sicily, 163, 297
 Singleton, Sir John, 277
 Six, Jan, 53
 Slade, Miss, 236
 Smith, Alfred E., 66
 Smith, General Walter Bedell, 258, 264, 265, 271
 Smoot-Hawley Tariff, 67, 68, 70
 Somaliland, 101
 Spain, 32, 86, 97, 98, 99, 108, 123
 Spoleto, Duke of, 187
 Stalin, J., 89, 141, 220
 Standard Oil Co., 14
 Stanley, William H., 82
 Stettinius, Edward R., 299
 Stillwell, General Joseph, 222, 243, 251
 Stimson, Secretary, 186
 Storrs, Sir Ronald, 278
 Straus, Jesse, 84
 Strauss, Richard, 171
 Suez Canal, 115, 156, 157, 186
 Sugimura, Ambassador, 105
 Suvich, Fulvio, 88
 Sweden, 29, 63
 Switzerland, 32, 166
 Syria, 165, 278, 280

 Taft, William Howard, 18, 44
 Talal, Emir, 292
 Tarnowski, Count, 32
 Taylor, Myron, 144
 Teapot Dome scandal, 60
 Tedder, Air Marshal Lord, 260
 Tedder, Lady, 222
 Tel Aviv, 286
 Texas, 32, 117
 Tibet, 8
 Tientsin (China), 7
Times (London), 107, 136
 Tinchebray, 217
 Tirana (Albania), 124
 Tobruk (Africa), 170
 Tokyo, 39, 139, 147
 Toronto, 67, 68

INDEX

- Travancore, 238, 239, 241
 Trieste, 111, 150
 Tripoli, 189
 Trotsky, Leon, 40
 Truman, Harry, 199, 276, 296, 297, 300
 Tuck, Pinckney, 281
 Tumulty, Joseph, 25
 Tunis, 157, 165
 Tunisia, 85, 115
 Turin (Italy), 127, 128, 200
 Turkey, 41, 148, 166
Twenty-one Days in India, 221
 Tyrrell, Sir William, afterwards Lord, 43

 Ukraine, 197

 Van Karnebeck, Dr., 48, 52
 Vanderbilt, George W., 2
 Vatican, the, 113, 114, 120, 136, 169
 Versailles Conference, 45
 Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, 92, 95, 96, 112, 127, 128-30, 132, 139
 Vienna, 279, 280
 Vienot, M., 263
 Vissering, Dr., 53
 Vitetti, Signor, 177
 Viviani, Monsieur, 36, 37
 Volpi, Count, 154, 155

 Wadsworth, George, 291, 202
 Waha, Baron de, 50
 Wailes, Tom, 258
 Waldorf Astoria Hotel, 38
 Wales, Prince of, 23, 46, 47, 66
 Walker, John, 100
 Wang Ching Wei, 147
 Warburton, Miss, 278
 Warsaw, 137
 Washington, D.C., 2, 3, 6, 12, 15, 19, 21, 32, 33, 37, 46, 58, 61, 67, 69, 88, 175, 206, 250, 277

 Wavell, Field-Marshal Earl, 224, 255
 Weizmann, Dr. Chaim, 282
 Welles, Sumner, 90, 150, 151, 152, 175, 202
 Wenham Lake, 1, 25
 Whalen, Grover, 138
 White, Henry, 44
 White House (Washington), 17, 25, 26, 27, 45, 46, 89, 191, 299
 Whitlock, Minister, 31
 Wickersham, General, 264
 Widewing, 259, 261, 267
 Wiegand, Karl von, 173
 Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, 49, 54
 Williams, Mrs., 11
 Williamson, David, 207
 Willingdon, Marquess and Marchioness of, 65
 Willkie, Wendell, 170, 197, 220
 Wilson, Hugh, 206
 Wilson, Huntingdon, 16
 Wilson, Woodrow, 25-6, 27, 30, 31, 32, 36, 37, 41, 43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 55, 96; "14 points" of, 43; letter of, to Mrs. Phillips, 45
 Wilson, Mrs. Woodrow, 42, 43, 46
 Winant, John G., 72, 208, 216, 217, 258, 264, 267
 Windsor Castle, 4, 24
 Winnipeg, 67
 Woodin, Harry, 75
 Woods, Colonel Arthur, 71
 Wordsworth, William, 22
 Wrest Park, 21

 Yalta, 299
 Yangtze River, 13
 Yemen, 280, 281
 Yugoslavia, 111, 125, 126, 163, 166, 180, 183, 198, 213

 Zimmermann note, 34, 35
 Zog, King, 124

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